



M I S S P A T T O N .

in the Character of

REIZA in WEBER'S celebrated OPERA of OBERON

Drawn on Stone by RICH^d J LANE, from a Painting by F M EYER.

Published by J Robinson Chapter House Court S^t Pauls

Printed by C Hullmandel

THE
Lady's Magazine
OR
Mirror of the Belles-Lettres.

FASHIONS.

Fine Arts, Music, Drama, &c.

A NEW SERIES

Volume the Seventh



London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR:

PUBLISHED BY S. ROBINSON, CHAPTER HOUSE PASSAGE PATERNOSTER ROW.

1826.

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VOL. 7
1826
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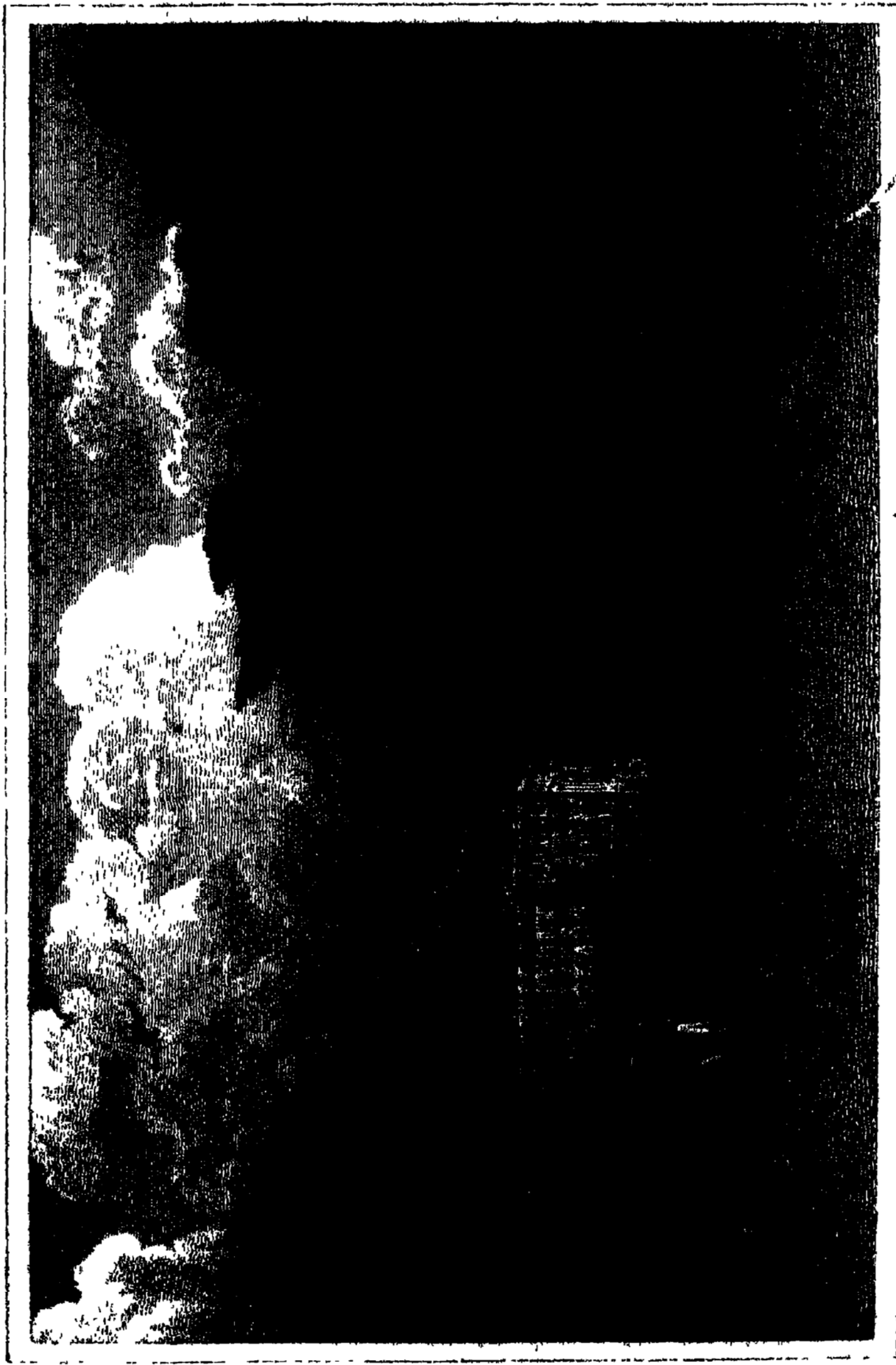
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HAMPTON COURT.

Designed by Chas. Heath.



SIR THO: LAWRENCE.

Sketched at the Royal Academy, Dec^r 1829.

Pub^d by the Prop^{rs} of the Improved series of the Lady's Magazine 1st Feb 1830

A D D R E S S .



THE progressive march of the human mind is a topic of frequent remark ; and it would seem, from the boastful manner in which it is mentioned, that the wise persons who have this phrase in their mouths expect a gradual approach to absolute perfection. But we beg leave to hint that this expectation is imaginary and delusive ; for such is the radical weakness of human nature, that perfection cannot in this world be attained. To aim at excellence, however, is still in our power ;—*est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra* ; we may yet make some progress, if we cannot reach the highest point of general skill and mastery. This march of the mind is certainly evident in our own time, although we do not know how soon it may stop or recede. Taking it, however, in its course, we deem it our duty to give it a right direction ; and for this purpose periodical publications, if well conducted, are eminently useful. The editors of these miscellanies endeavour to instruct while they amuse ; they catch the prevailing topics, and place them in a proper light ; they wander through the whole circle of polite learning, and vary it by the occasional introduction of objects of scientific research ; they delineate the ‘living manners,’ and, as far as they can, mingle fruits with flowers. These have been our objects in the present miscellany ; and we hope and trust that our efforts in a praise-worthy undertaking have not been unsuccessful. We more particularly appeal to our late volumes (since the commencement of our new series) for demonstrations of our industry and good-will ; and we take this opportunity of returning our cordial thanks to our intelligent correspondents and our numerous friends for that support which our good intentions (if not our able efforts) have received. Thus encouraged, we should deserve great blame if we should neglect our duty or relax our exertions. We shall therefore prosecute our course with zeal and spirit, animated by the smiles of the fair, and the appearance of satisfaction in the countenances of their admirers and protectors. The aid of ingenious writers of both sexes will continue to adorn and diversify our numbers ; the

ADDRESS.

literature of the time will be condensed and concentrated in our pages ; we shall 'eye the walks' of nature and of fashion, make a faithful report of existing circumstances, and correctly exhibit the prominent features of society. We shall, at the same time, have constant recourse to the arts of design for the additional gratification of our friends ; shall exhibit rural and architectural views, and illustrate popular novels and poems by appropriate and tasteful embellishments. Thus the sun of our miscellany, without dazzling by its radiance, will diffuse an agreeable and cheering light.

January 31st, 1826.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

JANUARY 31, 1826.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

A NURSING-COMPANY.

SIR,—I have often, with painful sympathy, reflected on the distressful anxieties experienced by those mothers, who, being themselves confined to the metropolis, are obliged to send their children to be nursed in the country. Of the many inconveniences attendant on outdoor nursery, I will not here attempt an enumeration. But, as a remedy, at least a partial one, I beg leave to suggest a plan, which may perhaps, under proper management, prove highly beneficial. My project, in short, is that of a

NURSING COMPANY.

'*A Nursing Company!*' exclaims one of your fair readers. 'Are you really serious?'

Perfectly so, my good madam; and I hope my scheme will meet your approbation, if you will indulge me with a patient hearing.

My proposed company, (unlike to many of the numerous companies now enjoying an ephemeral and precarious existence,) is not to be a hoaxing company, calculated only to enrich the projectors, while the deluded share-holders are left to 'pocket the loss.' Here are to be no transferable shares, no interested subscriptions with a view to the exclusive benefit of the subscribers, though a subscription would, in the first instance, be necessary for the foundation of such an establishment as I contemplate; after which, it is to be

hoped that it would be fully competent to support itself, and subsist on the profits accruing from the operation of the system.

To come to the point—when a sufficient sum shall have been subscribed, let an union of respectable matrons be formed—say five, seven, nine—any odd number, in order that there may always be a plurality of votes on one side or the other, upon any question that may arise in the administration of the affairs of the institution. Let those matrons take a large house in some eligible situation, as near to the metropolis as may be consistent with a due attention to the *present* salubrity of the air, and the *future* probability of their little territory becoming inclosed by the multiplication of new streets, new hamlets, new towns—the mushroom productions of the prevailing rage for building. This house should have, annexed to it, a piece of ground sufficient, at least, to afford pasture for two or three cows, and as many she-asses, that there may, at all times, be a convenient supply of wholesome, unadulterated, *real milk* within the precincts of the establishment; which ought, moreover, to allow space for gravel walks, and spare room for the erection of additional edifices, whenever it may be found expedient to enlarge the establishment.

Comfortably settled in such a house, the matrons will undertake to provide nurses for the new-born babes, where the mothers choose that mode of pro-

feeding, and to furnish the accommodation of board and lodging to such nurses as may be engaged by the parents; and the nurses of the latter class, we may observe, are to be equally subject to the absolute control and governance of the matrons, as those of the former description. Attached to the institution should be a competent medical practitioner, to whom should be allowed a salary as liberal as circumstances would permit. But I should not wish to see it a fixed, invariable salary, of any precise, specific amount: I should think it more advisable that only one portion of it should be certain, while the remainder might depend on the number of children successfully nurtured in the establishment, a small additional sum being allowed to him for every child actually living in the house on each quarter-day.

I might easily expatiate on the advantages which would infallibly result from the operation of such a system; but, for the present, I content myself with barely adverting to the soothing certainty, enjoyed by each mother, that her child is not liable to be stolen, or to be clandestinely cooped up, during perhaps half of the day, in some close, unventilated, pestilential garret or cellar, but will freely inhale the pure breath of heaven, and be safe from all danger of being trampled under foot by hunted bullocks, or crushed to death by a coach, cart, or waggon; as the nurses will not be suffered to roam abroad at pleasure, or allowed, without special permission, to transgress the bounds of the establishment.

'And so' (exclaims Prudentilla) 'the direct and evident tendency (I will not say, intention) of your fine scheme, is, to remove the child from the watchful eye, the close attention, and fostering care, of his natural nurse and protectress, and abandon him to the care (or carelessness) of aliens at a distance!'

No, madam!—My object is, not to promote separation, but to diminish the evils of separation, when that measure becomes necessary and unavoidable; and I assure you I should be happy to learn that every mother in the united kingdom was able and willing to nurse her own children. Indeed, had I the power of enacting laws, I would introduce a regulation (somewhat similar to the *Jus trium Liberorum* of the ancient

Romans), granting certain privileges or immunities to those mothers who had nursed and reared a certain number of children, without the aid of a wet-nurse.

I here drop the subject, and subscribe myself, with all due respect,

Mr. Editor,

your humble servant

West Square, and constant reader,
January 1, 1826. JOHN CAREY.

THE DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID, WITH
DIRECTIONS FOR CONDUCT, AND NUMEROUS RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILETTE.

12mo. 1825.

WORKS of this kind, if well executed, are not only useful to the persons to whom they are particularly addressed, but also to their employers. They suggest hints and afford instructions, which may be advantageously used in the management of a family; and, as the present volume embraces more than its title indicates, it may be more serviceable than it would at first sight appear to be.

The authoress (for we should suppose this to be the production of a fair writer) is, as she ought to be, a friend to religion; but, when she treats of the 'duties which we owe to God,' she unnecessarily assumes the character of a divine, and pretends to teach what a lady's maid must have learned from her parents or from the minister of her parish. She says, 'Our thoughts must be *ever* with God;' and in the same breath recommends and enjoins a variety of humble duties and ordinary occupations, which must, for a time, draw off our thoughts even from our Creator. This is not merely inconsistency, but cant. We may adore the divine power, wisdom, and goodness; we may attend to the obligations of prayer and thanksgiving; but the most rigid churchman, if he be at the same time rational and considerate, will not blame us for appropriating a considerable part of our time to the concerns of the present life. This lady, we doubt not, would be highly pleased with the Christian Remembrancer as a pocket-book; for she would find in every page scriptural quotations, with which she might, in the usual way, intermingle trivial notices and silly remarks, thinking that these would be sanctified by the former, though many would conceive that insignificant

statements respecting worldly affairs detract from the dignity of religious extracts.

The lady certainly recommends religious and virtuous conduct in a forcible manner, when she says, 'Look on every day as a blank sheet of paper put into your hands to be filled up; and remember that the characters which you write there will remain for ever, for endless ages, and can never be expunged. Be careful, therefore, not to write any thing but what you may read with pleasure a thousand years afterwards. Be diligent in the performance of all the services which you engage to perform; and the more you are so, you will appear the more worthy both in the eyes of God and man. How delightful must be the anticipation of hearing the blessed words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!'

From this proud height she is necessarily obliged to descend when she enters into the heart of her subject. With an eye to external decoration, she says, 'You should always investigate every new fashion that comes out till you understand it well, and then think what improvement you could make on it that would enhance its beauty, simplicity, and grace.'—Entering into particulars, she kindly informs the fair attendant, that, 'at Paris, they recommend, for beautifying the breasts, the corsets of Delacroix, which are light, flexible, firm, and elastic, and adapt themselves so perfectly to the shape, as not to compress nor injure any part. To this are fitted such paddings as may be required to fill up any deficiency, which ought always to be of the lightest and most elastic materials.'

Against stays she warmly inveighs:—'It is distressing to think that fashion should give currency to an article of dress so injurious, and that the spirit of rivalry which always comes from an evil service, should lead females to sacrifice without regret the elegance of their figures, the grace of their carriage, and their movements, by a dress which renders them at once deformed, ungraceful, and ridiculous. Young ladies who have followed the injurious fashion, may be seen with their breasts displaced from being pushed too high, and frightful wrinkles established between the bosom and the shoulder.

'At other times you may see those to whom nature has denied the roundness of contour requisite for a fine shape,

make themselves still more thin, and slender by tight lacing, recalling the ungraceful costume of Catharine de Medicis;—a ridiculous fashion, by means of which the body, separated into two parts, resembles an ant, with a slender tube uniting the bust to the haunches, which are stuffed out beyond all proportion.'

The following process is recommended, as one of the most efficacious for clearing a sun-burnt complexion, and imparting the most beautiful tint to the skin;—'at night, on going to bed, crush some strawberries upon the face, leaving them there all night, and they will become dry. Next morning wash with chervil water, and the skin will appear fresh, fair, and brilliant.

'Some persons, in order to remove the effects of sun-burning, use asses' or even women's milk, alkalies, or lixivial salts, ointments composed of butter of cacao, spermaceti, and balm of Mecca, a yolk of an egg beaten up in oil of lilies, &c. —I have observed that the appellation of virgin's milk has been given to liquids widely differing in their nature, and this assertion I shall maintain. Is it not indeed ridiculous, that, under the same name, one perfumer shall give me an innocent cosmetic, and another a noxious drug, or that I may receive both at different times from the same perfumers? For this reason I would exhort the ladies to compose their virgin milk themselves, which would be the easiest thing in the world.'—Pigeon-water, however, is perhaps more efficacious; and it is thus concocted:—'Take the juice of water lilies, of melons, of cucumbers, of lemons, of each one ounce; briony, old succory, lily flowers, borage, beans, of each a handful; eight pigeons hashed. Put the whole mixture in an alembic, adding four ounces of lump-sugar, well pounded, one drachm of borax, the same quantity of camphor, the crumb of three French rolls, and a pint of white wine. When the whole has remained in decoction for seventeen or eighteen days, proceed to distillation; and you will then have a water which is a great improver of the complexion.'

With regard to the mode of wearing or ornamenting the hair, we have an anecdote and some advice.—'A lady, elegantly dressed, was passing close to a coach which had stopped at the door of a house, when one of the horses turned open-mouthed upon her, as if he

were going to devour her ; and the circumstance was by no means wonderful, when it is remarked that she wore on her hat a tuft of oats, which the simple horse evidently mistook for a moving manger, stocked with his natural provender.'—'The fashion of concealing the forehead with the hair, which is still so general, is contrary to all the principles of good taste. Would you thoroughly convince yourself how much this fashion subtracts from youth and beauty, you have only to perform the following very easy operation. Draw, in outline, the head of some beautiful antique statue, for instance, of the Venus de Medicis : make two similar sketches ; let the hair of one be copied from the antique, and that of the other be curled or frizzed. You will be obliged to confess that you never saw any thing that appeared so ridiculous as this latter figure ; it is impossible to form any idea of the disagreeable change produced by this head-dress.'

WEDDINGS, DESCRIBED BY A PARISH-CLERK *.

I do not know any part of my duty which is so pleasant as that of assisting at marriages. The beauty, blushes, and agitation of the brides, the smiles, sighs, and gay dresses of the handmaids, and the secret joy and triumph which burst through the somewhat constrained demeanor of the bridegrooms, are to me exceedingly delightful. I do not think, however, that those unions where hearts already joined come to plight their sacred vows, afford the most striking subjects for the pen. I begin now to scrutinise these things ; and though many who enter the church are as accomplished actors as the regular professors at the theatres, I can discover, or at least imagine that I can discover, when the tenderness with which the bride and bridegroom regard each other is assumed, or when one of the parties is merely playing a part. Sometimes, indeed, there is no attempt of the kind : ladies and gentlemen meet as though they were only ratifying a contract before a civil magistrate ; one intent upon showing off her drapery with effect, the other evidently bored at being obliged to come to church, and impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony.

* From the *Pledge of Friendship*.

Before I proceed to particulars, I must observe, that, in almost all circumstances, the bride appears to great advantage, whilst the bridegroom makes a poor figure. His endeavours to re-assure the lady are awkward, for he does not like to make love before the parson and clerk ; or they are ridiculous, if, waving that scruple, he should suffer his passion to overcome his discretion. He is also very frequently out of temper, and truly it is a trying scene when tears and hysterics abound ; and he is sometimes frightened himself, which is the most ludicrous thing of all. Now the bride, whether she should go through her part with decent composure, or exhibit alarm, or languish, tremble, or faint, must be interesting, except in extreme cases, when age or ugliness has deprived her of every charm, and neither white satin, white feathers, nor lace veils, can conceal her personal defects. It is an amusing spectacle to see the lady trying to look serious, when she would much rather smile and enjoy the termination of some deep-laid scheme ; and, in vulgar life, it is no uncommon thing for the bride to titter, or laugh out, so much, that it is scarcely possible to make her repeat the responses.

It is seldom that I have been more touched and affected than by a scene which took place at our church a very few years ago : it was a rough, stormy morning, in the month of March, the wind rattled every pane of glass in the windows, and sheets of rain came pouring against them ; a sad day for bridal festivities, and requiring much of internal sunshine to dissipate melancholy feelings. The bride, accompanied by her father and mother, and other near relatives, arrived in a hired carriage, just as the clock struck the canonical hour of eight ; the bridegroom, a quarter of an hour later, stepped out of a handsome chariot, evidently purchased for the occasion. Upon entering the vestry, the victim, for such I must call her, sank into a chair ; her lips were compressed, her eyes fixed ; by a strong effort she had succeeded in repressing her agitation, and seemed prepared to go through the ceremony with statue-like composure. She was very young, and looked as though she had sorrowed much ; yet a wreck of her beauty remained, to show how bright it might have been. She was richly dressed ; but the pains of her tirewomen had been thrown away ; for, at

every convulsive movement, which, in spite of her attempts at calmness, shook her frame, some plait or bow was disadjusted, and the feathers of her bonnet had been broken, probably in leaning her throbbing head against the side of the carriage. Upon the entrance of the bridegroom, a tall, stout man about forty, all her struggles gave way, and she burst into an agony of grief; and, oh, what a dark brow scowled upon her, in the man who now sought to compel her reluctant hand to his odious clasp! The father, apparently fearing that he would turn back and drive away, took him by the arm, and they walked up and down the aisle together, while the clergyman literally stood aghast, and all the rest of us gave our best assistance to restore the lady: I had seen weeping and fainting before, but never any thing like this. At length the reverend gentleman who officiated felt called upon, through mere compassion, to interfere: he motioned the mother aside, and conversed earnestly with her for a few moments; but she broke away from him impatiently, and then spoke a short sentence in a low yet decided voice to her daughter. Roused by the remonstrance, and hastily swallowing a large glass of water, hitherto held vainly to her lips, the poor girl, unconscious of what she was about, wiped her eyes with her superb lace veil till it was literally wet through, and obliged to be taken off; and, leaning on the arm of a sister, staggered to the altar. There she stood, a picture of deep woe, enough to melt the most callous heart. Her lips moved, but they uttered no sound, and the bridegroom's harsh countenance grew more black and gloomy, as his dogged, abrupt sentences met no reply. At last the priest pronounced the blessing, and she started, drew one long gasping sigh, and quietly surrendered herself to his care. She attempted to write her name in the book, but the characters were illegible. She wept no more; but her lips quivered, and short thick sobs came fast from her burthened heart, as her husband, now enjoying a sort of sullen triumph, led her away. As soon as they were gone, the rest of the party seemed to shake off their uncomfortable feelings, the father and brothers smiling and rubbing their hands, the ladies smoothing their gay dresses, and all rejoicing at the success which, at one time, had appeared so doubtful. It was

very shocking, and I turned loathing from the heartless set.

A few days afterwards, a wedding of a very different description was solemnised. The parties had been asked in church, and I saw the bride and her friend alight from a hackney-coach at the corner of a street, as I stood at the vestry window. She was dressed in a light linen gown, with a silk kerchief pinned over her bosom; her neat straw hat was tied down with ribands, and at the first glance she looked like a servant. But what servant? Not one of all work, with that delicate figure; nor the housemaid, by those small white hands; nor the cook, by the faint blush upon the pure fair cheek; nor even the nursery-maid, for there was an air which no one in her humble capacity ever yet attained. The companion was also in disguise, but it was the disguise of my lady's own woman in the kitchen girl's clothes. One was all grace in her simple garb, the other affected to laugh as she looked down upon the cotton stockings and unfurnished petticoat; in fact, both had overdone, or rather underdone the business, in selecting apparel which no London servant would now choose to wear—colored ginghams without trimmings, yet put on in too picturesque a style to deceive a searching eye. Presently they were joined by two footmen in livery, masqueraders likewise; fine tall fellows, powdered, and in silk stockings, who might have procured the highest wages from the marchioness in the next square, but who, if in her ladyship's service, would have come to be married in plain clothes. These gentlemen, however, were wise, for they could not have passed for menials without arraying themselves in the livery; two more elegant men I never beheld. The bride blushed, smiled, and exchanged an arch look with her lover, as the unsuspecting clergyman, and as they thought equally unsuspecting clerk, marshaled the way into church, and Archer (as I called the friend) handed out Mrs. Kitty with such a broad imitation of Liston, in my lord duke's servant, that I could scarcely keep my countenance; especially as the abigail bridled, and sidled, and languished upon him in an evident hope of making a conquest: merry gentlemen, both of them, I'll be sworn. The young lady, too, seemed to be quite delighted with the prank. She was a blooming,

lively, inexperienced creature, who looked as if she had never known a care: I hope the frolic, in which she indulged with so much glee, never caused her a future heart-ache, but I always entertain some fear for the result of stolen marriages. They all left the church arm in arm, the bride and bridegroom losing sight of their assumed characters in the full flow of mutual affection. They might escape remark, but the other two must have attracted all eyes. The *soubrette's* disdain of her dress, and the pains which she took to vulgarise her manners to suit it, a most unnecessary precaution, together with the extravagant airs of her escort, determined to fool it to the top of his bent, afforded a rich specimen of genuine comedy, and I should have much liked to watch them to the shelter of a hackney-coach.

I must now recur to a wedding, grander, but not less singular. There were at least five carriages in the street, filled with friends. To judge from outward appearances, the rank and fortune on each side were both equal, the ages suitable; the lady might be six-and-twenty, the gentleman four or five years older: he was a very handsome man, and she not ugly, but certainly much set off by the costly elegance of her dress. Dignified decorum seemed to be the order of the day; and the greetings in the vestry-room were perhaps more polite than cordial. They were fine people, and too well bred to show their secret feelings in company. The whole assembly arranged themselves round the altar, and the ceremony had already commenced, when suddenly a fearful scream rang through the church, and a female, young, beautiful, pale, and wild with agony, rushed up the centre aisle. Her eye was haggard, her dress disordered; she must have passed the whole of the preceding day and night in concealment within the walls: she was so dreadfully agitated that she could only exclaim, 'No! no! no!' and flinging herself between the bride and bridegroom, she clung to the rails for support, and looked up at the perjured seducer with such beseeching anguish, that, hardened as he was, he was touched, and covered his face with his hand. She then turned round to the lady—'He is mine!' she said, 'indeed he is mine. Oh, if you knew by what vows, what sacred oaths, he won me, you would not have met him here.' The bride elect drew up her

dainty head, tossed her plumes, and whispered something to her brother, but stirred not from the spot. Meantime the gentleman had recovered himself, and seemed resolved to face the matter out. Exhausted by her efforts, the intruder, who appeared to be reduced by her sufferings to an alarming state of weakness, had sunk upon the steps of the altar, and was now weeping bitterly. A short conversation took place among the male portion of the party, and one of them asked the prostrate girl whether she had been married to the person whose union with another she now sought to prevent. 'His wife!' she cried, 'certainly his wife, by every law of Heaven.'—'That is no answer to my question,' rejoined the unfeeling speaker. She was silent, but, urged a third time, arose, and, with a glance of scorn, exclaimed, 'I thought to have encountered men of honor, of humanity, those who would have espoused an injured, unprotected, helpless woman's cause. Is there nothing binding save those legal ties, whose violation would be followed by disgraceful punishment? and cannot I obtain justice in this sacred place, pity in this holy edifice, a soothing balm to heal my breaking heart? Oh, Henry! I came not here to reproach, to expose you, but to save you from the commission of a fearful crime. I do not ask you to fulfil those broken promises so often and so solemnly plighted, but pledge them not to another; pause here, in compassion to me, in mercy to yourself.' 'I believe,' said the bridegroom, addressing the clergyman, 'that it cannot be necessary for me to say any thing to convince you of the impertinence of this interruption. This person has no claims upon me that cannot be settled by my purse, and I therefore beg that the ceremony may go on.' The forbidding of the bans was unprepared for an act of such determined cruelty, and she dropped immediately on the ground, like one who had received a mortal wound, and was conveyed out of the church in a state of insensibility. The bridegroom coughed, and wiped his face with his handkerchief; the bride took out her smelling-bottle; there were whispers among the bridesmaids, and one of the gentlemen left the party and walked off; but, in a moment, the utmost composure was restored to this high-bred company, and the nuptial knot was tied.

Another extraordinary wedding took

place in this year. The lady came in a carriage, attended by only one companion, and seemed excessively anxious and agitated, pacing up and down the room with a hurried step, and setting her friend to watch at the window for the expected husband. A signal given by the sentinel caused her to stop; she drew her veil over her face, arranged her dress, and sat down. A gentleman then made his appearance alone; not a word passed between them; and, when the clergyman was ready, he stalked with a stern air into the church, and took his place; the bride followed trembling, and she wept through the whole of the ceremony. When it was over, she caught the arm of her husband, and they walked together, though silently, into the vestry. The usual formalities having been accomplished, he offered his hand to assist her to the carriage. She then spoke to him, and, in a hurried and broken voice, said, 'you will go with me?'—'I have done all that I can do,' he replied, 'all that I ever engaged to perform; here we part, and for ever!'—'Do not forsake me; save me, shield me from the scorn of the world—from the agony, the horror of a separation from all that I hold dear,' she murmured out; and then, calling him by every tender name that the heart of a doting woman could dictate, fell upon her knees before him, and clung to him with fond solicitude; but in vain; he disengaged himself from her embrace, darted away from the place, and was out of sight in a moment. I am not made of stone, and I could hardly stand the scene that ensued. Poor lady! she, too, was young and handsome: grief had rendered her regardless of a stranger's gaze; unable to control her anguish, she yielded to the extremity of her despair: her shrieks were terrific, and, after they had subsided, her whole frame shook so violently, and she shed such a deluge of tears, that it was a long time before we could convey her to the carriage.

A second couple parted at the church-door, but it was under different circumstances. An elderly and a young lady, closely and very plainly attired, were joined in a few minutes by two gentlemen, one considerably past fifty, the other about twenty-five. I concluded it to be a quiet wedding between the younger parties, and arranged them according to this supposition; but, to my

surprise and consternation, (for I rather pique myself upon my penetration and discernment,) I received a hint that it was the old people who came to be married. The young lady turned pale, and then red, cast her eyes upon the ground, and looked very much confused, and the bride-man observed her tremor, I thought, with a glance of pleasure. They went away in the same order in which they had arrived, the two gentlemen going one way, and the two ladies another. I could not find out who they were; but, not very long afterwards, I had the gratification to see those whom I had unconsciously paired together, come of their own accord to receive the nuptial benediction, and both, particularly the bride, regarded me with great benignity. This marriage gave me much delight, for I could not help fancying that it was my suggestion which had prompted the young gentleman's addresses.

The next wedding was that of a fantastic fine lady, who had let the gentleman dance attendance at the church for three days before she chose to meet him there. At last, about half past eleven, she made her appearance. Previously to her leaving the carriage, she peremptorily desired that all the people should be sent away who stood in the street to stare at her. When, with some difficulty, she was persuaded to encounter their gaze, and enter the vestry, she declared she would go back; she could not make up her mind—it was impossible to part with her liberty. She took out her handkerchief, but there were no tears; somebody told her that, if she fainted, she would discompose her dress, and this had the effect of delaying the catastrophe; but the opportunity being almost too tempting to be resisted by a gentlewoman of her turn, I made such a preparation of cold water in a large basin, that I verily believe she became alarmed for her satin, and suffered herself to be prevailed upon, at the latest moment that the ceremony could be performed, to enter the church. The bridegroom, exceedingly sincere in his attachment to her property, bore all her capricious airs and graces with the utmost humility. He begged, he entreated, called her his soul's idol, his life, and his treasure, and finally protested that he would shoot himself if she disappointed him again. But the moment the binding words were uttered, the face

of things changed like the scenery of a pantomime: she was quite prepared for a second exhibition, absolutely could not face the crowd, and proposed remaining in the church until it was dark. The time, however, was past for foolish tricks. He silenced her with one word, 'Nonsense,' knit his brow, assumed an air of determination, and led her, a little astonished, but quite tame, to the carriage, amidst the smiles of all the beholders.

It is not, I am sorry to say, very often that I witness a marriage solemnised according to my own old-fashioned notions; but, upon inquiry, I have always found that such marriages have been the happiest in which the parties have joined with pious fervor in the holy service that the church has instituted for the occasion. It is a truly pleasing sight to see even the bride and bridegroom losing every earthly thought and feeling in one fervent aspiration for the divine blessing, and all the relatives and friends joining piously and devoutly in prayer and supplication to the Giver of all good, for the felicity of the wedded pair, both in this world and the next.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE*.

AFTER some years of maritime service, says a French officer, I returned to France; and, on landing at Marseilles, met with Mercourt, the dearest of the friends of my youth, who had been necessitated by a pulmonary complaint to try the effect of the mild air of Provence. After the first salutation, which was certainly more cordial on my part than on his, we resolved to travel together to Amiens, our native city.

Mercourt had devoted himself to the law, and was at this time judge of the criminal court of Amiens. His irritable temper, the consequence of ill health and the habit of sitting in judgement on offenders, had communicated such a sternness and asperity to his manner and speech, as were far from prepossessing; and though he was naturally kind and humane, yet it was easy to perceive that he had no great regard for his fellow-creatures in general.

I burned with impatience to be once more in the bosom of my family. Having little preparation to make for our

journey, we soon found ourselves seated in the diligence. Near the door of an inn where we stopped to breakfast, I observed a handsome youth, of thirteen or fourteen, sitting on a stone bench: he was tolerably well dressed, but the dust which covered his clothes, his heated face, his weary look, and the little bundle lying beside him, plainly indicated that he must have walked a great way. 'Where do you come from, my little friend?' said I to him.—'From Orange, sir.'—'And have you walked all that distance?'—'Not all the way, sir. I got a lift now and then.'—'Poor fellow! What obliges you, who are yet so young, to travel in this manner?'—'Ah, sir, an uncle, who undertook to provide for me, has suddenly sent me away; and I am going back to my mother at Amiens.'—'At Amiens!' I repeated with astonishment. This circumstance, and the interest with which the mild look and pleasing physiognomy of the boy had inspired me, suggested an idea which I immediately carried into execution. After I had conducted him into the kitchen, and ordered him to be supplied with breakfast, I called the coachman aside, and bargained with him for a small sum to give the boy a place in the diligence. No sooner did Mercourt espy my little *protégé*, than he pierced through him with that look, with which he imagined he could discover guilt in the deepest recesses of the soul of an accused person. 'Hallo, young one,' cried he in a sharp tone—'Who are you?'—'George Brument, sir.'—'Where do you come from?'—'From Orange, sir.'—'And why did you not stay there?'—'My uncle has sent me away,' replied the boy, forgetting to add the word *sir*.—'Aha! you've been playing some scurvy trick or other, you young rascal—is it not so?'—'Good God! no!' replied the poor fellow, in a tremulous tone, as if ready to cry.—'You are going to Amiens,' continued his merciless interrogator; 'but who is to take care of you there?'—'My mother, who works in the garden of general Laplace.'—'And so you mean to make your poor mother keep you?'—'No,' said the boy, with a decisive look and tone—'that I do not. I am small but strong, and I will work for my living.'—'And what, pray, will you do?'—'Something—any thing.'—'Hem!—yes, I dare say you will do *something*. You look like a young scoundrel, and I would

* From the *Christmas Tales*, 1825.

lay any wager that, in my official capacity, I shall some time or other have to send you to the galleys:—I can read it in your countenance.’—At these words, pronounced in a prophetic tone, the boy colored up to the ears. I observed how he mechanically clenched his fist, as he cast at Mercourt a look of profound contempt. For my part, this horrible prediction made almost the same impression upon me as on the poor fellow to whom it was addressed.

Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the journey. In a few days we reached Amiens. While we were engaged in looking after our luggage, our young companion disappeared, and several years of active service elapsed before I heard of him again.

On my return, after this interval, I paid a visit to one of my friends, who was a wealthy merchant. I was agreeably surprised to discover in his cashier the boy I had picked up on the road from Marseilles. M. Durand, to whom I did not communicate this circumstance, applauded the zeal, the intelligence, and particularly the integrity of young Brument. I was quite delighted; and took good care not to betray my knowledge of George, lest I should hurt his feelings by reminding him of so disagreeable a rencontre.

I again served my country for a few years, and afterwards, during a short respite, visited Amiens. On the first morning after my arrival, Mercourt invited me to accompany him to the court, where an important criminal case was to be tried. ‘It is that of a young man,’ said he, ‘who is charged with forgery; the affair has made a great sensation in the town.’ When we reached the court, we found it thronged to excess; but, at Mercourt’s desire, one of the officers made room for me near the place allotted to the accused. Scarcely was I seated when the prisoner was brought in. Every eye was fixed upon him. I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and pain which I felt on seeing George Brument take the melancholy place. My friend’s prognostication now darted across my mind. ‘Gracious God!’ thought I, ‘is that prediction about to be verified?’ I could not turn my eyes from the unfortunate young man. He seemed to be firm and composed, but was then very thin; his eyes were sunk and hollow, and his cheeks pale. He held down his

head; but, when he raised it to answer the first question addressed to him, he seemed to be petrified on recognising Mercourt in the person of his judge. He trembled in every limb; the paleness of death overspread his face; and in this state he continued during the whole of the trial. At length, after much pleading, he was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence, and on the ground of his former irreproachable character. This decision, which the accused heard without the least sign of interest, filled me with the liveliest joy. I sprang from my seat, and hastened to seize George’s hand, which was colder than marble. ‘Young man, you are acquitted: the court has pronounced you innocent!’ cried I, in a transport of joy.—‘But will the world ever believe that I am?’ rejoined he.—‘Never, doubt it: the world will strive to make you amends for your unmerited sufferings.’—A deep sigh was his only answer. Soon after this event, his uncle died, and left him all his property. He now commenced business on his own account. All his speculations were crowned with the most brilliant success; and, while I was traversing the seas, he was amassing considerable wealth, became the husband of an amiable woman, and father of three children, who authorised the entertainment of the fairest hopes. But though he called every thing his that is capable of conferring happiness in this world, yet he seemed to be continually oppressed by melancholy.

On the conclusion of peace, I settled at Amiens; but, in the state of mind in which Brument then was, I avoided meeting, and never visited him. One day he sent to request me to call on him. I went and found him on his death-bed. Though far from being old, he fell a sacrifice to a lingering disease, the cause of which it was not difficult to guess. ‘I need not tell you,’ said he, as I approached his bed, ‘that I am the poor boy to whom you showed such kindness many years ago. I am aware that you knew me again. I feel that I must die, and have sent for you to ease my heart of a load which oppresses it. You found me with M. Durand, who raised me from indigence, and whose bounty to me, as well as his confidence, was unlimited. You saw me afterwards accused of a heinous crime, and tried by the rigid Mercourt. He no longer knew me, but

I had not forgotten his features; and from the moment I beheld him, his tremendous prediction rolled like thunder in my ear, and seemed to be written in characters of fire, which way soever I turned my eyes. When I was acquitted, you strove with all your power to raise me from the despondence which you attributed to the distress occasioned by so foul an imputation on my character. But know, sir, that though my judges pronounced me innocent, I was really guilty, and Mercourt had prophesied truly. After my acquittal, when I received the congratulations of my friends, and my venerable mother strained me to her heart, and thanked Heaven that her son was innocent, I then fondly imagined, that, if I should return to the path of virtue, I might still enjoy happy days; but divine justice reserved for me a signal punishment. My benefactors, and among them the man who had treated me as his own son, and thus cherished a viper in his bosom, came to beg my pardon and to solicit my friendship. The remorse which I felt at that moment surpassed the horrors of the most cruel torture, and broke down my spirits for ever. Since that period, Heaven has nevertheless heaped its blessings on my guilty head: but all that would have conferred happiness on another, only served to render me more wretched. The caresses of my wife and children redoubled my despair, by reminding me more strongly of my crime; and the word *robber* seemed to stare me in the face on every bank-note and every bill of exchange that I touched. M. Durand, who has been ruined by a reverse of fortune, is living in a state very different from that opulence which he once enjoyed: I have secretly supported him till the present time. Take these papers; their value is nearly equal to the sum of which I defrauded him: deliver them to him, but let him not know from whom they come! Out of affection for my children, I should not wish my memory to be branded with shame.'

I promised the wretched Brument to fulfil this commission. He expired in a few days, and was buried with a pomp suitable to his wealth. His remains were attended by numerous friends, and by many a tear of gratitude—for generous sentiments were associated in his heart with that guilty propensity which led him into a criminal act. He was

gentle, compassionate, and humane: but, without content and self-control, the most amiable virtues are not a sufficient defence in the hour of temptation.

PANDURANG HARI, OR MEMOIRS OF A HINDOO.

3 vols. 1826.

It was long the fashion to admire the Hindoo character, as a pattern of mildness, patience, and inoffensive worth: some even added strong sense to the portrait; but there is little foundation for such praise. There are few good points in the character of this race of men; no great qualities dignify their deportment; and the imputations thrown out against them by the author of this work seem to be nearly allied to truth. It is alleged that the memoirs were deposited in his hands by a respectable native, and that he transferred them from the Mahratta manuscript into their present form and dress: but this is apparently a mere pretence.

'The editor knows that the secluded Brahmin has been regarded by the hasty visitant with admiration, and does not, therefore, marvel at the warmth of coloring in which it has been often the fashion to clothe his quiet and (as supposed) devoted and virtuous character. It is with astonishment, however, that he has known persons, long resident in India, employ their pens in the same manner; and he wonders how men of talent can have resided for years among this people, and have been so completely duped by plausibilities. Perhaps they never were at the pains to penetrate beyond the mere external picture, and judged of the truth by the appearance. Hindoo simplicity of character has been praised, and the virtue of the women held up as a model to the world (not regarding its powerful protection under a reign of castes); and a picture has been drawn, such as the world never yet saw, and never will see, of a pure, virtuous, open, generous people, inhabiting a country governed for ages by the most despotic barbarians, ground into dust by a host of inferior native officials, and steeped in the most deplorable ignorance and superstition. Meanness, cunning, cowardice, and self-interest, are almost necessary, under such a system, to carry on existence; and these have been their

resources, accordingly, for ages. The free mountain peasant of Switzerland is the pure and simple man, because he may live without the necessity of a recourse to such vices;—the Hindoo never can. If the European, who has been deeply conversant with the Hindoo character in all situations, were to speak out, he would confess that the apparent simplicity, integrity, and humility of the Brahmin, are garbs of hypocrisy, to look well among the people, and carry on his influence; but that he is, in reality, selfish, vicious, and intent only upon blinding the credulous for his own ends. Let the Hindoo be seen at variance with his neighbour, or in any situation where his hatred is excited, and he will be found relentless in his anger and cowardly in his revenge. Watch him at a moment when he has a chance of turning a single rupee, by almost any means, and let it be said, if his disregard of all but his object, his meanness, and duplicity in pursuing it, can be exceeded! Nevertheless, in a country where the law has so long been the will of the strongest, it must be granted that the want of morality and of principle is no great phenomenon.

‘Englishmen who have written so much in favor of the natives, it may be boldly pronounced, never mingled in situations where their private contests and private conduct with each other could be clearly observed. The editor went amongst them prejudiced in their favor: a few years undeceived him. From the rajah to the ryot, with the intermediate grades, they are ungrateful, insidious, cowardly, unfaithful, and revengeful. This he thinks it necessary to say, to account for the coloring and acts of some of the characters in the ensuing narrative, without which its authenticity might be questioned by some who have read the eulogizers of the natives of Hindoostan; but, most assuredly, a Hindoo would hardly treat as matter-of-fact, without comment or apology, many of his own vices, as Pandurang does, if they were not commonplace to him, and inherent in the national character.’

The knavish hero thus speaks of his earliest scene of existence:—‘I have a clear recollection of a Hindoo, advanced in years, stooping down and extricating me from the hoofs of a troop of bullocks and horses, where I had been left by some one who evidently made my safety

a matter of small account. One of the animals, beneath which I was wallowing, had crushed my tender arm with his hoof, and set me, naturally enough, screaming and rearing with all my might. My deliverer took me to his tent, and bound up my bruised limb. I remember well his features and dress: he was a Mahratta, and a man of some consequence, traveling in the district upon business. On his head he wore a large white turban tied under the chin, with a stuffed coat, and dirty boots, while a tremendous sword was dangling at his side. He delivered me to a servant, who pestered me with questions which I could not answer; demanding who I was, whence I came, who were my parents? to which, of course, I was unable to make any other reply than ‘I know not.’ I then heard the servants disputing about my age: one said I was four years old, another five. I next heard them debate upon my caste; and one of them, perceiving the red mark upon my forehead, said I was a true Hindoo. It was to my good fortune he made this declaration, as I was deemed worthy of being noticed in consequence; for, had I been of a very low or inferior caste—that of Choomar or Sudra, for example—I should have been left to starve, or been glad to herd with my old companions, the bullocks, once more. I was now taken to the presence of my deliverer, having been instructed by his servants to say, as soon as I came near him, ‘Your most obedient, my lord!’ Whether I pronounced this salutation ill, or with proper confidence, I cannot now tell; but it was very kindly noticed by the Mahratta Maha-Raj. He ordered me to be clothed, and to have a red turban given me. I can even now remember the effect this treatment of me by the master produced on the servants: they immediately behaved very kindly to me. My young mind soon became elated by this attention, and my childish pride grew intolerable. I discovered that, as long as I possessed the master’s favor, I might act as I pleased among his inferiors. In short, I at last considered myself as his son.’

He is soon appointed clerk to his patron, and is gradually raised to higher offices. His baseness and want of principle appear on various occasions, particularly where he acts as the introducer of complainants to his master.

‘A person appeared, and urged me to

obtain an audience for him. I gave myself great airs, and roundly asserted that the Maha-Raj was sleeping, and would not be disturbed. The complainant seemed to know how to awaken both servant and master. Slipping a handful of rupees into my hand, he promised me double the amount if he should succeed. I now softened my manner, and condescended to say, 'I will see if I dare wake Maha-Raj; but I really fear for my life; yet for your sake I will risk every thing.' The Maha-Raj was still smoking his hookah when I entered, and I at once opened my business. I was ordered to admit the complainant, and to take down his business in writing. I did so, but was not yet so adroit as I should have been in putting my words quickly together, though I would not on any account confess my want of skill. I went on scribbling any thing that came upmost in place of the poor man's story, and when I had done I knew as little about it as before I began. Fortunately I could see, by my master's air and manner, that he was as indifferent to the merits of the case as myself, and therefore I felt very little uneasiness upon the subject. The complainant was dismissed with assurances of receiving justice. I took care to follow him, and abuse him for his long tale, declaring that my fingers were stiff with taking it down. The poor dupe had sagacity enough to discover there was one medicine which never fails to cure rigidity of the joints in such cases, and he accordingly applied his silver ointment to my hands once more. The cure was instantaneous; I promised him every thing, and assured him his enemy should be trampled to death by an elephant, if he desired it. I then ordered him to call upon the clerk on the following day, when all should be settled, but reminded him that this official must finger the rupees as well as myself, at least in equal proportion. So saying, I withdrew to count over my money. According to my advice, he did not neglect to appear at the clerk's; but that sagacious officer, having been informed of the petitioner's interviews with me, ordered him to quit his presence. He once more came to me, and I endeavoured, by assurances and promises, to keep alive hopes which I very well knew were doomed to be disappointed. He took his leave of me, bowing so low as to knock his forehead on the ground. Day

after day passed over, and still Hybatty (such was the petitioner's name) remained unnoticed. He was even rudely treated by the hirelings who lounged round the tents. Far from resenting such conduct towards him, I rather encouraged it; for Hybatty had become my second shadow whenever I appeared abroad. At length, losing all patience, I angrily bade him return to his village and trouble me no farther. He gave me a look that spoke stronger things than language could do, and hurried from my presence.

The story of Hybatty becomes more interesting in its progress: we will therefore continue it:—Pandurang, in an evening walk, observing at a distance a person apparently in deep meditation, climbs a tree for the purpose of observation. The man, approaching the tree, congratulates himself on having, with his dagger, done that justice upon his enemy, Tulsajee, which Pandurang had prevented the Maha-Raj from doing him, and says that, having thrown the dead Tulsajee into a well, his silver wrist-rings and his gold coin have made amends for the late loss of his rupees; but, against the officer who had cheated him, Hybatty (for it is no other) solemnly swears a bloody vengeance. He is seen to bury the spoil at the foot of a neighbouring tree. Pandurang now begins to consider of the best method of bringing his foe to the gibbet. He waits upon the principal and heads of the village, among whom his appearance commands great respect.

'I then opened the purport of my visit, stating that I was come to inquire into the complaint of Hybatty against Tulsajee, and desiring the complainant might be sent for. I appeared wholly unconscious of his harbouring any ill design against myself, and immediately addressed him, saying, 'My good friend, you may now see I have not forgotten your cause, which would have been attended to much sooner, could I have secured the ear of the Maha-Raj; but his time has been so occupied with political correspondence, that he has really had no leisure to think of any thing else. You may now state your case, and justice shall be rendered you.' Hybatty looked aghast at this unexpected condescension, and gave me a glance so peculiar in character, and yet so very far from agreeable, that I felt more than ever anxious to do him the kindness I had in store for him. It appeared as if

he looked through my intentions, and suspected all was not so fair as it seemed to be, without his being able to fathom my designs. Hesitating a little at first, he soon launched out more fluently against Tulsajee, as if the latter had really been in the land of the living! He repeatedly urged me to summon him, and see if he dared to deny any part of what he should urge against him. I replied, 'I am sure he cannot deny any part of your assertions: however, let him be summoned.' This devil Hybatty looked in my eyes more hellish than I thought it possible for a human being to do, on hearing the order given. After some delay, a message was sent from the friends of Tulsajee, saying he had left the village on a journey, and his family had not heard of him since he set out. 'Oh, it is well,' I replied (addressing myself to the village authorities); 'we cannot help it: when he returns, assemble a court, that Hybatty may have justice.' Having said this, I took my departure. The reason for my acting thus was, lest, upon conviction of the murder, Hybatty should accuse me of not attending to his complaint, and make my negligence a plea for the act which he had committed. I now proceeded to the farmer of the district, and mentioned my suspicion that Tulsajee was murdered, and who the murderer was. 'This affair,' said I, 'will put a few rupees into your pocket, as the murderer has money, I am certain; so you may fine him to the tune of five hundred rupees at least. He may plead poverty, but do not heed what he says: and, as he knows a fine will get him clear, he will not be at the trouble of denying the crime; or, should he do so, I can help you to evidence that shall bring it home to him.' The farmer thanked me repeatedly for my consideration of him in giving this intelligence, and promised to proceed against Hybatty, without compromising me by mentioning my name. In a few days I heard of his apprehension, that the farmer had charged him with the crime, but that he stoutly denied all knowledge of it. I immediately visited the farmer, had a secret interview with him, and desired him to tax the prisoner with the crime again, and to tell him he had flung the body into a well. The farmer was astonished how I could tell him so much about it, and, I thought, almost regarded me as an accomplice. I told him he should learn all as soon as

the affair was finally settled. Hybatty was then taxed with the crime again, and told of the place where he had concealed the body. Upon this, and supposing the farmer knew every thing, he confessed, and said he was the farmer's humble servant (meaning he would pay any fine the other might demand of him). I was not present, but had an agent at the trial. The fine was fixed at a thousand rupees, because, as the farmer afterwards informed me, there was a better chance of getting five hundred clear, by an appearance of lenity in remitting half of the original sum levied.

Hybatty, now completely in my toils, and little aware of his poverty, immediately consented to pay the rupees. Being in custody, he sent for his son, and, on his arrival, directed him where to find the money. The son set off, and I was malicious enough to wish I had again been in the peepal-tree, to witness and enjoy his disappointment. In the meantime, Hybatty sat smoking, confidently chewing his betel, and cracking his jokes. The body of Tulsajee had just been fished up from the well, and was exhibited to the populace, with the throat cut, and a stab in the heart; while, to enable the murderer to secure the silver bangles with greater expedition, both hands had been severed at the wrists. The culprit's son now approached, with rueful face and heavy footsteps, to the place of his father's durance. Being admitted, his tale was soon told; for he had not been a moment in the prison before a most dismal yell was heard from its interior,—a more piercing shriek than ever struck a mortal ear before! Sobs and groans succeeded, then supplications; and when these were found of no avail, oaths and curses were dealt out liberally against those who had defrauded him. My name was on Hybatty's lips among the rest; but little did he think the plunderer of his property was so near him. The intelligence of his inability to pay his fine was speedily carried to the farmer, who, before long, made his appearance, with a new rope and two executioners; and in a few minutes Hybatty was a corpse. I then returned to my tent, reflecting, as I went along, on the events which had just passed. 'What have I done?' thought I: 'I have extorted money from an unhappy and injured man, under the false pretence of obtaining redress for him; I have neglected him, though I accepted his pre-

sents; I have driven him to desperation, made him a murderer, robbed him of his property, and betrayed him to death! I now thought, but in vain, to ease my conscience by the consideration that my victim was deserving of death, having been a murderer. But the truth that, but for my neglect of him, he would not have stained his hands with blood, ever came upmost. I contrived, however, to console myself that I had acted in self-defence. Hybatty had sworn to take my life, and I made that serve me as a justification. Besides, a great religious festival was at hand; and a dip in the river, with the offering of a cocoa-nut to the god and a trifle to the Brahmins, would purify me, and effectually remove my uneasy sensations.'

While he is thus ruminating, he is seised by armed men, and summoned to the presence of his master.

'On my arrival before him, what was my horror on seeing the son of the murdered Tulsajee wringing his hands, beating his breast, and calling me at the same time his father's murderer! Opposite to him was Hybatty's son, behaving in the same manner, and charging me with the murder of his parent. I was overwhelmed with their accusations; and perceiving the carcoon with his papers and inkstand close by, I begged him, for the love of Vishnu and Brahma, to inform me what was the meaning of such accumulated charges. Instead of a friendly reply from him, or even a recognition of his late deputy, he gruffly commanded me to be silent, and most consequentially passed by me. This was a dreadful blow to my hopes, and I fell to the ground insensible. When I recovered, I found myself on my own mat in my tent, guards being stationed without. I now considered what was best to be done to avert the impending storm. Could I not bribe the clerk? This I thought a happy expedient, and I would willingly have bestowed upon him all Hybatty's treasure if he would but ensure my safety. I then proceeded to examine the place where I had deposited this treasure,—but what was my dismay when I found it gone! Bangles, pearls, money, ornaments,—all had disappeared! I cursed my ill-luck, and laid myself down once more to ruminate on this fresh disaster. 'What a piece of retribution!' thought I.'

He is condemned to death; but, at the instance of his 'inkstand-bearer,'

(the only domestic who has remained faithful to him in his adversity), he draws up a petition, truly setting forth every circumstance of the case, and the fact that there was some money deposited with the *bangles* of poor Hybatty, of which the clerk who seised the spoils gave no account.

'The Maha-Raj read the paper, and instantly ordered the clerk to be seised, and searched. He was too old a hand at such matters to be found with the treasure upon his person, and only the bangles were discovered. Tulsajee's son deposed to several other articles which his father had about him when murdered; and this, together with the suspicious circumstance of the clerk going alone to my tent, induced all the country round to place credit on my assertions, especially as I consented to give up the treasure. I was now set at liberty, and immediately fell down on my face before the Maha-Raj, who really showed pleasure that he was able to let me go free. He severely lectured me for neglecting to bring Hybatty's case before him originally, which, had I so done, would have saved bloodshed to others and hazard to myself. The clerk was ordered to restore whatever articles the son of Tulsajee could recollect his father to have had. The son gave in an amazingly long list of things, which, I was well aware, never formed part of the treasure I had brought away. After he had given in this list, the son of Hybatty put in one still longer, concerning articles buried under the peepal-tree which belonged to his family, independent of what belonged to Tulsajee. Both these knaves had been suborned against me by the clerk, and, in consequence of his promise of reward and restitution of the articles of value, had consented to become complainants against me. They acted their parts as mourners with true Mahratta hypocrisy on the first day of my examination; now, when the tables were turned, they were anxious to become my friends. My evidence also was necessary to bear them out in their enumeration of the articles buried by Hybatty, which they sought to recover of the clerk. On their making out their claims, one said, 'Was there not a nuth?' I nodded assent. 'Was there not a silver betel-nut box?' said the other; and again I signified in the affirmative. 'And was there not a large gold neck-lace?'—I responded, 'Yes; worth, I

should think, three hundred rupees.' The clerk was all this while in a situation better to be imagined than described. He found out that he had made a very unprofitable seizure in my tent, and, at the rate we were going on, we must ruin him. I revelled in the anguish he felt at every nod I gave. I knew his life's blood was not dearer than the treasure I was drawing from him. His evident perturbation added to my delight, and the thought of his endeavour to deprive me of life for a few rupees prevented my having any mercy upon him. As I nodded to every barefaced lie of his two tormentors, I felt as if I partook a fresh draught of a cordial elixir that almost made life perfect happiness. The list was at length swollen to four thousand rupees, instead of two thousand, and he was ordered to make the whole good, and to be imprisoned until he had so done.'

After a variety of adventures, which are very amusingly related, the hero goes in search of Sagoonah, the object of his tender affection, of whom he has lost sight for a time. In his melancholy wanderings, he is nearly overwhelmed with privation and misery; but he at length obtains satisfactory evidence that he is the son and heir of the rajah of Satarah, discovers the lady's retreat, and marries her.

An excursion from Broach to an island in the vicinity is described with characteristic traits:—'Kubbeer Burr is situated some way up the river Nerbudda, and is remarkable for being entirely covered by one large banyan tree. The branches of this tree, growing downwards, take root, and become each of them a distinct trunk. From these, other branches droop in like manner to the ground, and thus traverse over and shade from the sun an immense space of ground, nearly two thousand feet in extent. It is deliciously refreshing, during the hot weather, to walk under the green arches formed by this tree, and enjoy the shade and coolness. Walk joins to walk, among green festoons, and a labyrinth of leaves and branches. Nothing could be more agreeable than parties made to spend the day on such a spot. The distance was merely a pleasant sail, and the relaxation from business, and a due attention to the important duties of eating, drinking, talking and smoking, were anticipated by all who were to join in the excursion with no small delight. As little preparation was necessary, mat-

ters were speedily arranged for starting. Hurrychund sent every thing we could need to the island, the day preceding, and spared no expense to render the whole party as comfortable as possible. At the hour of five in the morning we set out on our excursion. It happened to be a Hindoo holiday, and no business was transacted at the court-house; so I requested Nanna to accompany us, and we both went, well armed, and each (attended by two armed peons) escorted the females to the boat. After a few hours' sail we saw the island, to the great joy of Beema and her mother, who were both ill from the boat's motion. It was agreed that those who were tired of the voyage should land at once, and ramble about the island, or enjoy themselves in the shade. On landing I was much struck with the remarkable tree, having never seen one half its size, in any part of the Deccan. There seemed to me to be a thousand trunks, supporting an immense roof of foliage of a deep green. Not a ray of the sun could penetrate through it; all under it was in shadowy silence. The great drawback to our pleasure was that the place abounded in snakes, so that we were ever in fear of trampling upon them, and of being bitten. This would not have been the case, however, without frequent warnings, as the boatmen and servants enhanced the danger by marvellous stories of the venom of these reptiles, as proofs that it was more powerful here than in any other part of India. One of them related a tale of a person struck dead at encountering the fiery eyes of an immense serpent covered with hair, that reached in length from one side of the island to another. As if to help out the marvellous narration, a large serpent brushed away from us among the underwood at the moment, and so alarmed the females, that he moved in another direction, taking a different path, and one more beaten. Our presence in this unfrequented place seemed to cause great consternation among the monkeys and birds, which haunted it in vast numbers, and of all varieties. The screams of the disturbed and affrighted fowls as they flew off, and the chatter and grin of the monkeys, that, peeping amid the branches of the trees, seemed mocking our power to take them, were highly amusing. Though all creatures besides seemed to flee from us, the bat hung by his enormous wings in certain dark hollows of

the trees and densely shaded boughs, apparently insensible of our presence. The coolness, and the additional feeling of gloom thrown over the deeper recesses of the foliage, were far from being agreeable on this account. The bats differed much from those which visit our streets and houses in the city, being very large, and measuring three or four feet from wing to wing when extended. In all my wanderings I never before saw such a sight. They hung with their heads downwards in every direction by hundreds, suspended from small hooks at the extremity of their wings.'

The pleasure of this excursion was damped by its sequel.—'Old Hurrychund had been too long exposed to the night air for one of his advanced years. He caught from the damps a severe fever, which in three days carried him off. A funeral, instead of a wedding, was now ordered to be prepared in booths in the front of his house. The sudden demise of the old man was a sad blow to us all. I had myself been fanciful enough to suppose he would recover from the attack; but on the third day, after it took place, on returning from the court, I saw the kind and emaciated old man stretched on the fatal bed of *cusa* grass, and I was convinced no hope of his recovery remained. He was, in fact, death-struck, and had no more time allowed him than was sufficient to make a few donations to his surviving friends and relatives.

'None of the sacred waters of the Ganges being at hand, the ceremony of sprinkling his head was omitted from necessity, but the sacred stone was placed near him, and all the ceremonies performed which the friendship of his relations could prompt and had the means of executing. Holy strains were chanted, and sacred hymns poured into the ear of the dying; leaves of hallowed trees were scattered over his head, and every attention religiously paid to him in his expiring moments. As soon as he was dead, the body was washed, perfumed, and decked with flowers; a ruby put into his mouth, together with coral, and small pieces of gold thrust into his nostrils and eyes. Goolchund, the nearest relative, as usual, brought the cloth sprinkled with fragrant oil, and threw it over the corpse: two hours afterwards they conveyed the body to the funeral pile; it was raised up by his relatives, and placed on a wooden bier for the procession. It now

moved slowly on, with fire and food borne before it in an unbaked earthen vessel, accompanied by the sound of drums, cymbals, and wind and stringed instruments. The funeral passed out through the eastern gate of the city to its place of destination. The corpse being laid upon a bed of *cusa*, with its head toward the south, the relatives of the deceased bathed in the river, on the banks of which the funeral pile was to be prepared. They then began to mark out lines, upon which the wood was placed. The pile being ready, they washed the body, clothed it in clean linen, rubbing it with perfumes, and then placed it on the wood, with the head to the north. Goolchund then drew the cloth over the corpse, and, taking up a lighted brand, invoked all the holy places, saying, 'May the gods, with mouths of fire, consume this body!' He then walked three times round the pile, looked toward the south, and, dropping on his left knee, applied a torch to the wood near the head of the corpse, while the attendant priests recited the proper prayers. During the time the wood was consuming, several of the relatives of the deceased, having taken seven pieces of the wood, walked slowly round the pile, and threw them over their shoulders upon the fire, saying, 'All hail to thee, the consumer of flesh!' All who had followed or touched the body were obliged to walk round the pile, keeping their left hands toward it, but not looking at the fire. They then proceeded to the river, bathed, and returned home in procession, having performed many minor ceremonies, such as sipping water, &c. On arriving at the house of the deceased, the funeral cakes were baked, and food put aside on a leaf for the crows. Cake was thrown into water, and milk and water were suspended at the door of the house in earthen vessels every evening, until the time of mourning expired. This endured for ten days, and mournful days they were to us all.'

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION TO THE BURMAN EMPIRE, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON,

by *Anne H. Judson.*

WE wish success to missionary enterprises, and admire the zeal which stimulates pious adventurers, of our own and

other countries, to brave all dangers in the hope of extending the triumphs of Christianity. We are therefore sorry to record the failure of a scheme of this kind, undertaken by several subjects of the United States. In seven years Mr. and Mrs. Judson could only convert three of the natives; and even this trifling encroachment on the faith and worship of the Burmese excited jealousy and alarm. They were, however, treated with friendly attention, not only by the people in general, but even by the viceroy of Rangoon. While they were lamenting the death of their only child,—the viceroy's wife (says Mrs. Judson) visited us with a numerous retinue. She really appeared to sympathise with us in our affliction, and requested Mr. Judson not to let it too much affect his health, which was already very feeble. Some time after her visit, she invited us to go into the country with her, for the benefit of our health, and that our minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. We consented; and she sent us an elephant for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods. Sometimes the small trees were so near together, that our way was impassable except by the elephant's breaking them down, which he did with the greatest ease at the word of the driver. The scene was truly interesting. Picture to yourselves, my dear parents, thirty men with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders, then a huge elephant caparisoned with a gilt howdah, which contained a tall, genteel female, richly dressed in red and white silk. We had the honor of riding next to her ladyship; and behind us marched three or four elephants, with her son and some of the members of government. Two or three hundred followers, male and female, concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden; I say beautiful, because it was entirely the work of nature—art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruit-trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble banyan formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the viceroy's lady to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit, and pared it; culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own hands.

At dinner she had her cloth spread by ours; nor did she refuse to partake of whatever we presented to her. We returned in the evening, fatigued with riding on the elephant, delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Burmans, and dejected and depressed with their superstition and idolatry—their darkness and ignorance of the true God.

'We had the honor of being introduced to the Burman emperor; and, on that occasion, the spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained above five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of the modern Alasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us;—'Who are these?'—'The teachers, great king,' I replied.—'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?'—'When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priests? Are you married? Why do you dress so?' These, and some other similar questions, we answered; he then appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. One of the ministers now began to read the petition, which prayed that the strangers might be permitted to preach in the Burman empire, and that their hearers might be protected by the government. The emperor heard this pe-

tion, and stretched out his hand to receive it. He began at the top, and deliberately read it through. He then handed it back, without saying a word. When a religious tract was offered to him, our hearts rose to God for a display of his grace. 'O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the two first sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, beside him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! The minister stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Another courtier made a slight attempt to serve us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh Zah interpreted his royal master's will in the following terms:— 'With regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. For your sacred books, he has no use; take them away.' He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God; his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

The Burmese treat their living priests with great respect, and burn them after their death.—'When a priest dies, he has peculiar honors paid him. Several months since, a neighbouring priest died, or *returned*, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that *a priest dies*; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through the feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past preparations have

been making to burn this *sacred relic*, and to-day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and returned sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels a kind of stage or tower was erected, about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colors and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues: the corpse, half of which was visible above the edge of the coffin, was entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner of split bamboo, covered with small figures cut out of white cloth, and waving for some distance in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing, but no weeping or wailing. The vehicle was then taken to pieces, the most valuable parts of which were preserved, and the body consumed.'

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RUIN, OR THE MINSTREL'S LAMENTATION.

THE moon fring'd with her silver beam
The ruins of Bean's deserted hall,
And ting'd with light the limpid stream
That flow'd by mould'ring fort and wall.

Sweet Nature slept 'mong the green hills,
That flung their shades o'er stream and dell ;
And, save the dash of bubbling rills,
Not a sound on the ear there fell.

'Twas a splendid night !—no cloud afloat
On the face of the sparkling sky,
To mar the beauteous light that shot
From planet and from galaxy.

Anon, along the weed-grown road,
A shadow mov'd ; it seem'd to be
(As on with silent step it strode)
A thing of immortality.

A man approach'd,—though time had trac'd
Deep furrows on his manly brow.
The same proud air which first had grac'd
His figure, grac'd that figure now.

He gain'd the porch ; awhile he stood,
And o'er the scene his eyes he bent ;
Then turn'd them in a thoughtful mood
On ruin'd wall and battlement.

The hall he sought, where erst did throng
Chieftain and vassal, hind and lord,
Must'ring for foray, or for song
And wassail at the festive board.

He spoke aloud in his native tongue ;
The echoes knew the language well—
And vaulted hall and chamber rung
With the words of the ag'd minstrel.

' Oh what a shock ! that the brave Bean,
Of all his race, should live to see
The bright star of his house and clan
Gone down to ruin utterly !

' Fifty long years have sped, since chief
And clans left home, to wander far
From the sweet hills of their father-land,
And spend their blood in foreign war.

' Aye in the battle's brunt, so proud,
Our banner wav'd,—our war-note peal'd :
Now clansmen sleep in their tartan shroud
On many a well-fought battle field.

' My pipe ! through burning sands we've toil'd ;
'Mid scenes that made the heart-strings wither,
We've cheer'd the soul, the heart beguil'd,
Till deserts seem'd but braes of heather.

' Of friend and chief, of all bereft,
While Bean bore the oppressors' chains,
My broken pipe ! thou still wast left
To soothe my spirit in its pains.

' Once more ! once more ! shall the gath'ring sound,
 Ere I'm laid with my kindred clay ;
 And gather, ye shades of the Bean, around,
 To bear the chieftain's soul away.'

Then burst *Porst Tiannail* on the car ;
 Its *Taorluidh*, *Creanluidh*, and the rest
 Of its wild changes—music dear,
 As the heart's blood, to Celtic breast.

But chang'd the music its bold tone
 To a strain so plaintive and slow ;
 The first told of bright glory gone,
 The last spoke of ruin and woe.

It sounded like the midnight wail
 Of the *Coronach* for the dead ;
 And with the last note that burthen'd the gale,
 The spirit of the bold chieftain fled !

E.

THE DECLINE OF MINSTRELSY.

Lost are the minstrel's joyous times,
 The merry days of old,
 When beauty prais'd his artless rhymes,
 And verse outvalu'd gold.
 The iron bosom own'd his skill,
 The softer lov'd its sway ;
 Where'er the wand'rer went, he still
 Was kindly press'd to stay.
 None thought the old man tarried long,
 And kindness was repaid by song.
 But welcome now attends on state,
 However mean it be ;
 The bard may rove from gate to gate,
 A wretch despis'd—like me.
 It is not, if I mourn the past,
 That I regret to-day :
 Not for a sceptre would I cast
 My humble harp away ;
 Yet fain would I recall the hour
 When it was tun'd in knightly bower.
 And, Provence, though within thy halls
 The song is heard no more
 At chivalry's fair festivals,
 As in thy halls of yore ;
 Yet, Provence, are thy olive-groves,
 That bloom around me here,
 As dear to him, who through them roves,
 As his rude harp is dear.
 Yes, yes, despite of every ill,
 My land, my lyre, I love you still.

THE GREEK SAILOR'S SONG,

by *Mr. Bulwer.*

THE moon shines bright,
 And the bark bounds light,
 As the stag bounds over the lea ;
 We love the strife
 Of the sailor's life,
 And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
 To the depths we go,
 Now rise on the surge again ;
 We make a track
 O'er the ocean's back,
 And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
 The storm in its chase,
 When the dark clouds fly before it,
 And meet the shock
 Of the fierce siroc,
 Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
 At the shout of the gale :
 Peril 's the sailor's joy ;
 Wild as the waves
 Which his vessel braves,
 Is the lot of the sailor boy.

THE EVENING STAR.

THE evening star now shines on high,
 Bright and alone in the dark-blue sky.
 How pure, how holy is its light—
 How lovely it makes the face of night !
 Tranquil and calm the world appears,
 And e'en the night-dew seems like tears,
 Shed by the earth in grateful praise
 For that fair planet's gentle rays.
 On such a night's soft solitude
 No evil passions can intrude ;
 Our hearts all earthly feelings spurn,
 Our hopes, our wishes, heaven-ward turn ;
 And, as on the lovely star we gaze,
 Our souls are fill'd with its Maker's praise.

ANNETTE.

THE SNOW-DROP ;

a Sonnet.

HAIL to thee, lively modest flower,
 First blossom of the new-born year !
 Winter's dark, gloomy, dreary hour
 Thy graceful buds unfold to cheer.
 Smiling beneath the summer's sky
 A thousand blooming flowers arise,
 Bright with each variegated dye,
 Making earth look like paradise.
 All these have fled the winter's gloom,
 Apt emblems of those worldly friends
 Who smile on us while pleasures bloom,
 And fly, when grief our fate attends.
 Fair flower, to thee our thanks we owe,
 Ev'n though *spring's* flowers more brightly glow

ANNETTE.

STANZAS ON HOPE,
by an impatient Lover.

SAY, Hope, why hast thou trifled
So many months away?
Oh! say, why hast thou stifled
The fears of life's decay?
In youth and health confiding,
Thy paths are spread with down,
And we pursue, deriding
Experience, though she frown:
But as the drop, unceasing,
Keeps wearing on the stone,
Each drop that stone decreasing,
Until the whole be gone;
So shall thy oft deceiving
Thy votaries wear away,
And tire them of believing
Thy smiles, though fair and gay.

A BET SETTLED ON PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES.

Two bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! a race! a race! in rapture cries.
Where? quoth sir John. Why, see two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds, which drop, with nimblest force,
Performs its current down the slipp'ry course!
The bets were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
For victory pendent on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short;
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws:
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

A SONG, FROM THE EDINBURGH JANUS.

'Tis I am the Gypsy King,
And where is the king like me?
No trouble my dignities bring;
No other is half so free.
In my kingdom there is but one table;
All my subjects partake in my cheer;
We would all have Champagne were we able;
As it is, we have plenty of beer;
And 'tis I am the Gypsy King.

A king, and a true one, am I :
 No courtiers nor ministers here ;
 I see every thing with my own eye,
 And hear every thing with my own ear.
 No conspiracies I apprehend,
 Among brothers and equals I rule ;
 We all help both to gain and to spend,
 And get drunk when the treasury's full ;
 And 'tis I am the Gypsy King.

I confess that I am but a man ;
 My failings who pleases may know ;
 I am fond of my girl and my can,
 And jolly companions a-row.
 My subjects are kind to me ;
 They don't grudge me the largest glass,
 Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
 At this moment, the prettiest lass ;
 For 'tis I am the Gypsy King.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor keyser,
 That sits on a golden throne,
 And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,—
 Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
 To sit all the night through in a crown,
 I've a notion mine ears 'twould freeze ;
 But I pull my old night-cap down,
 And tiddle and smoke at my ease ;
 For 'tis I am the Gypsy King.

THE SHIP-WRECK,

by Mrs. Hemans.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
 Had peal'd along the deep,
 And mournfully the rising sun
 Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
 A bark, from India's coral strand,
 Before the rushing blast,
 Had bent her topsails to the sand,
 And bow'd her noble mast.

'The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven
 And true ones died with her !
 We saw her mighty cable riven,
 Like floating gossamer !
 We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
 A star once o'er the seas,
 Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,—
 And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away ;
 The rocks with pearl were sown ;
 And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
 Flash'd out o'er fretted stone ;
 And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
 Like ashes by a breeze,
 And gorgeous robes,—but oh ! that shore
 Had sadder sights than these !

We saw the strong man, still and low,
 A crush'd reed thrown aside !
 Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
 Not without strife he died.
 And near him on the sea-weed lay—
 Till then we had not wept—
 But well our gushing hearts might say,
 That *there* a mother slept ;

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
 With such a wreathing grasp,
 Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp !
 Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful 'midst that wild scene
 Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
 Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye ;
He had known little of her dread,
 Nought of her agony !

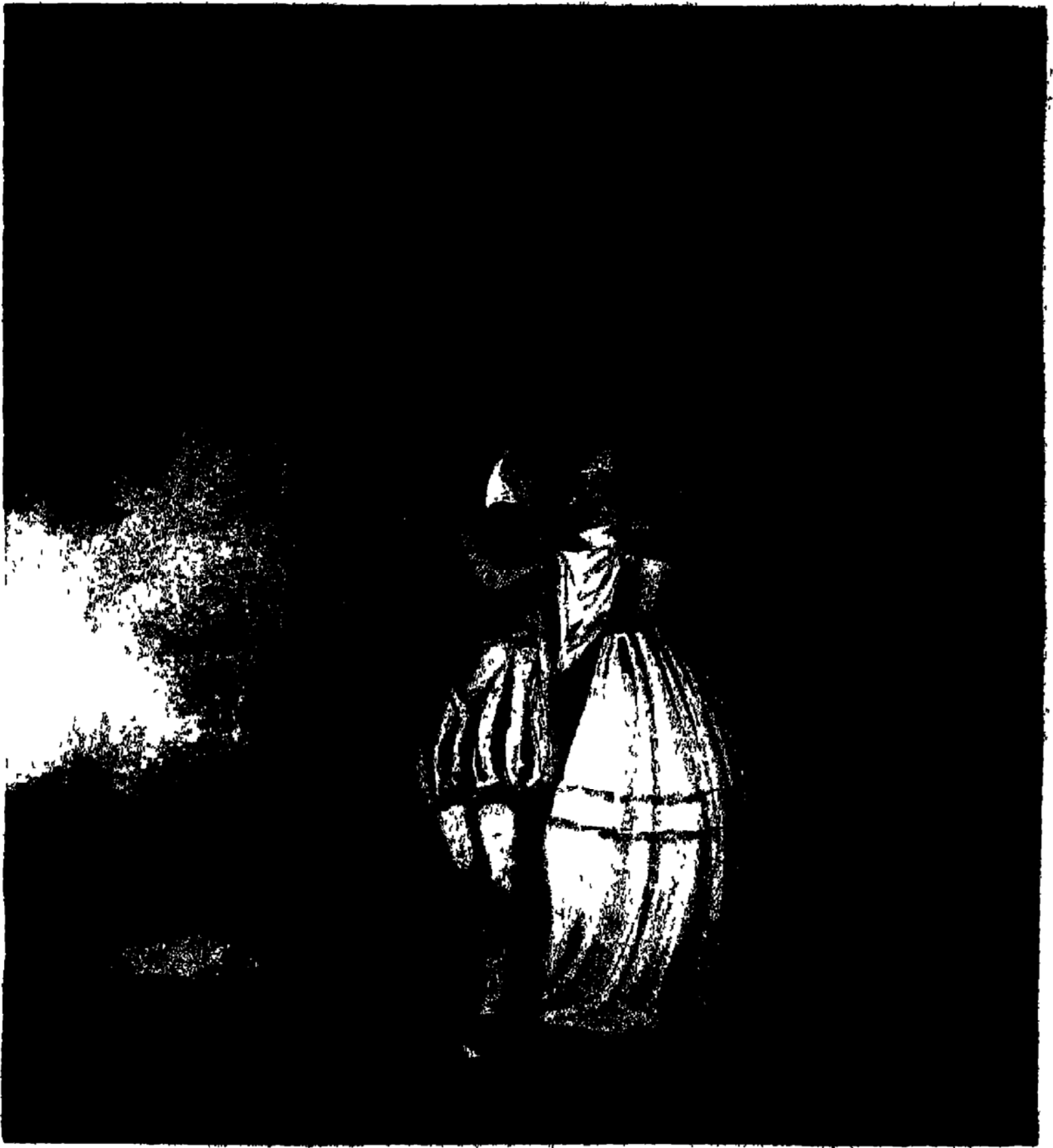
Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart,
 Through all things vainly true,
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu !
 Surely thou hast another lot,
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, rememb'ring not
 The moaning of the sea !

A SONG,

by the late Mr. Wolfe.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
 Smile, though I shall not be near thee :
 Sing, though I shall never hear thee :
 May thy soul with pleasure shine
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.
 Go, forget me, &c.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
 Clothes the *meanest* things in light :
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things look'd so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee :
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.
 Like the sun, &c.



J. Sargeant del^d

R. G. Reeve Sculp^d

THE LAST LOOK.

*"Though its lustre through tear drops is destined to gleam
when the Heart to the eye its deep tenderness sends"*

Agnes Strickland, Keokake

Designed expressly for the Lady's Magazine (Improved Series)



CARRIAGE DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.



BALL DRESS.

Engraved for the Improved Series of the Lady's Magazine.

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Morning Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N^o. 1. 1828.



*Victoria Colonna.
(Marchioness of Pescara)*

*Drawn & Engraved by T. Whistman from an Ancient Medal
expressly for the Improved series of the Indian Magazine.*

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell ;
 Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and beauty ; fare ye well !
 Go, and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted :
 Glory's burning—generous swell,
 Fancy, and the poet's shell.
 Go, thou vision, &c.

LOVE-PEDANTRY.

IN the whole range of modern literature, it is difficult to find a topic on which so little originality has been displayed as on the subject of Love. The theme, if we may believe those who profess to be best acquainted with it, is not a barren one ; and, when we consider the myriads of reams of paper that have been devoted to it, and the numberless tomes it has served to fill, we agree that in one sense it certainly is not ; yet, if we take the substance of all that has been written on it, to what does it amount ? By some unaccountable perversity or fatality, it should seem as if those who have written on this passion, have done so with an act of parliament before their eyes, enjoining, under a heavy penalty, a certain routine of ideas, and a set form of phrases ; for not even the law is more abhorrent of any thing like innovation, or an approach to common-sense, in the language which it is pleased in its consummate wisdom to employ, than are those who pour forth the gentle strains of amatory poetry.

We have, Heaven knows, been long enough afflicted with the trite pedantries of the heathen mythology. Venus, Cupid, and the Graces, have been so bandied about both in verse and prose, as to be absolutely intolerable. The roguish little divinity, as he is sometimes familiarly and facetiously called, is now become hardly fit to figure in a valentine addressed to a housemaid ; and the only use we now desire him to make of his wings, is to fly away to some other part of the globe where he has never yet been heard of, and thus rid us for ever of his impertinences ; and, if he should refuse to do this with a good grace, he ought either to be fairly outlawed, or sent to the tread-mill by some zealous magistrate as an incorrigible rogue. Upon reflection, however, we doubt whether the latter mode of punishment would prove one at all to him ; for he has so

long been accustomed to the tread-mill of amatory poetry, going precisely in one eternal dull round, that he can no longer deviate from it.

We do not know who was the unlucky wight that first started the idea of comparing ladies' eyes to stars ; but he has certainly a great deal to answer for : for he is responsible for all the frigid mawkish nonsense to which that luminous idea has given birth. We hardly know whether he be not some degrees worse than the inventor of gunpowder.

Let us anatomise woman—the female of the genus *Homo*—as described by the poets : really we hardly know what to make of such a composition. They have velvet cheeks and velvet hands, ivory teeth, ruby lips, coral lips, diamond eyes, golden locks, jetty locks, roses, lilies—what a composition ! Surely they who write in this strain must have been taking an inventory of the contents of a lady's wardrobe, which they mistook for the lady herself ; or else some man-milliner, or dealer in trinkets, must have been the inventor of this notable strain ; while those who rave of honeyed breath, spicy breath, &c. must as certainly have been seised with their poetic *furor* in a grocer's shop. But be this as it may, such is the vogue which this ridiculous phraseology has obtained, that our writers of love songs repeat it with all the delightful variety of a cuckoo-clock, and compose their verses as mechanically, and with as much regard to form, as a solicitor draws up a brief. Yet, as there is nothing without some redeeming qualities, so commend us to a copy of love-verses for a soporific :—a more powerful narcotic is not to be found in the whole *materia medica*.

Our readers, we presume, are pretty well acquainted with Romeo's celebrated conceit :

'Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ;
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars.

As day-light doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.

This is almost as extravagantly quaint as any thing in an Italian or Portuguese sonnet, which is certainly saying a great deal, since those productions are generally the *ne plus ultra* of the amatory bathos—a profound beyond which it is impossible to sink. Would any one but a mere school-boy who has been beating his brains for something like an idea to eke out a quantum of lines, ever give vent to such rhodomontade? This is not the language of genuine feeling and affection : people really in love do not express themselves in labored enigmas, or affected conundrums. But it seems that on paper lovers have the privilege of uttering the most errant fustian they please : the less meaning in it the better. These gentlemen, when they get upon their stilts, make strange havoc indeed with the heavenly bodies, and turn all systems of astronomy—those of Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Tycho Brahe, upside down ; and they possess the modesty and discretion of the wild fellow who cried out,

‘ Ye gods, annihilate both time and space,
 And make two lovers happy.’

But we suspect, after all, that the knave intended this rather as a pleasant sally of satire.

In our opinion, the comparison of a lady’s eyes to stars is really a very ambiguous one, as it seems to imply that her complexion is none of the brightest, but, partakes rather of the dusky hue of night. We are surprised that no one should yet have thought of comparing the face of his mistress to the full moon. The simile is certainly not destitute of beauty : whether it would be exactly orthodox we do not know.

We have above alluded to the Italian and Portuguese schools of love poetry : and these, to which we may add also the Spanish, are not exceeded in extravagance and hyperbole even by the orientlists ; and there is in their fantasies an unhappy mannerism that robs them of the merit of boldness : they are like the phrensy of an opera-dancer ; all is measured and calculated,—mere systematic routine. Even in the most tragic scene, or in a fit of the wildest despair, the

dancer makes every step with precision : a lugubrious love-poet raves with exactly the same fantastic nicety. Both are merely acting a part, and their motto is,

‘ Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur.’

But their ravings are apt to excite a smile whenever they do not, as more frequently happens, actually make us yawn. It is impossible for a rational man to sympathise with a crazy wretch who fancies that he is bound a prisoner by the hair of his mistress ; who swears that the sun borrows his light from her eyes ; and who formally deposes to the wounds inflicted on him by the fair traitor, in as methodical a style as if he were making an affidavit before a magistrate in a case of assault. A lover whose ‘ only food is sighs, whose only drink is tears,’ (to use the expressions of one of these unfortunate wights), is, in our opinion, fitter for a receptacle of lunatics than for the society of persons in their senses. It must, however, be confessed, that a lover who pretends to despair very seldom appears to be in earnest : we generally perceive that his moodiness is what the girls call *make-believe*.

While the ultra-sentimental school offends by its metaphysical extravagance, the French style of love-poetry is, with few exceptions, as intolerable for its coxcombry. A Frenchman’s love has always a very considerable portion of egotism in its composition : and, however ill he may stand in the favor of his mistress, he always stands very high in his own :—his very sighs are simpers. His passion is very seldom more than mere gallantry ; and gallantry has been well defined to be the superstition of love, the mere form without the spirit ; consequently a very convenient thing for those cold-hearted beings who know not what genuine affection is : Lovers of this stamp run over a list of compliments, oaths, and protestations, as mechanically as a fat monk repeats his Ave-Maria and Pater-noster. They have all their phrases and sentiments by heart—no, not exactly by heart—by head. But, however such hypocrites may impose upon the ignorant, they may easily be detected by any woman who has not made her mind up before-hand to be deceived.

Among us metaphysical love-poetry has been exploded for some time ; and no poet of the present time thinks of gaining his lady’s affections by a quibble,

or of complimenting her in a style that would be an outrage upon her pretensions to common sense. We may even boast of some writers who have very happily united feeling and tenderness with nature and propriety. Burns has produced some exceedingly beautiful specimens of this species of writing, which breathe the most amiable and sincere affection. Bloomfield, Barton, Allan Cunningham, and several other modern writers, have likewise given us some compositions fraught with tenderness and cordial *naïveté*. But the great amatory poet of the day is Moore, whose voluptuous tenderness, mellifluous versification, and sparkling ingenious imagery, form a new æra in love-poetry. It must, however, be confessed, that his muse is rather too much of a fashionable demirep. His strains smack strongly of the drawing-room and opera; and his moonlight bowers are boudoirs with wax tapers. Another distinguished artist of the same school is Miss Landon, the L. E. L. of the Literary Gazette, and all the Pocket-Books—the tenth muse, the English Sappho;—certainly a very clever young lady, who writes with a great deal of tact, and deserves to be created a professor of *il bel parlar d'amore*. Love-poetry, if we may judge from the quantity of it manufactured, is a very popular commodity; and perhaps for this reason—because it is so very unlike any thing in real life. To be sure, we hear now and then of persons who have loved ‘not wisely; but too well,’ and have fairly gone out of the world with the reputation of martyrs. Yet certain sceptical writers more than hint that many of these are pseudo-martyrs, among whom we may class the author of a very ingenious article that appeared some time since in a periodical work, entitled ‘Dying for Love.’ However this may be, and whatever young ladies may dream, Love, after all, acts merely a secondary part in the drama of real life, where he is also as discreet and prudent a gentleman as can be desired. On inspection, too, it will be found, that what poets have mistaken for butterfly wings are parchments, legally drawn up, signed, and sealed. But, as settlements and jointures do not very well accord with romance, poetry has very ingeniously contrived by the help of a little fiction to metamorphose this kind of apparatus into something more fanciful. It ought to be observed too that Love, as represented by the poets,

is a very conceited and loquacious boy, in which respect he differs considerably from the ‘veritable’ Eros, who wears his bandage not over his eyes, but across his lips; and who would deem it a profanation to breathe a word of his passion to any but the object of it.

We really do wish that all the hackneyed phraseology, imagery, and mythology of the two or three last centuries were fairly exploded, and sent to sleep with the huge dusty folios of the same period; and had our love scribes and ‘gentle clerks of amour’ any gratitude, they would now bid monsieur Cupid and his mama retire on a comfortable pension; for they are quite superannuated in the service, and their office certainly has not been a sinecure.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY
OF FASHION;

from the Novel of Granby.

TREBECK, a person described on a former occasion *, says to a fair friend, ‘I like Duncan; he is always a sensible fellow, and sometimes a pleasant one. He is oddly suited in a wife, though perhaps not altogether ill. Some people say he never did a more foolish thing than when he married lady Harriet. I cannot say I think so. Nobody acts foolishly in pleasing themselves; and she is certainly an amusing piece of silliness. ‘Oh, I think,’ said lady Elizabeth, ‘she is absolutely charming—quite a grown-up child, stopped short at the entertaining age—with her simplicity and her romance, and her little enthusiastic fancies, and, above all, her blue-stockings airs. The blue improves her wonderfully—there is not too much of it—it is such a delicate light ærial tint—just like that sky you are washing in, Miss Clifton.’ ‘You see her just as I do,’ said Trebeck; ‘I delight in her, and all that belongs to her, from Duncan down to her scrap-book and relic-box. She invariably asks me to contribute to both. She never could get me to write any thing, but I have contributed a relic or two: some of my own hair, (pray don’t tell her) which she takes for Bonaparte’s, and kisses night and morning; and the lid of a snuff-box, (a discarded one of my great, great-grandfather) which she verily believes to have been prince Eugene’s. Nothing is so pleasant as a little enthusiasm—you can

* See the 727th page of our last volume.

generally laugh at it, if you don't partake of it. By the bye, is it not rather amusing to see the quiet, complacent way in which Duncan helps to show her off? He will always join with the best will imaginable, in any trick you may wish to play her. He is so used to amuse himself with her innocent foibles, that he does not see why others should not do the same.'

At this moment, a carriage was seen driving up the approach. Doubts began to be agitated about the color of the livery, and the probability of their reaching Hemingsworth so early: but the question of identity was in a few minutes decided, by the announcement of the parties themselves, and lady Harriet, a sickly, but rather pretty looking woman, followed by her husband, glided in, with a step half languid, half alert, between a walk and a run; greeted the Daventry family *en masse*; began to answer questions about herself, before they were asked; astonished the duchess, by running up and kissing her on the forehead; called the duke 'a good creature,' and set him laughing for ten minutes; nodded to lady Elizabeth; held out her forefinger to the rest of the circle by way of shaking hands; told Mr. Trebeck that she should not speak to him till he had made his peace; and then, remembering that she was tired, made the best of her way to a sofa, from which she frequently started up with childish eagerness, to ask if there were any letters for her. Three were brought to her, which she was in ecstasies at the sight of; tore open one of them, and, throwing the others to Mr. Tarleton, desired him to open them for her, while she was reading the first.—'And read them?' he asked, meaning to be facetious.—No, no—take them out of the envelope—there—thanks—and give them to me.' She then read them eagerly to herself, with perpetual half-whispered exclamations of joy, grief, surprise, and laughter; and afterwards burst out in praise of her correspondents; and, when tired of endowing them with 'every virtue under heaven,' got up, and began to tumble over books upon the sofa-tables, asking at the same time an infinity of questions, addressed to nobody, about what they had or had not read, of the thousand charming things that came out 'the other day.' She then set a French clock playing upon the chimney-piece, and said, as she wound it up, looking round at lady

Daventry, 'If I spoil it, Tarleton can mend it for you: he has a genius for those things—he mended one at lady Kiddermminster's.' After exhausting the tunes of the musical clock, she rang to inquire if her bullfinch was brought in; 'for I want,' said she, 'to introduce him to you—he is such a dear love—you shall hear him sing the Ranz des Vaches.' The bird was brought, and sang his air with variations, (considerable variations from the original) and was petted and praised to his admiring mistress's heart's content; though to most of the company his mistress herself gave much greater entertainment.

Caroline was much amused with lady Harriet. She had never before seen any thing like her; and though led by the previous conversation to look for a character widely differing from the rational generality, she was by no means prepared for that diverting breadth of singularity which she now witnessed in the little flighty *minauderies* of this very original lady. Her surprise and amusement were still increased, when, on being introduced to lady Harriet, she shook her warmly by both hands, saying, 'I think I shall like you—if I don't, I'll tell you—you will like me, I know—new people always do.' She then began to talk to her with great seeming interest, and asked her, in the course of conversation, (probably with a view of sounding her capacity), a multitude of very uncommon and unconnected questions; Whether she believed in craniology? Whether she could *improvvisare* in Italian? Whether she had studied the theory of apparitions? Whether she considered music to be the 'food of love?' What perfume she was most partial to? and What was her opinion of Mr. Perkins's new-invented steam-engine?

THREE GENERATIONS OF WOMEN.

DIVIDING the females of France into three classes,—those who have passed the age of forty years, those who are between thirty and forty, and such as are in their progress from the age of eighteen to thirty, M. de Jouy gives a spirited sketch of their talents and characters.

'Those of the first class (says this ingenious writer) will not, I trust, be displeased at my giving to their age a sort of precedence, for which they are

equally indebted to their understanding. They passed through the age of the passions in the midst of political storms. Their first connexions, formed in times of trouble, were repeatedly broken and renewed in the convulsive shocks which social order experienced. The terrible succession of events, of which they were, from their infancy, either the witnesses or the victims, imbued them, before the age of maturity, with all the experience of the longest and most contemplative life. Let me combine in one portrait the scattered features of twenty models.

‘ At the moment when Stephanie entered the world, the fashion, for a woman of quality, was to have lovers. She was not without them ; and, as she had herself predicted, she loved none of them so well as the first. Perhaps she would have adhered to him, had she not committed the folly of marrying him, which obliged her, soon after, to break bonds legitimately intolerable. She found no better means to traverse the labyrinth of the Revolution than to take a new guide at every turn ; and it was with the same precaution that she passed through the labyrinth of intrigue into which she entered in later times. Beauty, wit, finesse, cunning, an admirable tact for catching all the advantages of a new position, the talent of appropriating a character, the art of foreseeing an event, and of preparing herself for the part which she is to act in it ; lastly, that superiority of good company which she exercises in bad company, without ever appearing out of place,—this assemblage of estimable qualities, of defects and vices, combined in a hundred different manners in the confusion of contemporary events,—have made Stephanie the type of the most remarkable women of this first epoch. Her principles were without steadiness, her love without constancy, her duties without guaranty ; but her friendship was a blessing of Heaven, and her hatred, or even her indifference, a real fatality.

‘ Thirty-five years of revolution have not passed in vain over these charming heads ; but the habit of pleasing combats the warnings of Time : they sleep in spite of the noise of his flight, and hear not the signal of retreat which he has sounded. By means of art and precaution, some of them still cause others to share in the illusion in which they delight.

‘ Nothing is more useful or more dan-

gerous than those antiquated beauties, who might be called the Voltigeuses of the Emigration and the Directory. There are no mistresses of families more amiable, no women more intellectual, no friends more devoted. Queens and mistresses in the career of intrigue, on which they press forward like Amazons, woe be to whatever is in the way of him whom they protect ! Equally skilful in distributing praise or blame, in blasting established reputations, in raising such as are overthrown, or in creating new ones, they subjugate authority, direct favor, and sometimes end by doing violence to opinion. Let the spirit of party alone animate them, they will be only furious and ridiculous ; but let fanaticism at the same time fill their souls, and you will see them, atrocious and repulsive, whet their daggers on the stone of the holy water vessel, and demand torrents of blood to purify the throne and the altar. But it is proper to add, that the women, or rather the furies, of the latter species, have been very rare.

‘ The second class I shall call the Women of the Empire. They began to feel and to think at the moment when a new throne, dazzling with youth and glory, rose on the ruins of a republic which had crumbled to pieces in the hands of its founders. Brought up, as it were, at the feet of heroes, in the midst of triumphs and songs of victory, the little vanities of the understanding, and the tendernesses of the heart, took less hold of them than of those who preceded them. The beauty with which they were generally endowed, excited in them less the wish to please than the desire to be admired. Taste, and the cultivation of the arts, became their most familiar means of seduction ; and France, for ten years, presented the spectacle of a triumphal fête, in which the flower of the beauties of the empire figured round the throne of a conqueror.

‘ Estrella was distinguished in this brilliant train by the elegance of her figure, the regularity of her features, and the ineffable charm which a voluptuous bashfulness diffused over her whole person. Disdaining intrigue, and fearing scandal, she was seen without astonishment, and almost without jealousy, to rise to fortune and to honors. She was beautiful and amiable ; she adored glory, and glory in its turn was to adorn her life. Her beauty borrowed something of the elegance of the antique Diana,

and of the rather studied grace of the *Terpsichore* of Canova. It has been said, that love is, of all the passions, that which best becomes women. With *Estrella* it was perhaps found, on a second examination, that ambition was calculated to have more dominion over her. Her soul seemed to be less made to feel than to admire. To be well received by her, it was necessary that renown should introduce you.

‘More domestic manners, more simple tastes, more profound education, distinguish the women of the third class. One would say, that their conduct is the result of mutual deliberation, and of a resolution to adopt passive virtues, after having discussed the inconveniences and the advantages of the accomplishments and the defects of their mothers and grandmothers. Virtuous, less from principle than decorum, it might be believed that they had made themselves mistresses of their passions before they were acquainted with them, and that they have banished them from their hearts, not as enemies to their duties, but as enemies to their repose. However this may be, I do not hesitate to affirm, that there is not a country in Europe where we can find, among the young people, so great a number of happy families. Our very young women are less timid than reserved. Perhaps there is more vanity than nature in the extreme simplicity which is observed in their manners, their language, and even in their dress. From an excess contrary to that of their mothers, they affect, in their costume, a sort of rustic inelegance, which seems to be designed to disfigure the beauty of their forms. If the waggoner’s frock which covers them, the disagreeable amplitude of the sleeves in which their arms are lost, the large hats under which their heads are buried, can only deprive them of a part of their graces, it is because Nature has endowed the French women with a charm that bids defiance to the outrages of art, and over which Fashion herself, in her most extravagant caprices, cannot triumph. They have likewise singularities in which some women of a different age participate: they may be reproached with a musical prattle, a conceited jargon. They cultivate the arts, but are not sufficiently alive to their beauties: they are not seen, like their grandmothers in the last age, to protect by their credit, to encourage by their counsels, to recompense by their smiles, the efforts of genius.

They are the rivals, not the patronesses, of talent: seeking for themselves the *éclat* of success, they seem to be ignorant that the noblest use of the power of beauty is to inspire elevated thoughts, and to encourage noble labors.

‘In drawing the portrait of *Cesarina*, we at once eulogise and censure the younger women of the present age.

‘A delicate frame, a cold imagination, a quick perception, and exquisite taste, give her an aptness for all accomplishments and all virtues. These happy dispositions, cultivated with more care and seconded by a more lively sensibility, would have made her at once the delight of her husband, of her friends, and of society. She is so much the more prudent as she is enlightened: to observe one’s duties it is necessary to know them; but to have any merit in performing them, ought we not sometimes to have to combat that rebellion of the heart and the senses, to which the purest virtue may be exposed? *Cesarina*, who has no struggle to maintain, enjoys, perhaps with rather too much pride, a victory, which no one disputes with her. Without being either conceited or pedantic, she is persuaded that the state of inferiority in which women are, in some respects, kept in the order of society, is an abuse, on the part of the men, of the laws which they have made, and of the education which they have reserved to themselves. The success obtained by some women in literature, and in one only of the fine arts—painting, is in her eyes a proof, that, if educated with the same care, and according to the same system as men, women might rival them in all the branches of human knowledge. In vain you prove to her, by the experience of ages, that women have embellished every thing, and that they have invented nothing; that Nature has invariably divided her gifts between the sexes; that, as Fontenelle said, ‘she has organised the brain of man for laborious researches, solid œconomy, and profound meditation—in a word, for genius; that she has endowed women with that native elegance, that delicate sense of propriety, that bloom of the intellect, which are the charms of her empire, but at the same time mark its limits.’ *Cesarina*, and all the young women of her age, repeat, nevertheless, with *Madame Lambert*, that there is nothing to which women may not aspire.

‘With regard to the talents of the

French women of our times, I may almost venture to affirm that history has not produced any period so honorable to the sex. Madame de Staël, with a talent bordering on genius, shook off, as it were, all the ideas of the age, and left behind her a deep and luminous track. Madame Cottin was surpassed only by J. J. Rousseau and Goethe in the art of painting and expressing the sweetest and the most violent of the passions. Madame de Genlis might have aspired to the second place among contemporary literary women, had not the spirit of faction, vanity, and hatred of philosophy, biassed her understanding, and warped her judgement. Mesdames de Moutou, de Flahaut, Elise Voyart, Sophie Gay, and de Bawr, have distinguished themselves in several branches of light literature, by truth, simplicity, and the graces of style. In poetry, Mesdames Dufresnoy, Babois, de Salm, d'Hautpoul, and Valmore, have breathed into the elegy a charm of ingenuousness and sensibility which is not met with in the poets of this age, with the exception of Millevoye alone. Several women have acquired a rank among celebrated painters. I will mention only the names of Mesdames Lebrun, Benoist, Haudebourg, Lescot, Jacotot, Mauduit. Madame Gail alone has attained in music the rank of a composer.

‘Without pretending to the *éclat* of talents, without seeking in the fine arts the gratification of vanity, a multitude of young women cultivate them with success. There are many even in the middle class, whose familiar correspondence affords models of that easy, animated, brilliant style, to which Madame de Sevigné owes the celebrity which she has acquired.’

TALES OF THE WILD AND THE WONDERFUL.

TALES of this description are very pleasing to a great number, perhaps to the majority of readers; and even their improbability does not appear to lessen their interest, except when it goes far beyond the bounds of nature and truth. In this volume we meet with five tales, one of which (the Prediction), although the idea of it is not absolutely original, is impressively and powerfully written.

Rhys Meredith, resident at an obscure

village in South Wales, astonishes his neighbours by his skill in curing bodily disorders, and at the same time gives advice for the regulation of their moral conduct: he even pretends to be a prophet. But there is one person who calls his wisdom in question, and ridicules his pretensions. This is Ruth Tudor, who goes with some friends to try his skill.

‘He was alone when they broke in upon him, and their mockeries goaded his spirit; but his anger was deep, not loud; and, while burning with wrath, he yet could calmly consider the means of vengeance: he knew the master spirit with which he had to contend; it was no ordinary mind, and would have smiled at ordinary terrors. To have threatened her with sickness, misfortune, or death, would have been to call forth the energies of that lofty spirit, and prepare it to endure, and it would have gloried in manifesting its powers of endurance; he must humble it, therefore, by debasement; he must ruin its confidence in itself; and to this end he resolved to threaten her with crime. His resolution was taken and effected.

• • • • •
‘Ruth was the last who approached to hear the secret of her destiny. The wizard paused as he looked upon her,—opened his book,—shut it,—paused,—and again looked sadly and fearfully upon her; she tried to smile, but felt startled, she knew not why; the bright inquiring glance of her dark eye could not change the purpose of her enemy. Her smile could not melt, nor even temper, the hardness of his deep-seated malice: he again looked sternly upon her brow, and then slowly uttered the soul-withering words, ‘Maiden, thou art doomed to be a murderer!’

‘From that hour Rhys Meredith became the destiny of Ruth Tudor. At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately cursed and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood: but, when she found that none laughed with her, that men looked upon her with suspicious eyes, women shrank from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps; and, while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert that

evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only was she seen to smile; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern; it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful, as her perfect features assumed an expression which might have belonged to the angel of vengeance or death.'

While Ruth is still brooding over her horrible destiny, she endeavours to procure ease and comfort by giving her hand to a lover, with whom she removes to a considerable distance from the abode of the pretended prophet. Her husband, dying at sea, leaves her in a state of poverty with a daughter, whom she takes to her relatives. They treat her with a degree of coldness, which increases the gloom of her despondence. Her persecutor (for so we may call Rhys) now re-appears at the village after an interval of absence. Thinking of the doom which he had assigned to her, she says to herself,

'Were I not poor, such a temptation might not assail me; riches would procure me deference; but poverty, amidst the wrongs it brings, may drive me to this evil; were I above want, it would be less likely to be. Oh, my child! for thy sake would I avoid this doom more than for mine own; for, if it should bring death to me, what will it not hurl on thee?—infamy, agony, scorn.'—She wept aloud as she spoke, and scarcely seemed to notice the singularity (at that late hour) of some one without, attempting to open the door; she heard, but the circumstance made little impression; she knew that as yet her doom was unfulfilled, and that, therefore, no danger could reach her; she was no coward at any time, but now despair had made her brave; the door opened, and a stranger entered, without either alarming or disturbing her, and it was not till he had stood face to face with her, and discovered his features to be those of Rhys, that she sprang up from her seat, and gazed wildly and earnestly upon him. Meredith gave her no time to question. 'Ruth,' said he, 'behold, thy cruellest foe comes suing to thy pity and mercy. I have embittered thy existence, and doomed thee to a terrible lot; what first was dictated by vengeance and malice became truth as I uttered it, for what I spoke I believed. Yet, take comfort; some of my predictions have failed,

and why may not this be false? In my own fate I have ever been deceived,—perhaps I may be equally so in thine; in the mean time, have pity upon him who was thy enemy, but who, when his vengeance was uttered, instantly became thy friend. I was poor, and thy scorn might have robbed me of subsistence—in danger, and thy contempt might have given me up. Beggared by many disastrous events, hunted by creditors, I fled from my wife and son because I could no longer bear to contemplate their suffering; I sought fortune always since we parted, and always has she eluded my grasp till last night, when she rather tempted than smiled upon me. At an idle fair I met the steward of this estate drunk and stupid, but loaded with gold; he traveled toward home alone; I could not, did not wrestle with the fiend that possessed me, but hastened to overtake him in his lonely ride. Start not! no hair of his head was harmed by me; of his gold I robbed him, but not of his life, though, had I been the greater villain, I should now be in less danger, since he saw and marked my person: three hundred pounds are the meed of my daring, and I must keep it now or die. Ruth, thou too art poor and forsaken; but thou art faithful and kind, and wilt not betray me to justice; save me, and I will not enjoy my riches alone; thou knowest all the caves in the rocks, those hideous hiding-places, where no foot, save thine, has dared to tread; conceal me in these till the pursuit be past, and I will give thee one half of my wealth, and return with the other to gladden my wife and son.'

Ruth, who pities while she dreads him, procures an asylum for him, and labors for his relief. At length she suggests the expediency of an attempt to escape.—'Thou knowest not how to 'endure,' said she to him; and, as soon as night shall again fall upon our mountains, I will lead thee forth on thy escape. The danger of pursuit is now past; at midnight be ready for thy journey; leave the cave, and ascend the rocks by the path I showed thee, to the field in which its mouth is situated; wait for me there a few moments, and I will bring thee a fleet horse, saddled for the journey, for which thy gold must pay, since I must declare to the owner that I have sold it at a distance, and for more than its rated value.' That midnight came, and Meredith waited with trembling anxiety

for the haughty step of Ruth. At length he saw her; she had ascended the rock, and, standing on its verge, was looking around for her guest.

‘Before you depart,’ she said, ‘there is an account to be settled between us: I have dared danger and privations for you: that the temptations of the poor may not assail me, give me my reward and go.’ He pressed his leathern bag to his bosom, but answered nothing to the speech of Ruth. He seemed to be studying some evasion, for he looked upon the ground, and there was trouble in the working of his lip. At length he said cautiously, ‘I have it not with me; I buried it, lest it should betray me, in a field some miles distant: thither will I go, dig it up, and send it to thee from B——, which is, as thou knowest, my first destination.’

‘Ruth gave him one glance of her awful eye when he had spoken; she had detected his meanness, and smiled at his incapacity to deceive. ‘What dost thou press to thy bosom so earnestly?’ she demanded; ‘surely thou art not the wise man I deemed thee, thus to defraud my claim. Thy friend alone thou mightest cheat, and safely; but I have been made wretched by thee, guilty by thee, and thy life is in my power; I could, as thou knowest, easily raise the village, and win half of thy wealth by giving thee up to justice: but I prefer reward from thy wisdom and gratitude. Give, therefore, and begone.’

‘But Rhys knew too well the value of the metal of sin to yield one half of it to Ruth; he tried many miserable shifts and lies, and at last, baffled by the calm penetration of his antagonist, boldly avowed his intention of keeping all the spoil he had won with so much hazard. Ruth looked at him with scorn. ‘Keep thy gold,’ she said; ‘if it thus can harden hearts, I covet not its possession: but there is one thing thou must do, ere thou stir one foot. I have supported thee with hard-earned industry—that I give thee; more proud, it should seem, in bestowing than I could be, from such a man, in receiving: but the horse that is to bear thee hence to-night I borrowed for a distant journey; I must return with it, or with its value. Open thy bag, pay me for that, and go.’

‘Rhys seemed afraid to open his bag in the presence of one whom he had wronged. Ruth understood his fears; but, scorning a vindication of her prin-

ciples, contented herself with entreating him to be honest. ‘Be more just to thyself and me,’ she persisted. ‘The debt of gratitude I pardon thee; but, I beseech thee, leave me not to encounter the consequence of having stolen from my friend the animal which is his only means of subsistence. I pray, Rhys, not to condemn me to scorn.’

‘It was to no avail that Ruth humbled herself to entreaties. Meredith answered not; and, while she was yet speaking, cast sidelong looks toward the gate where the horse was waiting for his service, and seemed meditating, whether he should not dart from Ruth, and escape her entreaties and demands by dint of speed. Her stern eye detected his purpose; and, indignant at his baseness, and ashamed of her own degradation, she sprang suddenly toward him, made a desperate clutch at the leathern bag, and tore it from the grasp of the deceiver. Meredith made an attempt to recover it, and a fierce struggle ensued, which drove them back toward the yawning mouth of the cave from which he had just ascended to the world. On its verge the demon who had so long ruled his spirit now instigated him to mischief, and abandoned him to his natural brutality: he struck the unhappy Ruth with tremendous force. At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightening through her soul: he was to her no longer what he had been; he was a robber, ruffian, liar; one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he—— ‘Villain!’ she cried, ‘thou—thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer! Art thou—art thou destined to be the victim?’ She flung him from her with terrific force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into the darkness.

‘Awful was the next feeling that passed over the soul of Ruth, as she stood alone in the pale sorrowful-looking moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the purse, on the chasm, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow, and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning, as Rhys had left it, and served to show her the wretch extended helplessly beneath the chasm. Though his body was crushed, his bones splintered, and his blood was on the cavern’s sides, he was yet living, and raised his head

to look upon her, as she darkened the narrow entrance in her passage: he glared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke like a fiend in pain. 'Me hast thou murdered!' he said: 'but I shall be avenged in all thy life to come. Deem not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed to which thou art fated is done: in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee. Thou art yet again to do a deed of blood!' 'Liar!' shrieked the infuriated victim.—'Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer!'—'Liar!'—'Thou art—and of—thine only child!' She rushed to him, but he was dead.

The feelings of Ruth are so shocked by this incident, and by this dreadful denunciation, that she pines and droops, and becomes ultimately insane. Neither the affectionate kindness of her daughter Rachel, nor the attentive respect of a youth who courts the rising beauty, can soothe her agitated spirits, or recall her to a soundness of intellect. In this state of the family, a stranger enters the cottage.—In the centre of the room stood, on its tressels, an open coffin; lights were at its head and foot, and on each side sat many persons of both sexes, who appeared to be engaged in the customary ceremony of watching the corpse. There were many who appeared to the stranger to be watchers; but there were only two who, in his eye, bore the appearance of mourners, and they had faces of grief which spoke too plainly of the anguish that was mining within. One at the foot of the coffin was a pale youth just blooming into manhood, who covered his dewy eyes with trembling fingers that ill concealed the tears which trickled down his wan cheeks beneath: the other——; but why should we again describe that still unbowed and lofty form? The awful marble brow upon which the stranger gazed, was that of Ruth.

'There was much whispering among the people while refreshments were handed amongst them; and so little curiosity was excited by the appearance of the traveler, that he naturally concluded that it must be no common loss that could deaden a feeling usually so intense in the bosoms of Welsh peasants: he was even checked for an attempt to question; but one man—he who had given him admittance, and seemed to possess authority in the circle—told him he would answer his questions when the

guests should depart, but till then he must keep silence. The traveler endeavoured to obey, and sat down in quiet contemplation of the figure who most interested his attention, and who sat at the coffin's head. Ruth spoke nothing, nor did she appear to heed aught of the business that was passing around her. Absorbed by reflection, her eyes were generally cast to the ground; but, when they were raised, the traveler looked in vain for that expression of grief which had struck him so forcibly on his entrance; there was something wonderfully strange in the character of her perfect features: could he have found words for his thought, and might have been permitted the expression, he would have called it triumphant despair; so deeply agonised, so proudly stern, looked the mourner who sat by the dead. The interest which he took in the scene became more intense the longer he gazed upon its action; unable to resist the anxiety which had begun to prey upon his spirit, he arose and walked toward the coffin, with the purpose of contemplating its inhabitant. A sad explanation was given, by its appearance, of the grief and the anguish he had witnessed. A beautiful girl was reposing in the narrow house, with a face as calm and lovely as if she but slept a deep and refreshing sleep, and the morning sun would again smile upon her awakening. Salt, the emblem of an immortal soul, was placed upon her breast; and, in her pale and perishing fingers, a branch of living flowers were struggling for life in the grasp of death, and diffusing their sweet and gracious fragrance over the cold odour of mortality. These images, so opposite, yet so alike, affected the spirit of the gazer, and he almost wept as he continued looking upon them, till he was aroused from his trance by the strange conduct of Ruth, who had caught a glimpse of his face as he bent in sorrow over the coffin. She sprang up from her seat, and darting at him a terrible glance of recognition, pointed down to the corpse, and then, with a hollow burst of frantic laughter, shouted—'Behold, thou liar!'

The stranger, who is the son of Rhys, retires to rest in an upper room of the cottage, through the gaping floor of which he occasionally observes the movements and hears the cries of Ruth, and is also harassed by terrific dreams.

'He was bewildered in the chaos of thought, but he determined to subdue

his imagination, and, throwing himself upon his bed, again gave himself up to sleep, but the images of his former dreams still haunted him, and their hideous phantasms were more powerfully renewed. Again he heard the solemn psalm of death, but unsung by mortals—it was pealed through earth up to the high heaven, by myriads of the viewless and the mighty. Again he heard the execrations of millions for some unremembered sin, and the wrath and the hatred of a world seemed to be rushing upon him. ‘Come forth! come forth!’ was the cry; and amid yells and howls they were darting upon him, when the pale form of the beautiful dead arose between them, and shielded him from their malice: but he heard her say aloud, ‘It is for this that thou wilt not save me: arise, arise, and help!’

‘He sprang up as he was commanded—sleeping or waking he never knew; but he started from his bed to look down into the chamber, as he heard the voice of Ruth loud in terrific denunciation. He looked; she was standing, uttering yells of madness and rage, and close to her was a well-known form of appalling recollection—his father, as he had seen him last. He arose and darted to the door; ‘I am mad,’ said he; ‘I am surely mad; or this is still a continuation of my dream.’ He looked again: Ruth was still there, but alone. But, though no visible form stood by the maniac, some fiend had entered her soul, and mastered her mighty spirit. She had armed herself with an axe, and shouting, ‘Liar, liar, hence!’ was pursuing some imaginary foe to the darker side of the cottage. Owen strove hard to trace her motions; but, as she had retreated under the space occupied by his bed, he could no longer see her, and his eyes involuntarily fastened themselves upon the coffin. There a new horror met them. The body had risen, and, with wild and glaring eyes, was watching the scene. Owen distrusted his senses till he heard the terrific voice of Ruth, as she marked the miracle he had witnessed. ‘The fiend, the robber!’ she yelled: ‘it is he who hath entered the pure body of my child! Back to thy cave of blood, thou lost one! Back to thine own dark hell!’ Owen flew to the door; it was too late; he heard the shriek—the blow. He fell into the room, but only in time to hear the second blow, and to see the cleft head of the helpless Rachel fall back upon its bloody pillow. His terrible cries brought in

the sleepers from the barn, and, for a time, the thunders of Heaven were drowned in clamorous grief. No one dared to approach the miserable Ruth, who strode around the room, brandishing, with diabolical grandeur, the bloody axe, and singing a wild song of triumph and joy. All fell back as she approached, and shrank from the internal majesty of her terrific form; and the thunders of Heaven rolling above their heads, and the flashings of the fires of eternity in their eyes, were less terrible than the savage glare and desperate wrath of the maniac. Suddenly the house rocked to its foundation; its inmates were blinded for a moment, and sunk, felled by a stunning blow, to the earth;—slowly each man recovered and arose, wondering he was yet alive;—all were unhurt, save one. Ruth was on the earth, her blackened limbs prostrate beneath the coffin of her child, and her dead cheek resting on the rent and bloody axe. It had been the destroyer of both.’

HEBREW TALES, SELECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENT HEBREW SAGES,

by Hyman Hurwitz. 1826.

MANY who have heard of the Talmud suppose it to be merely theological and religious; but, far from being confined to sacred subjects, it includes a mass of miscellaneous learning and general information, and much entertainment may also be derived from it.

Among the traditional accounts which have been added to the history of the Jews, we meet with the following instance of the benevolence of their great legislator.

‘Our wise instructors relate that, whilst Moses was attending Jethro’s flock in the wilderness, a lamb strayed from the herd. He endeavoured to overtake it, but it ran much faster than he, till it came near a fountain, where it suddenly stopped and took a draught of water. ‘Thou dear little innocent creature,’ said Moses, ‘I see now why thou didst run away. Had I known thy want, on my shoulders would I have carried thee to the fountain to assuage thy thirst. But come, little innocent, I will make up for my ignorance. Thou art no doubt fatigued after so long a journey, thou shalt walk no farther.’ He immediately took the little creature into his arms, and carried it back to the flock.

‘The Almighty Father of Mercies—

he who diffused those precious drops of pity and kindness over the human heart, approved the deed; and a heavenly voice was heard to exclaim—'Moses! benevolent Moses! If a dumb animal thus excite thy compassion, how much more will the children of men! What wilt thou not do for thine own brethren? Come, henceforth thou shalt be the shepherd of my chosen flock, and teach them by thy example, that the Lord is good to all, and that his mercies are over all his works.'

A sage thus reprimanded a lady of rank for hinting that he was an ugly fellow.

'The rabbi Joshua was one of those men whose minds are far more beautiful than their bodies. He was so dark that people often took him for a blacksmith, and so ugly as almost to frighten children. Yet his great learning, wit, and wisdom, had procured him not only the love and respect of the people, but even the favor of the emperor Trajan. Being often at court, one of the princesses rallied him on his want of beauty. 'How comes it,' said she, 'that such glorious wisdom is inclosed in so mean a vessel?' The rabbi, no ways dismayed, requested her to tell him in what sort of vessels her father kept his wine. 'In earthen vessels, to be sure,' replied the princess. 'O!' exclaimed the witty rabbi, 'this is the way that ordinary people do: an emperor's wine ought to be kept in more precious vessels.' The princess, thinking him in earnest, ordered a quantity of wine to be emptied out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels; but, to her great surprise, found it in a very short time sour, and unfit to drink. 'Very fine advice, indeed, Joshua, hast thou given me?' said the princess, the next time she saw him: 'Do you know the wine is sour and spoiled?' 'Thou art then convinced,' said the rabbi, 'that wine keeps best in plain and mean vessels. It is even so with wisdom.' 'But,' continued the princess, 'I know many persons who are both wise and handsome.' 'True,' replied the sage, 'but they would, most probably, be still wiser, were they less handsome.'

The trick of a wife to prevent a divorce is thus pleasantly related:

'A certain Israelite of Sidon, having been married above ten years without being blessed with offspring, determined to be divorced from his wife. With this view he took her before a rabbi, who,

being unfavourable to divorces, endeavoured at first to dissuade him from it. Seeing him, however, disinclined to accept such advice, the priest addressed him and his wife thus: 'My children, when you were first joined in the holy bands of wedlock, were ye not rejoiced? Did ye not make a feast and entertain your friends? Now, since ye are resolved to be divorced, let your separation be like your union. Go home, make a feast, entertain your friends, and on the morrow come to me, and I will comply with your wishes.' So reasonable a request, coming from such authority, could not, with any degree of propriety, be rejected. They accordingly went home, and prepared a sumptuous entertainment, to which they invited their several friends. During the hours of merriment, the husband, being elated with wine, thus addressed his wife:—'My beloved, we have lived together happily these many years; it is only the want of children that makes me wish for a separation. To convince thee, however, that I bear thee no ill-will, I give thee permission to take with thee, out of my house, any thing thou likest best.'—'Be it so,' rejoined the woman. The cup went round, the people were intoxicated; most of the guests fell asleep, and among them the master of the feast. The lady no sooner perceived it, than she ordered him to be carried to her father's house, and to be put into a bed prepared for the purpose. The fumes of the wine having gradually evaporated, the man awoke. Finding himself in a strange place, he wondered and exclaimed, 'Where am I? How came I here? What means all this?' His wife, who had waited to see the issue of her stratagem, stepped from behind a curtain, and begging him not to be alarmed, told him that he was now in her father's house. 'In thy father's house!' exclaimed the still astonished husband, 'how should I come in thy father's house?' 'Be patient, my dear husband,' replied the prudent woman; 'be patient, and I will tell thee all. Recollect, didst thou not tell me last night, I might take out of thy house whatever I valued most? Now, believe me, my beloved, amongst all thy treasures, there is not one I value so much as I do thee—there is not a treasure in this world, that I esteem so much as I do thee.' The husband, overcome by so much kindness, embraced her, was reconciled to her; and they lived thenceforth very happily together.'

Let the reader compare the following sketch of the seven ages of man with Shakspeare's celebrated description :

'Seven times in one verse (said Simon, the son of Eliezer), did the author of Ecclesiastes make use of the word *vanity*, in allusion to the seven stages of human life.

'The first commences in the first year of human existence, when the *infant* lies like a king on a soft couch, with numerous attendants about him,—all ready to serve him, and eager to testify their love and attachment by kisses and embraces.

'The second commences about the age of two or three years, when the darling *child* is permitted to crawl on the ground, and, like an unclean animal, delights in dirt.

'Then, at the age of ten, the thoughtless *boy*, without reflecting on the past, or caring for the future, jumps and skips about like a young kid on the enameled green, contented to enjoy the present moment.

'The fourth stage begins about the age of twenty, when the *young man*, full of vanity and pride, begins to set off his person by dress, and, like a young unbroken horse, prances and gallops about in search of a wife.

'Then comes the *matrimonial state*, when the poor man, like the patient ass, is obliged, however reluctantly, to toil and labor for a living.

'Behold him now in the *parental state*, when, surrounded by helpless children craving his support, and looking to him for bread, he is as bold, as vigilant—and as fawning too—as the faithful dog; guarding his little flock, and snatching at every thing that comes in his way, in order to provide for his offspring.

'At last comes the *final stage*, when the decrepit old man, like the unwieldy though sagacious elephant, becomes grave, sedate, and distrustful. He then also begins to hang down his head toward the ground, as if surveying the place where all his vast schemes must terminate, and where ambition and vanity are finally humbled to the dust.'

The old Roman fable of the belly and members, introduced for political purposes, will be found to correspond with the 'serpent's tail and head.'

'The tail had long followed the direction of the head, and all went on well. One day the tail began to be dissatisfied with this natural arrangement; and thus

addressed the head :—'I have long, with great indignation, observed thy unjust proceedings. In all our journeys, it is thou that takest the lead; whereas I, like a menial servant, am obliged to follow. Thou appearest every where foremost; but I, like a miserable slave, must remain in the back-ground.—Is this just or fair? Am I not a member of the same body? Why should not I have its management as well as thou?'—'Thou!' exclaimed the head, 'thou, silly tail, wilt manage the body! Thou hast neither eyes to see danger, nor ears to be apprised of it, nor brains to prevent it. Perceivest thou not, that it is even for thy advantage that I should direct and lead?'—'For my advantage, indeed!' rejoined the tail. 'This is the language of every usurper. They all pretend to rule for the benefit of their slaves; but I will no longer submit to such a state of things. I insist upon, and will take the lead in my turn.'—'Well, well!' replied the head, 'be it so. Lead on.'—The tail, rejoiced, accordingly took the lead. Its first exploit was to drag the body into a ditch: the situation was not very pleasant. The tail struggled hard, groped along, and by dint of great exertion got out again; but the body was so thickly covered with dirt, as hardly to be known to belong to the same creature. Its next exploit was to get entangled among briars and thorns. The pain was intense; the whole body was agitated: the more it struggled, the deeper were the wounds. Here it would have ended its miserable career, had not the head hastened to its assistance, and relieved it from its perilous situation. Not contented, it still persisted in keeping the lead. It marched on,—and, as chance would have it, crept into a fiery furnace. It soon began to feel the dreadful effects of the destructive element. The whole body was convulsed,—all was terror, confusion, and dismay. The head again hastened to afford its friendly aid,—but it was too late. The tail was already consumed. The fire soon reached the vital parts of the body—it was destroyed—and the head was involved in the general ruin.

'What caused the destruction of the head? Was it not because it suffered itself to be guided by the imbecile tail?—Such will, assuredly, be the fate of the higher orders, should they suffer themselves to be swayed by popular prejudices.'

The old story of the fox is quaintly

narrated; and the conclusion drawn from it is morally impressive.

A fox approached a very fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his big body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region, making free with its exquisite produce, and feasting on its delicious fruit. He remained for some time and glutted his appetite; when a thought struck him, that it was possible that he might be observed, and, in that case, he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasure. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered, and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavours vain. He had by indulgence grown so fat and plump, that the same space would no more admit him. 'I am in a fine predicament!' said he to himself. 'If the master of the garden should now come, and call me to account, what would become of me? I see, my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself.' He did so with great reluctance; and, after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble; and thus addressed it:—'Garden! thou art indeed charming and delightful, thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not as lean as I was before!'

'It is even so with man. Naked he came into the world; naked he must go out of it: and of all his toils and labor he can carry nothing with him, save the fruits of his righteousness.'

The *bon-mot* of a rabbi will be read with a smile.

Eliezer, who was as much distinguished by the greatness of his mind as by the extraordinary size of his body, once paid a friendly visit to the rabbi Simon. The learned Simon received

him most cordially, and filling a cup with wine, handed it to him. Eliezer took it, and drank it off at a draught. Another was poured out—it shared the same fate. 'Brother Eliezer,' said Simon, jestingly, 'rememberest thou not what the wise men have said on this subject?'—'I well remember,' answered the corpulent man, 'the saying of our instructors—that people ought not to take a cup at one draught.' But, added he jocosely, 'the wise men have not so defined their rule as to admit no exception; and in this instance there are no less than three:—the cup is small, the receiver large, and your wine so delicious.'

Another specimen of Jewish wit has some point in it.

An inhabitant of Jerusalem went once, on particular business, to a certain place in the country, where he was suddenly taken ill. Seeing himself on the point of death, he called the master of the house, begged him to take care of his property until the arrival of his son, and, for fear of imposition, not to deliver it to him, unless he should first perform three clever things as a proof of his wisdom. After the lapse of a considerable time, the son arrived at the place; knowing the name of the person with whom his father usually resided, but ignorant of the particular street in which he lived, he in vain endeavoured to find it out, as the people refused to give him the desired information. Whilst thus embarrassed and perplexed how to proceed, he espied a man who had a heavy load of wood on his shoulders. 'How much will you take for that wood?' asked the stranger. The man mentioned a certain sum. 'Thou shalt have it,' said the Hebrew; 'go and carry it to that man's house (mentioning the name of the person of whom he was in quest), I will follow thee.' The man did as he was desired. Arriving at the house, the carrier put down his load. 'What is all this?' said the master of the house: 'I have not ordered any wood.' 'True,' said the carrier, 'but the person behind me has.' In the mean time the stranger arrived, informed the master who he was, adding, as no one could acquaint him with the place of his abode, he contrived this stratagem in order to discover it. 'Thou art a clever fellow, indeed,' the host said; then bade him enter, and insisted on his staying with him till the next day. The offer was thankfully accepted. Dinner was prepared; the company, consisting of the master, his wife, two daughters,

two sons, and the stranger, were seated ; and the servant brought a dish containing five chickens. 'Now,' said the host to his visitor, 'be so kind as to carve.' The latter begged at first to be excused, but at last complied, and executed the office in the following manner. One of the chickens he divided between the master and his wife ; another between the daughters ; the third between the sons ; and the remaining two he took for his own share.-- 'A very strange way of carving this ! My visitor must needs be a great glutton,' thought the master within himself, but said nothing. The afternoon and evening were passed in various amusements, and, when supper-time arrived, a very fine capon was placed upon the table. 'Thou hast performed the honors of the table so well this day,' said the kind host to his visitor, 'that I must request thee to carve again.' The guest took the capon, cut off its head, and placed it before the master ; the inward part he gave to the mistress of the house ; to each daughter he gave a wing, to each son a leg, and kept the whole remainder to himself. 'Upon my word,' said the master, 'this is too bad ; I thought thy manner of carving at dinner very strange, but this is still more extraordinary. Pray is this the way they carve in Jerusalem?'--'Have patience, until I explain myself, and my conduct may perhaps not appear quite so strange,' replied the visitor. 'At dinner, five chickens were placed before me ; these were to be divided among seven persons. As I could not perform the operation with mathematical exactness, I thought it best to do it arithmetically. Now thou, thy wife, and one chicken, made up the number *three* ; thy two daughters and a chicken made another *three* ; thy two sons and a chicken, made again *three*. To make up the last number, I was compelled to take the remaining chickens to myself ; for two chickens and thy humble servant made again *three*. Thus have I solved this problem.'--'Thou art an excellent arithmetician, but a bad carver,' said the master. The stranger continued : 'In my carving in the evening, I proceeded according to the nature of things. The head being the principal part of the body, I therefore gave it thee, since thou art the head of the family. To thy wife I gave the inward part, as a sign of her fruitfulness. Thy two sons are the two pillars of thy house ; the legs, which are the supporters of the animal, were therefore their pro-

per portion. Thy daughters are marriageable, and I know thou wishest to see them well settled ; I therefore gave them wings, that they may the sooner fly abroad. As for myself I came in a boat, and intend to return in a boat ; I therefore took that part which most resembles it.'--'Very well done,' said his kind host ; 'I am satisfied thou art the true son of my departed friend. Here is thy property : now go and prosper.'

Various marks of wisdom are well enumerated, and calumny is properly stigmatised.

'Seven things characterise the wise man, and seven the blockhead. The wise man speaks not before those who are his superiors either in age or wisdom. He interrupts not others in the midst of their discourse. He replies not hastily. His questions are relevant to the subject ; his answers, to the purpose. In delivering his sentiments he takes the first in order, first ; the last, last. When he understands not, he says, 'I understand it not.' He acknowledges his errors, and is open to conviction. The reverse of all this characterises the blockhead.'

'The serpent was once asked--what profit hast thou in depriving other beings of their life ? The lion kills and eats ; the wolf strangles and devours ; other savage beasts destroy to satisfy their ravenous appetite ; but thou alone strikest the innocent victim, and infusest thy deadly venom without any gratification, save the fiend-like pleasure of destroying !' 'And why do you ask me ?' replied the serpent : 'rather ask the *Calumniator* what pleasure he has in scattering his poison and mortally wounding those who never injured him. Besides, I kill only those that are near me. He destroys at a distance.'

PASTIMES OF TWELFTH-NIGHT AND THE DAY OF ST. VALENTINE.

'Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where *Beane's* the king of the sport here :
Beside we must know,
The *Pea* also
Must revel as queen in the court here.'

Herrick's Twelfth Night, or King and Queen.

Malvolio. Some ink, paper, and light ; and convey what I set down to my lady.

Clown. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit ?

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

ERE this paper appeals to the favor of those who, like myself, wish well to the

Magazine that will contain it, one of the two celebrated anniversaries which it purports to notice will, for another year, have passed away, living but in our memories, and resuscitated only in our anticipations. The other is to come, and will, indeed, quickly follow my anticipatory chronicle of its advent and peculiarities.

I take some credit to myself for this arrangement, inasmuch as I hope to give, to those who have enjoyed the *past*, a little amusement in enticing them to review, in their minds, that *which was*—and to assist those who are looking forward to *the future*, in the due appreciation of the mysteries and the vanities of that which *will be*. A crown of laurel, or the honor of a statue, is the least reward I will accept from the partisans of either, for the philanthropic idea.

Twelfth-day, if antiquity and sacred origin can give it reverence, stands eminent in the calendar. We deduce its title from the circumstance of its being the time when the Magi, or 'wise men of the East,' bent, with their offerings, before the Redeemer of mankind, that being the twelfth day after his nativity. It is more difficult to account why, in the march of years, its celebration was made to consist, as now, in offices of merriment and exertions of pastime. Assuredly the first great *manifestation* of that divine Being who bade 'good-will begin and never cease,' was well calculated to bring gladness and much joy into contact with humanity, and to impregnate its season with smiles, not tears; yet that its rites should lapse into the assumption of fictitious characters, and its celebration become a matter of sport, rather than an occurrence of solemnity, is a little extraordinary, and tinges the time with the hue of inconsistency, crowding it in some measure with the shadows of the world.

But for all this, and even as it is now ordered, the day is of pleasant recurrence. I love to see the beings that people the world happy, in spite of its cares. I dote on the smiles of childhood, and I feel a sun-shine when the aged look pleased and merry. I reverence the memory of that hero and monarch of Prussia, who would not desist from his game of play with his little ones to honor an ambassador. Is there then any wonder that Twelfth-night—pardon the blunder for the sake of the quotation—is to me a 'high and glorious holiday?' Then it is that thousands of great and little

children laugh pale and sickly Melancholy out of countenance; then 'wreathed smiles,' like flowers newly sprung, hide the traces of care and the lines of thought. Then do parents' eyes beam with satisfaction, as they gaze upon their children's innocent mirth, whilst children, in their turn, feel a sanction for their happiness, in viewing the contented countenances of those who have given them birth and blessing. Pleasing and pleased, all own the authority of the moment, whilst the Genius of good-humor sits, 'like Heaven's cherubim,' throned upon his *palace of cake*, directing the revels and rewarding his votaries. Then, also, the *king's* name 'is a tower of strength' to the happy little gentleman that has the fortune to select it; and the *queen's* title is of 'imagination all compact' in the eyes of the good young lady who draws it from the mimic lottery. Then some tiny Falstaff struts, without *fretting*, his hour upon the stage, taking, however, especial care neither to send his regiment of playmates to *Coventry*, nor to march thither himself: some Prince Hal swaggers in mama's plumes; and, though he finds no Dame Quickly to warm him with *sack*, he runs against a merry Bardolph, or a waggish Poins, who, out of pure merriment, serve him worse than did the chief-justice the royal personage whom he apes, by putting him *into one*.

According to one of my mottos, it seems that *beans*, found in a piece of divided cake, entitled the favored couple who drew it to the honor of being treated as king and queen for the evening. Is it a surmise ill-placed to think, that the enclosing of couplets and jokes, which we now meet with in the emblematic ornaments of our twelfth-cakes, arose from this custom? Be this as it may, these innocent merriments do indeed beget a winter madness, far less imbued with vanity, than the fantastic self-deceit of a Malvolio, or the simple dotings of Master Slender. Well, well, adieu to the holiday for another year; and when next it comes, may we be all as hale and hearty as we now are; and when 'the song and jest, and tale' go round, may we, in our mimic kingdom of pastime, be able to add a commentary to the old chorus, and 'merrily, merrily sing,'

'Barring all pother of one and the other,
We all have been *kings* in our turn.'

Come we now to talk a little of the hour which as yet *is not*, but to which

the young, the gay, the votaries of sport, and the satellites of Cupid, look forward with delight and expectation;—I mean the day of Valentine.

The origin of this jocular and fanciful anniversary is involved in obscurity, inasmuch as Mr. Brand, Mr. Wheatley, and others, who have made the consideration of our popular antiquities and customs their study, do not very closely agree in their surmises, nor clear away the density of the cloud which time has thrown about it. I believe the truth will be found to be, that we owe to the Pagan æra—that dark one before the introduction of Christianity—many of the celebrations of the present age; and that of St. Valentine probably obtained its designation from the accidental occurrence of that holy personage holding his festival on the same day.

But it is not my purpose to involve myself or my readers in deep disquisition or elaborate inquiry into that which is, in itself, 'heavy lightness, serious vanity,' and is more calculated to relax wisdom, than to brace it; and to 'set the table in a roar,' than to call into use the solemn study or the midnight lamp.

I neither defend its character nor assert its wit; yet I should grieve to behold its spirit entombed with the Capulets. That hilarious creature called *Fan* is, I almost think, a 'parcel' of an Englishman's fortunes; and, although it sometimes degenerates into mischief, and occasionally leads to danger, I yet enjoy, as a species of sport, the perusal of your Valentines, though I have long ceased to write them (*on my own account*), when they neither offend virtue by their grossness, nor good sense by their absurdity.

How many worthy persons are there in this blessed island of ours, who, as Mr. Cumberland has said, 'have so much time upon their hands that they do not know what to do with it!' To them the recurrence of such a festival must be a very God-send; for, although they may be even so wrapped up in the Elysium of ease, as to decline the composition of a single rhyme, there is fortunately provided for them, at the small charge of sixpence, as pretty a collection of 'complete' or 'new' Valentines, as could well be expected, suiting the tastes and the situations of all classes and denominations of his majesty's liege subjects. To be sure there is room for an improved edition of these text-books

of love; and he would indeed be 'high in Cupid's calendar,' who would accomplish the *desideratum*; for I should really suppose it to be almost time for the 'roses red and violets blue' to wither, as, to my own knowledge, they have been presented to us in anniversary pride for the last thirty years.

How many creatures of sympathy and feeling are, for weeks preceding, sighing for the arrival of this happy day—the 'important day,' when the office of post-man is no sinecure—and sighs and protestations fill the revenue. Now is it that 'blooming sixteen' dares to woo, and to enjoy the consolation of thinking that her dear Charles, or her elegant Edward, is kissing the pretty characters she has traced, admiring the appropriateness of the French mottoes, smiling at the flowered margin, and inhaling the sweets of the scented page. Poor child! her Charles, or her Edward, may have received a dozen other *billets* quite as tender, and each, rushing from his wilderness of sweets, perhaps flies for relief to the tavern or the play. Reverse the picture;—let man send his stanza of affection, and will his Mary or his Emma requite him, by throwing his *lettre d'amour* into her reticule, and trip it lightly to the intoxications of the waltz, or the mazes of the quadrille? Oh, no! no! Mary or Emma will not do this. Woman loves sincerely, and loves for ever: hers is a pure flame, living brightly and constantly in the heart; and she will distinguish, from a multiplicity of follies, the particular offering of affection, though written on unembossed foolscap, and containing only a single profession. It is here, daughters of Eve, that ye surpass the boastful lords of the creation!

It has been said by many, that folly abounds more than wit in your fourteenth of February, that there is something trivial, if not ridiculous, in its decrees and orgies: but I would here answer, that the very imperfect state of human nature, at the best, will never admit the attainment of unalloyed wisdom, or unmitigated propriety; and, therefore, that it would be better for us to look kindly upon follies which are harmless, than abolish them with the probability of propagating greater; and I am quite sure that the most dogmatical impugner of Valentine's vanities will acknowledge that they are infinitely more free from mischief, incalculably less allied to crime,

than that species of contemptible cunning, which, under the denomination of a 'hoax,' a 'quiz,' or a 'bite,' has, from the days of the Spectator until now, frightened many of the good people of our 'water-walled bulwark' from their propriety.

I intended to have presented you, my friends, with a few more specimens of worthy Saint Valentine's literature; but, as I am already engaged to supply four ladies' schools, and six academies for gentlemen—not to mention milliners and apprentices—with 'sweet and honeyed accents' against the great day, you will allow that I have my hands nearly full, and that it would be extremely impolitic to give you an opportunity of anticipating my display. When I have succeeded in completing the great work at which I have hinted, and produced the 'Sans-pareil Valentine written for 1827,' you shall be 'all larded o'er with sweet flowers,' and sip your fill of love.

Ladies, adieu! Gentlemen, farewell! May your destiny on the morning of Valentine be a happy one, and may the bachelor or spinster you first accidentally encounter be 'the most beautiful, your soul's idol,' and, in spite of fortune, or locks, or bolts, or bars,

Whether on earth, or on the deep blue sea,
Your constant, welcome, only true love be.

S. P. C.

THE OXFORD DECAMERON, NO. IX.

I CANNOT, said the ninth speaker, offer you any thing that deserves the name of a story. Allow me therefore to speak of a worthy fellow whom I hold in high estimation; and although the 'short and simple annals of the poor' are seldom interesting, I hope you will find something worthy of attention in those of my

RURAL GENIUS.

'It would do your heart good,' said the father of my hero to his fellow-laborer, 'if you could see what a noble pigsty my son Ned has built for us, all with his own hands. It is as big as a parlour, and as tidy too, and thatched as neatly as the squire's corn-stacks.' 'More fool he,' was the surly answer—'where's the use of a great place for a single pig, or a tidy place for a dirty beast? but Ned is a *genus*: he is very clever for *sartin*; yet his cleverness will never do any good in the world, and

there are more unlikely things than that he may come down to live in his pigsty, with all his 'bilities.'—'Then the better for him he has made it what it is,' said the father, naturally wounded by the ungracious reply of his neighbour, who was also Ned's godfather; but he consoled himself by remembering that he had spoken to one who never had a child, and by reflecting that his wife and himself, at least, would properly admire the lad's workmanship.

The father was right in considering his son as a remarkable youth; for Ned Simpson, now in his fifteenth year, had more accomplishments, employments, and vagaries, than all the rest of the youngsters in his native village put together. The best reaper and the best thatcher in the parish, both men of experience, said that the day would come when he might carry the palm from them; the carpenter owned that he had a wonderful knack in splicing and dove-tailing; and the blacksmith urged him in vain to become his apprentice. Ned greatly preferred associating with horses, and was delighted when a breaker would trust him with the best bit of blood in his stable, whilst the gamekeeper at the neighbouring hall allowed him to be as adroit in pulling a trigger as in tracing a poacher. There was not a farmer's wife for many miles round who did not employ him to buy her gowns and ribands at the market-town, because he chose the prettiest and the best. But it was at church that he shone most conspicuously; for he generally led the singers, and occasionally played the bass-viol. He could read well enough to become clerk when his beard and his stature fitted him for the office. At every merry-meeting he played the fiddle to the dancers, or resigned it to exhibit a hornpipe of such extraordinary merit as to distance not only living rivals, but all recollections in the annals of the parish. He could fish as well as he could shoot, prepare the tackle, construct cages for squirrels, feed young birds, make salve for sheep and drink for cows, was adroit in all business, and kind to all creatures,—

'The guardian, not the tyrant, of the field;'

so that he was known and beloved by all around him as a friend, and in some degree a benefactor.

Still, it must be confessed, he was an unlucky wight, and some mischievous pranks were registered as lying at his

door. He stole the fair peaches of an ancient maiden, and sent them to her by the carrier; changed the bridal cap of a rich widow in the said carrier's cart for the well-powdered wig of a commissioner, whereby both parties were terribly nonplused; stigmatised a dealer in short weights by a short couplet, and robbed the barn of a miserly farmer to feed the geese he was starving. Besides, he was an *odd* lad in every thing; he would do two days' work in one, that he might lounge away the next in making flourishes with his pen over a whole sheet of foolscap, or walk five miles in the rain to borrow an old book, which he would read by firelight or even moonlight—would treasure a ballad in his bosom, or cry over the destruction of a favorite flower. He was so fond of neatness and beauty, in every object around him, that he despised food and rest, in comparison with these gratifications, and music had such power over him that even the song of the sky-lark rendered him, in the phrase of the country, 'quite beside himself.'

But Ned's strongest, and, in the opinion of many, his *worst* propensity, was the love of tale-telling—perhaps 'listening to tales' would be a better definition of the case. If he had been born in Turkey or Italy, the story-teller of the former, and the *improvisatore* of the latter, would have rivaled the powers of the prophet and the pope in his mind; for it is certain that to all relations, whether of the wild and wonderful, the ludicrous and comical, or the sorrowful, sentimental, and supernatural, he did, like Desdemona, 'curiously incline.' Whether he listened to the legends of a noble family where his grandmother lived housemaid, or to the far more marvellous records given by his great-aunt of witches and hobgoblins, of unearthly sounds and unregarded warnings—to the quaint stories of the exciseman, the bookish anecdotes of the schoolmaster, or the desultory ramblings of the old sailor, who had been in every quarter of the globe, and harangued on each in the work-house garden, the prince of parish *raconteurs*,—all had alike the greedy ear and the animated eye of Ned. Every body said the time must come when he would himself tell tales as well as any body; and they thence inferred, that he would be the orator of an ale-house, the idler by the way-side, with whom every

fool might gossip; and that, although ingenious and laborious now, his *genius* would render him dissolute in manhood and distressed in age.

Had poor Ned happened in early life to meet with a kind patron, this prophecy would probably have been speedily overthrown; but the clergyman of the village was too much burthened by a numerous family to increase the claims on a small living. He did, however, what he could; for he taught him writing, accounts, and as much geography as greatly to excite his thirst for general knowledge, and concluded his good offices by warmly recommending him to the esquire as 'a good-tempered boy of extraordinary talents.'

But the esquire had no taste for talents in the poor; he pronounced them to be 'dangerous things,' and imputed great blame to dame Nature for bestowing gifts of that description so indiscriminately as the beauty and ability observable in humble life sometimes indicate. Beyond the kitchen or the garden, therefore, of the great man's mansion, Ned never got; but, when he was about twenty, he was observed to haunt those purlieus of village magnificence much more than he had ever done before; for he had never been fond of going among the servants except for some given purpose:—indeed he generally described them as a dull set, who told no stories of former times, and had no knowledge of modern discoveries. 'You may live with them a week and neither laugh nor cry—no, nor be frightened either,' said Ned—'the whole crew are no better than a parcel of wooden pegs for the family to hang their orders upon, and screw into any place they like.'

With these sentiments it was evident that Ned's neat trim figure would never be adorned with a livery, and that his knowledge of horses would never promote him to be groom; that his genius, like that of the great landed possessors in this *terra incognita* of the muses, impelled him to assert his freedom, and to earn his bread rather by the sweat of his brow than by the suppleness of his back. This road of preferment was therefore entirely missed; the rural genius continued still rural; no kind patron found in his pen-and-ink drawings the promise of an artist, or, in the rich warblings and well-executed intonations of his song, the possibility of forming

another Braham. Year after year passed by, and

‘ Knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll.’

But we cannot add, that

‘ Chill penury repress’d his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul ;’

for it is certain, that, as he continued alike a stranger to instruction and to those luxuries of life which are generally communicated with it, he continued to be very happy, from being enabled, at a very small expense, to enjoy alike his ‘ hours of idleness’ and his days of work, in the prosecution of his own plans and the cultivation of his own powers. He was happy to make those attainments which gave him the pleasure of exulting in the sense of conquered difficulties at one time, and of reveling, at another, in those sensations of a dreamy serenity, those flights of an unpruned imagination, which, though he felt them to be indescribable, gave a charm to his rambles, and an excitement to his solitude, such as the poet alone can know.

Ned did not go after the old gardener *alone*, when he went from church to the hall on Sundays ; nor was it the flowers he admired, and the roots he begged and earned, which attracted *all* his attention. Amy Gilbert, a little girl whom he had known from her cradle, who was the best Sunday scholar and the neatest child in the village, had, when she was fourteen, been promoted to the honor of waiting on the young ladies at the hall, and, after that auspicious era, had rapidly improved so much as to prove highly attractive to the youth whom she, in a sweet voice and somewhat genteel manner, always designated ‘ Edward ;’ and for the first time our rural genius found himself capable of forming some idea of that *love* which all his songs told of, and most of the tales he had heard were connected with, but which not one village *belle* had hitherto inspired.

In fact, Ned had too much mind to love where mind was *not* ; and although now on the verge of twenty-one, and too well-looking and sprightly not to have attracted very tender regards from bright eyes and blushing cheeks, poor Ned’s cultivated taste always shrank from stupidity or vulgarity, and beyond a kiss at a merry-meeting, or a civil action to those who needed it, he had never exhibited signs of susceptibility. Love

stole on his heart with the romance that was a part of his nature ; his spirits fled, his love of solitude increased,—he wished to ramble alone, to talk to himself, to plant in his little garden the flowers he could compare to Amy ; and hunt through the pages of his scanty library for every thing which, in its descriptions or its qualities, most resembled her :—he seldom spoke, and he ceased to dance ; he gave short answers to every person, but cross ones to no one ; his mother said he wanted physic, and his old godfather thought a cart-whip would be more useful to him. The father saw no necessity for either, since, although his son did not eat much, he worked as much as ever—if less gay, he was less saucy ; and, on the whole, the taming of his exuberant spirits, and the assumption of the character of a man, appeared to him no bad thing. But, when at length he discovered the real cause of the alteration, poor Simpson began to think that his son (that proud and in his view peerless son) was in the wrong. To the cares of a lover were now added the novel vexations of domestic broils, and our hero found that a poor man’s son may have almost as much sorrow as a gentleman’s.

In general, money is the object of parental anxiety ; but, in very humble life, money’s *worth* is the great desideratum. Simpson was a day-laborer ; and, though he possessed a cottage which was his wife’s portion, and one of no little value to them both, he had found no small difficulty in rearing three daughters, all long since married and gone, and this his one darling son. In his labors he had been assisted by his wife, whose personal beauty and strength had been to him alike a source of joy and the means of assistance : and he naturally hoped that the son of his love might share this good fortune, and concluded that such a clever lad might aspire to the daughter of a farmer with a portion, or, if he should be disappointed in that hope, secure some handsome strapping wench, with a rosy visage and still rosier hands—one who might indeed prove a help-mate.

Now Amy was an orphan of delicate form and pale complexion, a kind of Miss-like thing, well calculated for tripping after a lady, but by no means for laying hands on a sickle or a hay-rake, eating rusty bacon, or rearing

lusty children. Poor Simpson groaned when he thought of such a mincing delicate thing hanging helplessly on his son and himself, until the day of utter incapacity to support her and her sickly infants should arrive, when they must all invoke the aid of the parish,—a circumstance of which his mind had long nourished insufferable horror, and to which, even in seasons of severe affliction in days past, he had never had recourse. On this subject he continually dwelt; and, without possessing his son's talents to entertain company, or his enjoyment of a gay circle, it was observed with surprise and sorrow by his neighbours, 'that Simpson visited the alehouse very often of late.' The fond father had been all his life a very sober man: it was known that 'a very little made him mellow,' and some young fellows, whom our unlucky genius had conquered in a trial of skill at a popular game, took their revenge one evening by sending the father home sadly intoxicated, and much enraged at Ned. A dreadful misfortune followed. Simpson fell over a stile, and broke his leg; a fever came on, which was succeeded by paralysis; and the whole family were involved not only in severe affliction, but in hopeless sorrow.

Poor Ned's buoyant step and laughing eye, the catch he caroled so gaily, the hasty run after evening-labor, and the good-night whistled under Amy's window, were all at an end. For a short time it might be said that 'melancholy marked him for her own;' for the observation of Madame de Stael, 'that the children of genius feel sorrow with much more acuteness than others,' will equally apply to the rustic and the polished.

He not only loved his parents fondly, but he inherited his father's pride of independence, to which he joined his own pride of talent, and therefore determined to maintain the helpless couple, now thrown upon his protection, without aid from the parish; and he could still less endure the thought of begging even the consolations of pity from those who adverted to that fault in his father, which had led to his deplorable state. The generous son felt that sufferers have no faults; he promised his mother that he would now 'take up entirely, and she should see what sort of a son he would be;' and he kept his word—he was the best of sons.

'But Amy! poor, pretty Amy! It is very magnanimous to talk of conquer-

ing affection at the call of duty; but really there is very little of this self-conquest in this worky-day world, when the matter is left to self, as it was in Ned's case. 'The course of true love never does run smooth;' it is crossed and thwarted at every turn by fortune and friends; but when a young man can, on every day of his life, just see and just speak to her whose smile is beauty, and whose voice is music to his ear—when his heart is oppressed and yet proud, can unbend only to that one, accept help and desire compassion from her only, why truly it is asking too much of human nature to renounce the best gift of Heaven:—it is at least too much for a genius.

Besides—Amy never came out of church in the afternoon without just stopping to ask how honest Simpson was, and then she shook her head, and tears stood in her pretty dark eyes—there was no standing it; and so, one Sunday evening, Ned's sorrows, and hopes, and fears, and love, all came out with his promise to his mother, and the nature of his father's complaint, which seemed to entail a burthen on the son during the best years of his existence. Now Amy was not only a very *handy* girl (which means a highly-talented person, in a superior sphere), but she had also that good sense which Ned required to render his abilities useful and his affectionate labors effective; and, after various conversations with her, in which he felt the *truth* of her observations not less than the goodness of her heart, he resolved in all things to follow her advice.

'Mother, I must leave you,' said he, —'but not entirely forsake you—never fear that—I will go into the town and learn a trade, and then come back to the old spot, and practise it along with other things. You are now as able as you are willing to help my poor father; yet the time will come when I must not only see him at ease but you likewise, and that can only be done by getting more money than it is possible to earn in husbandry. Now can't you see the sense of doing that?'—'But nothing can make amends to me for the want of a child, Ned; my heart will break if I have nobody to comfort me; why, the sight of thee, after a long day's sorrow, pays me for every thing.'—'You will have a child, mother, like a daughter, to come and see you when I am gone—one

that always feels for you, and, though she is getting up in the world, is only the more kind towards us all.'

Edward fulfilled his prudent resolution, but it was his love alone that impelled him to accomplish it. For two years he worked with a cabinet-maker as an apprentice, and found, in his new employment, a most happy medium for collecting his own varied powers and concentrating his efforts to produce that which was excellent. He was the charm of the work-shop, as he had been of the village, and was much more likely to have been mis-led by the admiration he excited there, than in the circle he had quitted; for circulating libraries were terrible encroachers on time, debating societies gave feverish excitement to an ardent mind, and little parties 'just to sing a catch or play on the flute for an hour or two' in perfect sobriety, were no little temptations. Besides, what man of Ned's temperament could resist the inclination to spend both time and money at the theatre, or could easily avoid fancying that he felt in himself the power of becoming the hero he envied?

But Amy's letters, her goodness to the poor parents he had left, and a few visits to them, preserved him; and at the end of his term he returned to the country, which he loved enthusiastically, to enter on the duties of providing for his parents, to marry the good little girl who was willing, 'all for the love of him,' to share his encumbrances, and to show all the parish how utterly mistaken they had been in supposing his *genius* would be his ruin.

Yet, in the first instance, there appeared too much reason to fear that the croakers were prophets; for Amy's taste and neatness, acquired at the hall in her long and honorable service, Ned's love of pretty things and the power of making them, occasioned so many improvements in his mother's cottage and garden as to be alarming. Against all this expense the good young wife set her plans of economy and her powers of assistance. She became dress-maker general to the village, clear-starcher to her late mistresses, and not unfrequently an instructress to full-grown maidens, in such a portion of learning as was deemed necessary to accomplish them for a change of situation. But alas! children came quickly, and they were so fondly beloved, and tenderly nursed, that those various employments were unavoidably

suspended, and Edward found in consequence that all his genius was required to make the pot boil. Yet boil it did, and always with especial comfort for the invalid father and the declining mother. In the summer he toiled, as in the days of his boyhood, in agricultural tasks; in winter he worked in his acquired trade for the master who prized his ingenuity. He was adroit at all jobs, called for at all merry-meetings, demanded at all funerals. No roof could be raised without his assistance and opinion: for he had acquired a greater share of architectural knowledge than the carpenter pretended to; nor could the house-warming go on better without him; for the old delighted to see him, and the young protested that even marriage had spoiled him. On market-days he was as busy as a minister in war-time; for the cares of the whole village lay upon him, and it is a question whether the glory of transacting every man's business paid him for the fatigue of it. Amy well knew that it was a less profitable time than those hours still spent in occasional rambles to listen to the nightingales, or to read poetry in the quiet lanes; but she wisely concluded, that a man who loved his family so fondly, and labored for their maintenance in such various ways, might fairly be allowed to pursue his own mode of seeking recreation.

One day, when Ned was thus employed, a gentleman, riding slowly through the village, looked earnestly over the garden-door, and inquired if Amy had a lodging to let.—'I prefer your house to the rest,' said he, 'because the arbour in your garden turns its back on the dusty road.'—Amy curtsied and wished—and was afraid—the gentleman alighted and moved forward—the neatness of the garden pleased him, and the picturesque appearance of the cottage, completely clothed by an old vine, whose fantastic tendrils had been trained by Edward, from his days of boyhood, to festoon the casements and cover the chimneys, prepossessed him in favour of all within; and, when he entered Amy's sitting room, its general neatness and the amusement offered by its contrivances and substitutes, notwithstanding the cradle and the rocking-chair, confirmed his predilection.—'I am an invalid,' he said—'the air of this district suits me, and you must take me as a lodger. I will send a carpet and my own bed, and come again

this day week at the farthest.'—'Dear heart, sir! we have three small children, and my father-in-law is ailing, so that I fear your honor will not be over and above comfortable; but, for certain, I will try.'

The invalid gentleman was determined to try also; he threw a guinea on the table to secure his bargain; and, when Ned returned, he found Amy in all that perturbation of spirits, which an incident so unusual, and in their village so unprecedented, was likely to excite. Not only as a wife and mother was poor Amy anxious to secure the good fortune thus provided for her; but so notable and knowing a person could not be supposed insensible to the pleasure of being thus called upon for the exercise of her abilities as the nurse and cook of a *gentleman*. Ned saw all the advantages of the case, as he looked at the golden pledge in Amy's hand, measured with his eye the increasing circle of her waist, and pressed the little one that had climbed his knees more fondly to his breast; but he could not forbear to interrupt Amy's oration, and even her assurance 'that she was paid for a fortnight beforehand,' by saying, 'But could you forget, Amy, that, if the gentleman comes in, we must go out?'—'Not quite out, Edward; for there is the kitchen left; and, as you are so *ingenus*, and I am a pretty good contriver myself, and it is summer-time, don't you think you could make the huge pigsty, which is of no use in the world at present, into a sleeping-room for us all?'—'And what would the neighbours say, what would the ladies at the hall say, if I brought you down in the world so far as that comes to, dear Amy?'—'If I tell them it is my *own* contrivance, they will praise it very much; and I shall go about and tell every body it is so in the morning.'—'Then you shall see,' cried Ned exultingly, 'what a job I'll make of it—I shall astonish 'em all.'

Amy gave him the guinea for his materials, and with little assistance his godfather's prophecy was so far fulfilled, that Ned and his whole family soon enjoyed a quiet resting-place in that parlour-like pigsty heretofore provided for his father's only quadruped. The lodger now found his own sleep undisturbed by the children, and his mind excited to watch the industry and ability of their father. To his own surprise, he found,—in addition to pure air and unadulterated

milk, cleanliness in his food, and good taste in the quiet attentions of a kind and sensible hostess,—a power of conversing with her husband which was wholly unexpected. His spirits were exhilarated by witnessing the variety of occupation, and the success of labors which, however humble or fatiguing, were dignified by the mind that performed them, or delightful from the warm-heartedness of one who in every relation of life proved himself amiable and virtuous.

The stranger was himself a man of ability and good feeling; he was moreover a man of fortune, and he resolved to repay liberally the benefits he received, and to foster the talents he admired. He saw that it was too late, in one sense, to render Ned's genius valuable by concentrating its powers in the pursuit of any branch of the *fine* arts; but he hoped to render it efficacious, by binding it as far as possible to the useful occupation he had so wisely chosen, but at present only partially pursued, from the want of materials wherewith he might execute the designs on which his fancy fruitlessly brooded.

Whilst the worthy man pursued this benevolent intention by slow and judicious aid, which excited energy whilst it increased knowledge, and rendered domestic affections the moving spring of sober ambition, Edward Simpson's situation in life assumed a new aspect; and the prophecy which he had literally fulfilled proved a stepping-stone to his prosperity. Every gift and loan were of a nature to excite ingenuity and industry, never to satisfy luxury or compromise independence, and consisted of materials, books, tools, turning-machines, and of introductions to great dealers and merchants. With such assistance, and that over-seeing eye which all men of genius need, it was no wonder that the pigsty rose by degrees into a sightly house, to which the vine-covered cottage was merely a picturesque appendage, where, for many successive summers, the gentleman (in delicate health) still chose to lodge, and where the old couple were comfortably supported. Every thing within and without bespoke the ability and energy of Ned and his helpmate, who, in the exercise of their taste and the education of their young family, were happily and fully occupied, escaping the corruptions of prosperity, whilst they increased the stability of its blessings.

They had, it is true—they *have*, let me say—many enjoyments and even luxuries. The former are in a great measure derived from the sense of being beloved and respected in their own village, which is extended and enriched by the flourishing manufactory of Mr. Edward Simpson. For the latter, without particularly adverting to a plain but well-stored table, let us look at the bow-windowed parlour, ornamented by a mahogany receptacle of handsome books, beside plans and prints in the drawers,—to say nothing of a pair of twelve-inch globes covered with green cloth by the skilful hands of Mrs. Simpson, who remains a model to the whole parish for personal smartness and good housewifery. His garden, though now four times as large, is still perfectly neat; and the little conservatory, formed out of the cottage-pantry, boasts some of Flora's choicest exotics, and exhibits also a little collection of minerals prettily disposed. The labors and pleasures of the owner, however, are not confined to the home which he so fondly loves and wisely improves; for his genius is still as expansive as his heart is liberal, though time has in some respects altered its direction. He has officiated as churchwarden, and repaired the dilapidated porch with his own hands in such a style as to astonish all the country: he has opened a subscription for a school, and built it on his own plan; raised a May-pole through the same medium, and adorned it with a flag made by Amy. He is yet at the head of the cricket-players, and the secretary of a benefit-club; and was the undoubted means of getting the young squire into parliament by his funny songs, and the cause of his brother the captain's marriage from writing a melancholy ballad. Never was he known to refuse mending an old woman's spinning-wheel, or writing a love-letter for a young woman, lending a hand to thatch the haystack, or to resin the fiddle-stick. You may know his house as you pass through the village of ——— on the Brighton road, not only by the China roses and woodbines that cover it, and now mingle with the old vine of his native cottage adjoining, but by the Gothic summer-house in the garden,—the last, and (in his own opinion and that of Amy) the *highest* effort of his skill. If you think the pinnacles somewhat too substantial, or the pointed arch disproportionate, which

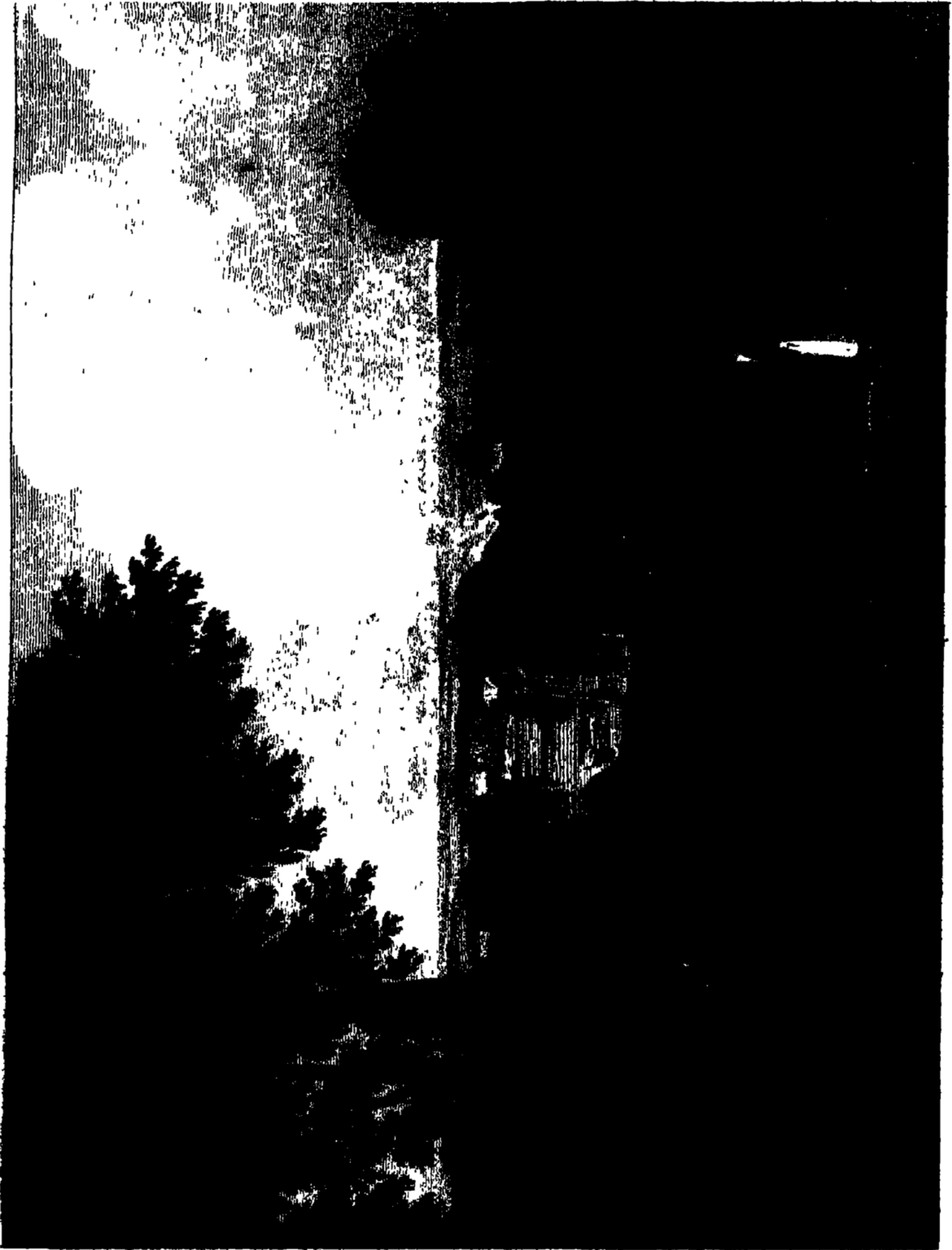
forms a mighty entrance to a little room, you will forget the faults, when you step in and behold the architect playing on the fiddle to a rosy group of his own children dancing around him, while his wife and parents sit gazing on them with ecstasy;—you will even be ready to think that Palladio himself might have envied my rural genius.

MEMOIRS OF THE MARGRAVINE OF
ANSPACH, WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

2 Vols. 8vo. 1826.

FEMALE memoir-writers are in general very agreeable personages, more particularly when they treat of the incidents of their own lives and the feelings of their own hearts. As women of talent and vivacity are more readily induced than those of a dull temperament to attempt this species of composition, we expect, on these occasions, an occasional acuteness of remark, interesting anecdotes, and a pleasing variety of entertainment.

Our authoress was born in December, 1750. Her maternal grandfather was Mr. Drax, of Charborough in Dorsetshire, and her father was the fourth earl of Berkeley. She was such a puny delicate little creature at the time of her birth, that it was doubtful whether she would live to the end of the month; yet she has now completed her seventy-fifth year. When she made her first appearance in the world, she was (to use her own words) 'a most miserable object, scarcely alive. Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and, without much attention, laid down in a great elbow-chair at the bed-side, with neither clothes nor wet-nurse prepared, I was left in despair for a while to my fate. At that time, certain etiquettes and attentions were observed, which are now neglected and omitted; and the first person who came to lady Berkeley, a few hours after she was delivered, was her aunt, the countess of Albemarle. Coming up to the bed-side, and, after the usual remarks on such an occasion, perceiving the chair by the bed-side, and imagining that which occupied it to be only a piece of flannel, her ladyship was on the very point of seating herself upon it, when she was prevented, by the screams of the attendant, from putting an end to the existence of the forlorn babe. As lady Albemarle supposed the infant to





SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART

Engraved by W. Hall, from an original Drawing

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,



OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

FEBRUARY 28, 1826.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE RUSSIAN EM-
PEROR.

WHEN a feeble and insignificant prince pays the debt of nature, little sensation is excited, except among his own subjects; but the death of a monarch who filled a large space in the eye of the world, whose power extended over immense regions, and whose public conduct and exertions rendered him signally conspicuous, necessarily makes a strong and general impression. The late emperor lived in critical times, when it required something more than mere common sense and ordinary judgement to steer his bark safely amidst the storms of fate, and to rescue other powers from the danger of shipwreck. If he did not in every instance make a right use of the reason and intellect with which nature had endowed him,—if he occasionally betrayed a vacillation of principle and an inconsistency of conduct,—if he sometimes exercised his power in arbitrary encroachments on the freedom of foreign nations,—we may, while we censure him, lament the weakness of human nature, which precludes uniform excellence, and mingles an alloy of dross with sterling ore.

Alexander was the eldest son of Paul, then grand duke of Russia, by his second wife Sophia Maria, princess of Wirtemberg. He was born in December 1777; and his pleasing countenance and engaging manners soon secured to him the favor of his grandmother, the empress Catharine. He was nursed with the greatest care and tenderness by a

Scotch lady, the wife of a German named Gesler, and his infant days were eagerly watched by numerous attendants, under the eye of his fond mother, a princess of talent and good sense, who is still living. As soon as he could walk, he had an Englishman (Mr. Parland) for his *diadka*,—a follower, or a sort of *man-nurse*, attached to the sons of the Russian nobles. In his progress to adolescence, he won the favorable opinion of persons of all ranks. He was early placed under the guardianship of count Soltikoff, an enlightened man, who was well fitted for the duties of that high and important station; and the future sovereign, no doubt, benefited much by his sage counsels and exemplary conduct. That Alexander was highly pleased with his guardian, was proved by the veneration in which he held the count during life, and by his condescension in following his corpse to the grave in the year 1816, on foot and bare-headed, with the other chief mourners.

From able tutors, appointed with the count's consent, the young prince received instructions in the Russian, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek languages (to which was added a tincture of English), and also in the principles of the Greek religion, geography, history, political œconomy, military tactics, the duties of a sovereign, and some of the sciences. He was reared at the Russian court, under great awe of, and subordination to, his talented grandmother, under much filial respect for his mother, and in absolute dread of his father.

In the days of youthful and impetuous passion (says Dr. Lyall), in the midst of a voluptuous court, surrounded by almost all the beauty and fashion of Russia, unawed by examples of chastity and private virtue in the highest individuals of the realm, seduced by temptations and by the facilities of gratification, it is not to be wondered that Alexander should have had many love intrigues at an early period of his life. On the contrary, it may seem surprising that a prince, placed in the midst of so much evil example, should have wandered so little as he did from the path of virtue. These circumstances being taken into view, it might naturally be supposed, that early marriage was in his case recommended; and accordingly he was united in matrimony, before he completed his sixteenth year, to the princess Louisa of Baden-Durlach. The marriage was a political scheme of Catharine; and, though the young bride was beautiful and interesting, there was a coolness in her manner, which ill accorded with the warmth of Alexander's passion, and rendered her not exactly the object of his choice. By her he had two children, who died in their infancy. After their death, to the regret of the imperial couple, and of the Russian nation, no additional offspring blessed the marriage.

At this time, Alexander was a tall, handsome youth: while his noble forehead and expressive eyes bespoke intelligence, patience, and determination, he was the picture of rosy health and good-nature. His appearance and deportment were the more remarkable, because they were constantly contrasted with those of his brother Constantine, whose short face, pug-nose, knitted eye-brows, and sunken eyes, render him the very representation of impatience, fury, and severity. Some have asserted that the latter prince has not belied his natural features, but has proved himself the true heir to his father's likeness, passions, folly, and illiberality, without a great share of his redeeming virtues—occasional goodness of heart, and paroxysms of remorse, which led Paul to make compensation for insults and injuries; but we are not disposed to think so unfavorably of Constantine.

During the reign of Paul, the heir-apparent did not interfere in the administration, but was as quiet and as passive as any other subjects of the em-

pire. Suddenly, however, he was elevated to the throne, in March 1801, in consequence of an act of treasonable violence. Disgusted, oppressed, and rendered miserable, by the shocking misrule, the excessive caprice, and the extreme severity of Paul, the nobles entered into a conspiracy against that tyrant, and he was coolly strangled in his palace by the determined spirit of the malcontents. They immediately offered the crown to Alexander, and they probably threw out an insinuation, that, if he would not accept their offer, another branch of the imperial family should be raised to the throne, or even a new dynasty should commence. Under such circumstances, no choice may be said to have been left for him: he accepted the crown from the murderers of his father, who, at that period, were among the most influential men in Russia, and who might as easily hurl him from his elevation as raise him to it. Therefore, by necessity and policy, he could not act otherwise than with moderation toward the assassins of Paul, not only on becoming emperor, but even after he had consolidated his power. A despot is fearful of offending his powerful nobles, unless they have made themselves obnoxious to some individuals of still greater power, who would rejoice at their ruin. Thus, Paul's murder was the result of despotism, and Alexander's clemency emanated from the same cause.

In the twenty-fourth year of his age, the grand duke ascended the throne of his ancestors, at a time when he was highly popular; and his first measures, proclamations, and imperial orders, tended to establish him in the good opinion and the confidence of the nation. He sincerely promised to tread in the steps of Catharine; and his first acts of kindness were experienced by the Petersburgers, whose lives had become miserable under the eccentric sway of Paul. Alexander gave orders that every one should be allowed to dress according to his own taste. He exonerated the inhabitants from the trouble and degrading duty of alighting from their carriages at the approach of the imperial family, and doing homage as they passed, even in the coldest and most disagreeable weather. He dismissed the court advocate, who had become an object of general detestation: and, besides, he made numerous changes and new regulations, all tending to the comfort, pleasure, and advantage of the

inhabitants of the metropolis. The goodness of his heart, the activity of his mind, the excellence of his principles, and his sincere wish for the improvement of his subjects and of his country, also enabled him at once to perceive the necessity of great changes and improvements throughout the empire.

Paul had labored to destroy all Catharine's laws, measures, and plans; even the edifices which commemorated her reign were demolished or transformed; and so determined was that prince to show his enmity and his revenge toward his imperial mother, that, had it been possible, the very soil on which she once had trodden would have been consigned to oblivion. Alexander, on the contrary, assisted by the first counsellors of the empire, saw the wisdom of overturning all his father's plans, and of regaining the path of his politic grandmother.

The mere enumeration of the most important of his early acts after he had secured the throne, will demonstrate how anxious he was for the welfare of his nation. The abolition of the Secret Inquisition, which had become the scourge of the country; the restoration of the senate to its former dignity and authority; the regulation and better organization of the offices and duties of the ministry; improvements in the administration of justice throughout the tribunals; regulations for the better advancement of public instruction; the institution of new schools, academies, and universities, and the better regulation of old ones; changes in the system of police, and of the post-office; the encouragement of agriculture, architecture, fisheries, mines, and commerce; improvements in the army and in the navy; the organisation of the militia; the emancipation of the peasants of Esthonia and Livonia; the encouragement of arts and sciences; the plans for increasing the finances; the diminution of the expenses of the court; the formation of some new canals, and the improvement of many old ones; the fitting-out, at his own expense, of the first Russian expedition for the circumnavigation of the globe, under the distinguished Kruzenstern; may be reckoned among the early acts of Alexander's reign.

(*To be continued.*)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

The Rev. Henry Kett.—He was born at Norwich in 1761, and was sent from the free-school of that city, at the age of sixteen years, to Trinity College, Oxford. He soon became one of the tutors of that society; and, being regarded as a sound divine, he was employed, in 1790, in composing and preaching the Bampton sermons, a task annually assigned to some academical clergyman, who receives 120l. for eight discourses on the leading doctrines of Christianity. Having a literary turn, he gladly engaged with Mr. Monro, and Dr. Horne, afterwards bishop of Norwich, in a periodical publication, under the title of *Olla Podrida*, to which several other distinguished scholars contributed. In 1793 he published his *Juvenile Poems*; but, however meritorious these trifles of his muse appear, he afterwards wished to suppress them. When they first appeared, the playful muse of Mr. Thomas Warton produced the following epigram:

Our Kett not a poet!
Why, how can you say so?
For, if he's no Ovid,
I'm sure he's a *Naso* *.

Alarmed at the rapid progress of infidelity, and wishing to awaken in the minds of the public a sense of the importance of religious truth, by the most striking arguments, derived from the divine predictions, Mr. Kett, in 1798, published a *View of Scriptural Prophecies, and of their Accomplishment in the past and present Occurrences of the World*. In 1802 appeared his *Elements of General Knowledge*,—a work which has been found so useful, that it has reached a ninth edition. His first preferment was the perpetual curacy of Elsfeld, near Oxford. He was afterwards a king's preacher at Whitehall. In 1814 his friend and patron bishop Tomline presented him to the living of Hykeham. Being recently married, and enjoying a state of vigorous health, he seemed to promise himself a continuance of domestic comfort; but, unfortunately, the heat of the last summer prompted him

* This joke will not be understood without a personal hint, importing that Mr. Kett had a large nose.

to bathe in a stream near Stanwell, and he lost his life, either from the effect of a sudden cramp, or from a want of skill in the art of swimming. He was a respectable scholar, if not a man of profound erudition; and we may add, that he was a pleasant companion and a worthy member of society.

The Reverend Peter Paul Dobree.—Having studied at Reading under Dr. Valpy, and at Cambridge under the still more able tutors of Trinity college, he acquired that fund of classical learning which, in the opinion of many, rendered him nearly equal to the celebrated Porson. Being chosen Greek professor, he was preparing public lectures, to which the students eagerly looked forward; but they were disappointed by his ill health. He died about the age of forty-three years. He was a judicious editor and critic, and enriched the *Classical Journal* with various productions. His conversation was lively and instructive, and his disposition friendly.

Frederic, Earl of Carlisle.—At Eton school he added the talent of the poet to the acquisitions of the scholar; but he did not attain the first rank in either department. He entered early into public life; yet he was little known before he was appointed one of the negotiators with the revolted colonies. In 1780 he was constituted viceroy of Ireland, and, on his recall, was thanked by the parliament for the wisdom of his administration. He afterwards became a strenuous supporter of the politics of his school-fellow Mr. Fox, and some of his parliamentary speeches were pertinent as well as spirited. In 1801 a splendid edition of his tragedies and poems appeared. His two pieces of the former description are chiefly remarkable for their shocking and appalling subjects; among the latter, his Address to sir Joshua Reynolds is one of the best. He had also a taste for the fine arts, and possessed a fine cabinet of curiosities at Castle-Howard. He lived to the age of seventy-seven years, leaving, beside a worthy successor, an amiable daughter, of whose character and death we proceed to take notice.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Rutland.—This lady was born in 1780, and married in her nineteenth year to the duke of Rutland, to whom she bore nine

children. While she was superintending the operations of the numerous workmen who were employed at the duke's seat, she exposed herself to the damp and inclement air; her lungs were consequently affected; and the disorder, in defiance of prompt medical aid, proved fatal.

‘Of her elevated taste (says a writer who seems to have personally known her grace) Belvoir Castle will long remain a magnificent monument. From its commencement, 25 years ago, in despite of the interruption occasioned by the fire in Oct. 1816, until its recent completion, the lamented duchess had been the presiding genius of the place, and selected all the plans for its erection; nor were her active and useful exertions restricted to the castle. The grounds, the villages, the roads in its vicinity, even the general aspect of the country, were improved through her agency. Every rational suggestion which had for its object the decoration and embellishment of this beautiful domain was adopted with eagerness, and zealously carried into effect under her immediate superintendence. At the same time, she was not less successful in the cultivation of the elegant accomplishments of her sex. Her drawings exhibit correct taste. Her poetical genius and her musical attainments were of a high order. Indefatigable in whatever might promote the general good, and alive to the true interests of her country, the duchess was also a practical agriculturist. The farm she held, consisting of above 700 acres, visited almost daily by herself, has always been considered a model of scientific management. On several occasions she was complimented with premiums from the Society for the Promotion of Arts and Manufactures, for her extensive plantations and acknowledged improvements in the breeding of cattle.

‘It is striking that, with predilections so marked and decided for a rural life, her grace was one of the brightest ornaments of the English court, and, whenever she graced it with her presence, an object of universal admiration. The ease and dignity of her deportment, her refined and polished address, the graceful condescension of her manners, fascinated every one who came within the sphere of her attractions. Married early to the object of her choice, as a wife, a parent, and a benefactress, she was alike exemplary. To the sorrowing hearts now

bereft of her soothing affection, her tender care, her munificent charity. her death is indeed a severe and afflictive loss.'

Mr. George Chalmers.—Born in Scotland, he was educated at the university of Aberdeen, whence he removed to Edinburgh for the convenience of studying the law, which, it is said, he practised in North-America, until the colonial subjects of Great-Britain, oppressed by the parent state, asserted their independence. He then returned to his native country, and applied himself to the cultivation of his literary talents, while his acquaintance with commercial affairs introduced him to a connexion with the board of trade. His publications on this subject, and on political œconomy, were more deserving of attention than those which related to polite learning. He exposed his weakness when he suffered himself to be duped by Ireland's paltry forgery, and his Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers detracted from the reputation which he had acquired by his lives of eminent men and his other productions. Yet he undoubtedly possessed considerable ability, and his information was varied and extensive. A periodical writer says, 'the government has lost a zealous, intelligent, and most useful servant in this gentleman. He was always alive to the interests of the country, and suffered no subject of national importance to pass without due observation, and the full exertion of his endeavours to render it intelligible to the world at large. Commerce, manufactures, the bullion question, and other topics, were rendered easy of comprehension by his clear and strenuous elucidations. He seemed to have been born with an indefatigable zeal for the interests of mankind, but more particularly for those of the British empire. His political principles were soundly constitutional. Scotland has lost, in him, a great and active friend, anxious to do honor to her on all occasions. His Caledonia, of which three large volumes have been published, contains the most valuable information respecting that country, and a fourth, which was nearly ready for the press, would have completed that extraordinary proof of elaborate research and unmitigable ardor in the pursuit of knowledge. In person he was tall, stout, and manly, so nearly resembling the late lord Melville, that

they were frequently mistaken for each other. His disposition was social and cheerful, and the writer of this tribute to his memory never saw him in better spirits than he appeared to be a few days before his death.'—He died at the age of eighty-two years.

Dr. John Nott.—This gentleman studied the chirurgical art at Paris with effect, and practised it in a voyage to China; and, if he had confined himself to that department, might have rivaled the most celebrated names; but his views were more general and comprehensive, and he subsequently became eminent both as a scholar and a physician. He published some pleasing original poems, and translations from the Latin and Persian poets; he wrote dissertations on the peculiar properties of various mineral waters, and on other topics connected with the healing art; and, by the advice of Dr. Warren, commenced a regular course of medical practice. For more than thirty years, he practised chiefly in Bristol and its vicinity; but, for the last eight years, he suffered severely from a paralytic affection. He was a benevolent, upright, and honorable man, and added to his moral virtues a strong sense of religion.

Mr. John Lens.—Being the son of an eminent land-steward at Norwich, he received his education at the principal school of that city, whence he was sent to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his skill in disputation and his mathematical attainments. He fixed upon the law for his profession, and at length became the king's Ancient Serjeant. The post of solicitor-general, and that of chief-justice of Chester, were offered to him; but, content with the practice which he derived from his abilities and influence, and unwilling to relinquish his connexion with the whig party, he declined both those offers. He was long the leader and ornament of the western circuit; but, when he had reached the age of sixty years, he resigned that branch of his emoluments, alleging that he ought to make an opening for younger men. He was intimately acquainted with the laws and constitution of his country. As a speaker he did not affect the highest range of oratory; but his speeches were ingenious and argumentative. He was cultivated in manners and in mind; his language had fre-

quently the merit of force and elegance, and always that of propriety ; and, in all the legal contests in which he was engaged, he never for a moment forgot the character of a gentleman. In short, both in and out of his profession, he was considered as the standard of all that was honorable and dignified in man.

Bernard, Count de La-Cepede.—He was born at Agen in 1756, and entered, when young, into the army ; but his military ardor was not so fervent as to attach him permanently to that profession. Fond of natural history, he courted the acquaintance of Buffon, whose favorite pupil he became. The French votaries of that science were convinced of his capability, when his *History of Oviparous Quadrupeds and Serpents* appeared. He had a high respect for his instructor, but was aware of the defects of that popular naturalist. Indeed, the principal object of Buffon was to strike his readers with admiration, and to amuse rather than to instruct. He contented himself frequently with the external character of a subject of natural history, without examining its internal organisation. Comparative anatomy was then little known, though Aristotle had collected an immense number of insulated facts, and modern naturalists had made some progress toward the classification of a few orders. Such was the state of this branch of anatomy when Linnæus and John Hunter appeared : they greatly extended the bounds of the science, and opened a new field for the patient and indefatigable investigators of the mysteries of nature. La-Cepede had a proper idea of the superiority of the new system, and was pleased with the opportunity of introducing it into his work ; but the task of carrying it to a greater extent and precision was reserved for Cuvier. The count's *Natural History of Fishes* increased his reputation ; and his descriptions of cetaceous animals were deemed as correct as they were curious. He also produced some novels, in which gentle emotions are better delineated than strong passions. He so far engaged in the politics of the revolutionary times, as to promote the cause of liberty, without abetting or countenancing the sanguinary violence of democracy. He was favored by Napoleon, of whose senate he was president in 1801, and of whose Legion of Honor he was appointed grand chancellor. When the crisis of his master's fate ap-

proached, he ventured to suggest the expediency of peace. 'Listen, sire, to terms of accommodation (he said) ; let your hand, so often victorious, drop the sword, after having signed the peace of the world.' Few persons were more esteemed in private life than this respectable nobleman, whose death was consequently lamented with sincerity, when, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he caught the small-pox, which he probably might have averted by the use of vaccination, at a time when it was recommended to general adoption by eminent physicians and other men of learning and science.

* ALPHONZUS *, A TRAGEDY,
by George Hyde.

THE history of Spain, when the greater part of the country was subjected to the Moorish sway, affords many incidents and occurrences which form interesting subjects for the tragic Muse. The scene of this piece is laid at Tariffa, a fortified town, of which the gallant youth Alphonzus is appointed governor by the king, to the great disgust of Lasteros, an old Castilian officer, who is persuaded by another mal-content, prince John, to enter into a conspiracy for the dethronement of his sovereign. The attempts of the traitors being baffled by the vigor of Alphonsus, the prince endeavours to gratify both his love and revenge by an intrusion into the domestic sanctuary of Inez, the wife of the loyal hero, whose child he carries off to the Moorish camp. As a ransom for this child, the conspirators demand the surrender of Tariffa, and even threaten the life of the child on a refusal of compliance. Alphonsus, however, firmly refuses ; and Inez, not forgetting but sinking the mother in the patriot, encourages him in his resolution. She proceeds to the camp, and meets the prince, who shows the child to her, and makes its safety the condition of her dishonor. She indignantly repels the ruffian ; and, on his using force, her dagger reaches his heart. Alphonsus, wounded in a conflict near the town, finds the prince, and dies, rejoicing at the purity of Inez. The heroine, having sought death in the field, returns, finds her lost lord, and expires at his side.

* The name of the hero ought to be *Alphonso* or *Alphonsus*.

It has been remarked that unacted plays are seldom good; but this piece may be considered as an exception from the general rule. The story is calculated to excite strong emotions; some of the incidents and situations are adapted to the production of theatrical effect; and several of the characters are strongly marked. The diction also is occasionally elegant, and noble sentiments are forcibly expressed.

A patriotic speech, by Alphonzus, is spirited without vehemence.

‘Noblemen,
Spaniards, and patriots! Have we a country?
Where are our fathers, mothers, children,
wives?

Do they not drink the bitter draught of slaves?
Where are the Moors? Will not the coming
morn

Look blushing upon us, when she mounts
The free and glorious heaven, to see them still
Mocking her smiles, perverting all her boun-
ties,—

Their bloody crescent waving proudly still
Within our very sight—and us—us Spa-
niards!

Caballing here on petty jealousies
And most contemptible distinctions?

Gomez. Oh!
It is a stain upon our sacred cause.

Alph. Countrymen! you have heard me
deeply wronged:

Were I mine own—I would avenge it deeply.
I am alone my country’s and my king’s;
Whilst they are unavenged, Alphonzus knows
No injuries but theirs. Would ye have proof—
Look on me! Is there anger in mine eye?
Doth my lip curl? My bosom is now bared—
Let any hand be placed upon my heart—
Lasteros’ hand—the current rushes not
With the tempestuous boundings of mad
passion,

But with its natural action calmly flows
To fertilize the thirsting soil of life.’

The following scene exhibits traits of nature and sentiment. When the hero has been informed of the abduction of his child, the mother, not yet sensible of her loss, appears in the field.

‘*Inez.* (*Reviving.*) Where is my husband?
I saw him leap amongst the glitt’ring swords,—
And then—they pierced him—

Alph. Be thyself, dear love,
For I am here untouch’d.

[*She gazes upon him wildly, and falls
upon his bosom; then raises her eyes to
his face again.*

Inez. Yet, this is real;
And all I saw before were but the tricks,
The airy pictures of the brain, which mock
And cheat the sense, spite of our very will.
How poor are we! Whilst e’en within our-
selves

So many powers do hold us in vile bondage,
’Tis tyrant Nature binds the viewless chain,
And unperceived disarms us of resistance.
I thought I could have borne to see thee die
In conqu’ring for thy country. But what foe
Hath gain’d the walls?

Alph. Lasteros and his troops
Are in rebellion ’gainst the king, and John
With blackest treason claims the throne.

Inez. But look not sadly thus—they’ve not
prevail’d?

Thou art not prison’d here? Good Gomez, an-
swer me:

They have not ta’en the town?

Gomez. Sweet lady, no;
Thy lord victoriously expell’d them.

Inez. What!
And yet looks on me thus—without a smile?
Nay, smile not so—that was more sorrowful
Than all thy sadness. Mercy! art thou ill?
He hath some secret hurt—

Alph. No, Inez, no,
In truth I’m well—I’m very well.

Inez. Thou’rt well—
Victorious—and yet thou standest there
As if the form-creating sanctuary—
Rivaling Heaven in that so god-like power—
Had struck thee from the solid marble rock
To be the wonder of men’s ravish’d eyes;
Seeming to heave with life, yet motionless;
To breathe, yet breathless; being in thyself
The very centre of all grief—yet being marble.

Alph. [*Aside*] Oh! that I were no more!

Inez. Is it the king?
Mischance hath surely not o’erta’en his steps?
Have ye news from him?

Alph. None.

Inez. Then there is nothing!
But oh, Alphonzus, do not use me thus;—
If thou art troubled with oppressing fancies,
Tell me, and I’ll be cheerful, and dispel them.
If it be otherwise, I do but claim
A woman’s common, natural privilege—
To share my husband’s sorrows.

Alph. Heaven support thee!
By knowing thou wilt double them.

Inez. Indeed
I will not grieve myself, but pity thee;
For pity is a balm that softens grief,
And falls upon the drooping spirit like
The dew upon the parched violet.

In very sooth, it is a draught more sweet
Than crystal waters to the hunted doe,
And he that yields it gains a bright reward;
For, like an angel messenger to earth,
It comes and seeks the bosoms of the good;
Then on its airy wing speeds back to Heaven,
And pleads for him whose breast it did inhabit.

Alph. Gomez, good night;—I know thy
vigilance—

At th’ earliest hour of dawn we must be stir-
ring.

[*Aside*] Thou shalt not see her agony—good
night! (*Exit Gomez.*

Inez. Come then, Alphonzus,—now I have
a charm

Would chase from off thy brow the gloom of
 death—
 And turn e'en tears to smiles. Come hither,
 love,
 And we will gaze upon our sleeping child.
 Merciful God! [*advancing to the chamber*]
 Oh, I would fly like thought,
 Like that most terrible thought—but here my
 steps
 Are riveted—Alphonzus!—speak one word—
 Or if—like mine—thy words are thick—and
 hard
 Of utterance—one look—one look.
 (*Alphonzus covers his face with his cloak,*
and Inez falls at his feet.)

A SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL STATE OF GERMANY.

BEING the theatre of war during the greater part of the last quarter of a century, Germany (says Sismondi) has seen all her institutions subverted. All her sovereignties have been changed, either in title, laws, or extent; and, if the term *legitimate* is confined to the state of things anterior to the violent convulsions of the last five and twenty years, she has preserved nothing legitimate. While France produced her own revolutions, Germany yielded to those of others. Instead of advancing, therefore, she has retrograded. At the commencement of the present century, every state was endeavouring to correct its institutions; to imbue them with a little more liberty and security. Every government was anxious to deserve that love of its subjects, which, amidst a common danger, constitutes its sole force. The people, confiding in their princes, and receiving their confidence in return, were advancing in concert with them, slowly but surely. Extraordinary activity pervaded the universities. It was by the acquisition of science, by the developement of intelligence, that the German nation was desirous of establishing its dignity. The greatest latitude was allowed in the means of instruction. Still more, the universities were a political power; having enlightened and directed the public opinion, they assumed the duty of declaring it. The press (except on questions directly political) was almost absolutely free; and the spirit of association which existed in Germany, and which the sovereigns of that country had greatly encouraged, gave to the opinions of the philosophical an immediate operation over those of the mass of

the people. All is now changed: fear has been substituted for affection, as the principle of obedience; morals have been attacked by the encouragement given to spies and informers, and still more by the great and public examples of breach of faith, which have proved beneficial to the violators. The spring of study has been broken; the universities have been fettered; the press is enslaved; associations have been punished as crimes against the state; the ancient constitution, irregular certainly, and often barbarous and requiring reform, has been suppressed without any substitute. Nevertheless, that constitution set bounds to absolute power; accustomed sovereigns to talk of liberty; guarantied the rights of the electors, princes, prelates, nobility, and the free towns. Henceforth there will be no rights to guaranty: Germany has ceased to contain a nation. Nothing is there seen but princes more or less feeble or potent; more or less trembling on their thrones, from the fear either of their subjects or of their neighbours. The ancient country of war and of politics weighs no longer in the balance of Europe.

THE IMPRUDENT MARRIAGE, or the ill Effects of Foreign Associations upon English Manners*.

SIR Thomas Euston and his lady visit the continent, with their daughter Matilda, chiefly for the alleviation of that grief which was occasioned by the loss of their sons. The lover of the young lady, alarmed at this emigration, in vain remonstrates against her departure. Matilda and her mother are soon captivated with the manners of the French. 'The imitation of their French acquaintance commenced, to be sure, with ribands and trifles, and sir Thomas did not deign to protest against such whimsies; the studious assimilation, however, soon extended beyond garb; and in a little time our female travelers began to take the French as models in feeling as well as in taste. The French female was soon discovered to be more a woman of the world, more approaching the ideal of *bon ton* and fashionable ease. Topics, words, allusions, that at any former period would

* Altered and abridged from the tale of *L'Amoroso* in the new work called the *English in Italy*.

have made the blood rush to the cheeks of either mother or daughter, began to steal out, and to be borne in the conversations. The line of decorum was suddenly extended, and, as usual in such cases, extended somewhat beyond that from which they copied. All this seemed manifest self-improvement to Matilda, and refinement to lady Euston: while sir Thomas, for (to do them justice) men adhere longer to honorable prejudices, was left alone and over-argued in his old ideas and protestations against the new, by the now polyglot tongues of his wife and child.'

The baronet's disgust at this growing propensity proves an insufficient check upon his wife and daughter, who, when they reside in Italy, receive similar impressions. When ill-health has brought him to his death-bed, he thus addresses the thoughtless girl: 'This is the last hour that I have left for speaking. Hear me, Matilda, and treasure up my dying words. You have given yourself up to foreign modes and feelings; they are not such as will render an English woman happy, at least not with an English husband; and Heaven forbid you should ever be united to another! You have adopted them from whim, but such imitation is contagious; people begin with adopting a part, and they end by adopting the whole. It has been so with you; your very English blush has long ceased to flush your cheek with innocence.'

The widow and Matilda linger amidst the fascinations of Italy, and are particularly delighted with the society and the pleasures of Naples, where they find too agreeable an acquaintance in the person of a young count.

'Avellino (it appears) was a youth of the most prepossessing appearance,—noble, frank, *enjoué*—was a soldier, had attained the rank of colonel in Napoleon's, at least in Murat's wars, which fairly entitled him to the Bourbonic rank of general, which he bore under Ferdinand. With all the air and fascinations of a man of gallantry, he had by no means the character, although he enjoyed, perhaps, more of the reality than half the dull cavaliers that publicly attached themselves to this or that dame, with all the slavery and courtesy of married life, affecting and allowed to affect the appearance of an intrigue, and content with that appearance. He was too French, too spirited, independent, and passionate, for these humdrum in-

trigues of the old school. The slavery of marriage he thought bad enough; but to burthen one's self *gratis* with all its pains and none of its privileges, was a penalty which the young count was resolved not to pay, even in obedience to fashion. Accordingly, a certain number of minutes was the limit of his stay in any fair one's box or boudoir—in society he went his rounds, and was ever in motion, lingering behind no one's chair, picking up no gloves, and keeping seemingly aloof from the space of fastination.'

The count is soon induced to believe that he has made an impression on the heart of miss Euston; but her forwardness is checked by the consideration of the libertinism and infidelity of Italian lovers.—'Ah, count,' she says, 'your southern love is a wild phrensied deity,—a maniac, still too wise to harm himself. In England, Avellino, hearts break, and are broken silently.' And, for the first time for many weeks, Matilda thought of Ralph Maxwell, her English lover.—'Yes,' replied the count, unconsciously driving deeper the self-stricken poignard, 'England is the blest land of pure and mutual first-love, here forbidden and rendered impossible by the cursed habits of our country. For an Italian dame and husband to wander from each other's side, is necessary, if they have hearts, and is foreseen. But who, blessed with English affection,' and the count pressed warmly the hand of Matilda, while the recollections that his words brought up sent every flush of blood from her cheek, 'who could wave that honor, or forsake that love, for all the beauty or passion this clime has to bestow?' Matilda was near fainting at the deadly compliment. Avellino still grasped her hand, which lay motionless in his, so paralysed was every sentiment. After a moment or two, however, she recovered, looked up, and instantly uttered a frantic shriek, that appalled lady Euston and the count, to both of whom the cause was undividable. Avellino perceived a young man, apparently English, standing near, and looking at the party; but he could scarcely tax him as the cause of miss Euston's fright. He was so. It was no other than Ralph Maxwell. Lady Euston after a while recognised him, but with difficulty, so much was he altered.

Being challenged by Maxwell, the count defeats him by the use of the sword; but another combat ensues.—

'Pistols were sent for. When foreigners make use of such weapons, they always cast lots for the fire, as they deem it a ridiculous waste of blood to risk two lives at a time. But even through this rule the fury of Maxwell broke:—they both took their ground. Avellino, at the moment of fire, cast his pistol down, as a weapon that he scorned to use, and received his adversary's fire, which took effect. The count fell. The few witnesses were in consternation—so fatal a termination to a duel had not been known in Naples for many years. The count was borne to his palace; and Maxwell, whose deep-stirred vengeance was scarcely slaked by the sight of his rival's blood, returned with his friend to the city.'

By the artful influence of Avellino, disadvantageous reports are propagated against Maxwell, who is consequently excluded from genteel society. The disappointed lover at length ventures to reconnoitre the villa which the Eustons occupy, and finds them in the act of entertaining a gay party.—'He stood awhile, and listened to the noise of so many happy voices. He thought he could even distinguish Matilda's—he did not know what were her resolutions respecting Avellino. He had withdrawn himself from every friend, and affected now an utter carelessness as to Matilda's fate. He had been resigned; but at this moment curiosity and anxiety urged him. He entered the portal, hurried up the open stair, entered the outer hall that led to the scene of festivity, and gazed in upon the crowd. Matilda was engaged in the dance, joyous and gay—Avellino was her partner. Maxwell saw, and smiled—no passion more tempestuous shook him—no tear bedewed his eyelid, and his heart scarcely swerved from the regular, faint beating with which it journeyed to repose. He looked his last farewell of Matilda—she saw him not—and for this time, at least, he resolved to be generous, and would not break upon her gladness. He retired, passed through a chamber, through another, and found himself by mistake in the inner corridor. A chamber door was open—something prompted him;—and, on looking in, it was evidently the chamber of Matilda. He recognised some little English trinkets, and mournfully; for every thing else—the very atmosphere of the room—was foreign. There was a little turquois ring upon the table—he himself had given it

her. He seized, kissed it, and at last, to his relief, shed a torrent of tears. He tore from his bosom a locket that contained Matilda's hair—broke it open—was about to take out all the lock, but sighed, and took only half. This half he placed with the little ring—took a stray piece of paper—wrote on it 'The Murdres!'—Matilda's own exclamation—folded in it hair and ring, thrust the little packet into the drawer of a dressing-box that was open, and departed.'

The count marries Matilda, and the rejected lover dies of a broken heart. The lady soon experiences that shock of feeling and habit, and that astonished disgust, which her husband's recommendation to her, to take a *cicisbeo*, would naturally inspire in the mind of an Englishwoman, whose principles of conduct, at least, were still uncontaminated by a long residence in a foreign country. Avellino attaches himself to a beautiful follower of the princess Caradori, in the shape of a baroness Pernella, and is open, and even insulting, in his infidelities to Matilda. At a castle which the princess possesses in Calabria, whither she has been accompanied by a large circle of friends, the Anglo-Italian countess, in the presence of a noble Englishman, lord Spottiswood, is an accidental listener to some of that indecorous conversation which is too general among the Italians of both sexes and all ranks. She is affected even to tears at the occurrence of this involuntary degradation; and the manly, yet delicate attentions by which lord Spottiswood endeavours to soothe her wounded spirit, excite in the breast of Avellino himself,—by one of those caprices common to all Italian tempers,—the most furious jealousy. An explanation subsequently takes place, and the English nobleman, out of regard for the peace and welfare of his countrywoman, gives a ready but dignified consent to the proposal that he should quit Naples. But the intercourse between Pernella and the count continues to offend, with studied aggravations, the unhappy Matilda. Worn out by the constant coldness, and sullenness, and remonstrances of Avellino, she, at last, consents to believe, that the custom of the country positively rendered it necessary, for her own respectability, and the purposes of that protection which his engagements would not allow him to extend to her, to select some man of rank for her cavalier.

Antonio del Bari, who is selected as a friend of this description, is for some time steadfast in that respectful and honorable demeanour for which the count, in overcoming the scruples of his wife, had stipulated; but ultimately, enamoured of her beauty, her intelligence, and her amiable manners, he ventures to declare his passion for her; and, after being repulsed with indignation, renews his protestations even to the extent of attempted outrage; but the determined spirit of the Englishwoman dismisses him from her presence and her house with contempt and shame. She then flies to the count to unbosom the anguish of her soul; but he meets her with cold astonishment, and plainly intimates that nothing in the world could be more natural or right, than that she should comply with the solicitations of his friend. Irritated to absolute despair by the avowal of such notions, she resolves to retire from scenes and connexions so stamped with moral turpitude; and, in the first impulse of her mental distraction, she addresses a note to lord Spottiswood, urging him to come and advise and assist her in the present afflicting emergency. Meanwhile, being exposed to fresh insults from her husband, on account of Antonio, she expedites the preparations for her departure.

‘She turned over all with many a pang; her bridal dresses, those of her unmarried state—every object linked with a thousand painful recollections; and at intervals she paused—not to weep, for she wept unconsciously and unceasingly—but to wipe away the flood of tears that had fallen from her eyes. At times, too, she prayed, but never swerved in her resolution. As her trinkets were the most portable and valuable portion of her little stock of wealth, she resolved on carrying away all of these, and for this purpose she turned forth the cases where they lay; many of them were untouched. During this search, one little parcel fell forth that arrested her attention: it was the turquois ring that Ralph had given to her, and that she long had thought lost. Folded up with it, too, was the lock of hair—her own; she knew it, and beneath, ‘The Murderess’ was written in that well-known hand. It dropped from Matilda’s hand—she fell insensible beneath this last blow—Ralph Maxwell was avenged.’

Her application to her noble friend

hastens her deliverance.—‘She was engaged in showing to some strangers the remains of the temple of Serapis at Puzzuoli, when a company of horsemen were observed to issue from that town, and gallop along the beach towards Baiæ. It was a circumstance not calculated to excite attention, except in a breast so full of anxiety as Matilda’s. She abruptly ceased to perform the office she had undertaken, of describing the distant ruins—those horsemen seemed to attract her whole attention. They continued their course as far as the Lucrine Lake, when, turning suddenly to the right, they disappeared at a little gorge in the hills. Matilda sought to follow them with her regards, but their farther motions were concealed by the intervening hills. Matilda could not account for the interest excited in her by a troop of cavaliers, any of whom she could not distinguish. But interest of this mysterious kind is so communicative, that those around her partook of her feeling, and stood looking towards the spot where the party had disappeared. Their attention did not seem vainly attracted; for soon after a couple of shots were heard, and at the same time, in that direction. ‘I knew it,’ cried the countess, distracted; ‘I foresaw it, but too late. Heaven forgive and pity me! It must be thus. A boat, a boat, my friends! set me ashore yonder, I entreat you, as an unhappy countrywoman.’ The countess was instantly obeyed:—a boat being manned, she was rowed to the shore. Then disembarking, she hurried, distracted, along the path that she had seen pursued by the horsemen. Their steeds she met, held by some peasant children, whose pale faces and trembling limbs foretold a disaster. Supported by a naval officer, she proceeded, until she reached the circular vale or basin sunk in the hills, in the midst of which reposes the famed Avernus. Not far to the left, and near the Gulf of the Sibyl, were the dismounted cavaliers grouped, as if around a fallen man. A duel had certainly taken place.

‘The countess rushed at the first glance towards them. The group opened at the approach of the maniac, as they almost thought her, and disclosed to her view the dying Avellino. All mortal aid was useless. The expiring count seemed to recognise his wife; a faint smile was the recognition, but whether it was that

of forgiveness, or of hate, lay buried with him. It was the arm of Spottiswood that dealt the blow.

‘Matilda outlived this fatal scene; her lovely countenance, on which, as becomes it, is imprinted a settled melancholy, is at times to be seen in the London circles. Her fate is a striking, and, it is to be hoped, not an useless example to the British fair, who learn, in their enthusiasm for foreign climes and habits, to contemn the domestic virtues of their country,—who mistake the mere charms of novelty for sources of lasting happiness, and who blush not to forfeit the name of Englishwomen, in yielding up their hearts and hands to the fickle keeping of a stranger.’

ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

Supposed Origin of one of Moliere's Comedies—Le Medecin malgré lui.

THE grand duke Boris, who reigned in Russia from the year 1597 to 1635, was severely afflicted with the gout. At a certain time, when he suffered violent pain, he caused it to be publicly proclaimed at Moscow, that he would reward with extraordinary favor and great riches any man who would relieve him. It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favor of the grand duke: and, indeed, this was no wonder, for a medical man had his existence at stake in those times, in Russia, if he failed to cure some high or noble patient; and Boris was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter an absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

The wife of a certain boyar, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took the advantage of this edict, to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She, therefore, informed the duke that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it. The boyar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined; he declared by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him; Boris ordered him to be severely whipped and confined. When he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding, that this trick was

probably played upon him by his wife. He was whipped a second time, and threatened with death, if he did not speedily relieve the duke from pain. Filled with terror, the boyar was now entirely at a loss. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days, in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. His request being granted, he sent to Ozirbak, to procure all sorts of drugs. He sent for a cart-load of them, mixed them all together, and prepared from them a bath for the duke, in the doubtful hope of success. Boris, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the boyar's life was spared. But because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the duke, he was again chastised with great severity. The duke, being satisfied with the revenge which he had thus taken, gave him a new dress, two hundred roubles, and eighteen slaves. In addition to this, he seriously admonished the doctor never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the boyar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse.

The Syrian Woman.—Louis IX., during his unfortunate crusade, while remaining at Acre in Syria, sent an embassy to the sultan of Damascus. Yves, a monk, was at the head of it, and related, on his return (according to Joinville's report), wonderful things respecting his journey, of which the following is one.

‘In a desert,’ says he, ‘I met an old woman of small stature. In one hand she held a pitcher full of water, in the other a chafing-dish with red-hot coals. As she passed by me, I turned quickly round and called to her, ‘Woman! what are you going to do with those coals and that water?’—‘What am I going to do,’ said she, ‘with the coals? I intend to set fire to Paradise, and with the water to extinguish the flames of hell!’—‘But why so bold a deed?’ cried I.—‘In order,’ replied she, ‘that man may no longer do good for the sake of reward alone, nor refrain from evil for fear of punishment.’’

Chinese Clemency.—The guards of a castle found a man lying in a field, who appeared to have been recently murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody, as the probable murderers.

As, however, the deceased had only one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmise no more than *one* perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case being stated to the king, he said, 'To grant life to both would be to show mercy to one murderer; to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel, and against the law. Well, then! let the mother of those men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best.'

The mother was informed of the king's command. 'If,' said the poor woman, bursting into a flood of tears, 'I am compelled to choose, let the elder live!' The king expressed his great surprise, that the mother should have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. 'Yes,' said she, 'but he whose life I now save is a son of my late husband by his first marriage. I solemnly promised his father always to treat him as my own child, and I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my younger son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart'—Cries and sobs here choked her utterance.—The king pardoned them both.

Rats in the Statue.—'What is most to be dreaded in a state?' demanded Hoan Kong of his minister Koang Chong. 'Prince,' replied he, 'according to my idea, nothing is more to be dreaded than *'Rats in the Statue.'*' Hoan Kong did not understand this metaphor, and Koang Chong explained it to him in the following manner:—'You know, prince, that, in many places, statues are erected in honor of the tutelar saint of the place; these wooden images are hollow within, and painted without. Now, by some chance or other, a rat had penetrated into such a statue, and nothing could be devised to drive it thence. To set fire to it they did not dare, fearful that the wood would catch; neither did they dare to place the image in water, lest the colors might thereby be effaced. Thus the rat remained protected, through the respect they had for the image.'

'And who are those rats in the state?' asked Hoan Kong. 'They are,' said he,

'people who possess neither virtue nor merit, and yet share the favors of their prince; these are the *'Rats in the Statue.'*'

Acuteness of a Chinese Minister.—Kin-Tsong, king of Tsi, had a beautiful horse, which was a particular favorite of his. Through some neglect of the groom, the horse died; on which account the king became so enraged, that he took up a lance, and was going to run him through with it. Fortunately Iyan Tse was present at the moment, and addressed the king as follows:—'Prince! let not this man die, without knowing the magnitude of his crime.' 'Well,' said the king, 'convince him first.'

Iyan took the lance, and, turning toward the criminal, said—'Child of misfortune! pay attention, while I relate to you the extent of your crime. First, you are the cause of the death of the horse, which the king had intrusted to your care; for this reason you must die. Secondly, you are the cause that his majesty, on account of a horse, put himself into such a passion, that he was going, with his own hand, to kill you. Do you conceive that this new crime is greater than the former?—Thirdly, and lastly, it will now be known throughout the kingdom, and to our neighbours, that our lord the king, on account of a horse, did, with his own hands, kill a fellow-creature, whereby he, without doubt, will lose his good name. See, child of misfortune! this is your greatest crime, and dreadful consequences may result from your neglect. Do you now fully comprehend what you have been doing?'—'Let him go,' cried the king; 'I forgive him!'

EAST-INDIAN NOTICES.

As the principality of Asam is little known to Europeans, an account of it may not be uninteresting to our readers. It is situated to the north-east of Bengal, but is not within the limits of that territory which is governed by our India company. We cannot say much in favor of the civilisation of the people. Those who reside in the towns are half barbarians, and the occupants of the hilly country are mere savages, who have scarcely any sense of religion, live in a state of nudity, and devour dogs, cats,

rats, and snakes. The country is fertile; the products are various, and some of them are of excellent quality. The fruits are mangoes, plantains, limes, and oranges: there are also cocoa-nuts, areca trees, sugar-canes, pepper, ginger that is not stringy, and betel. In some of the mountains, musk-deer are found, and goats and wild-fowl, of excellent flavor; game-cocks of a very superior breed are also reared. Gold is met with in the sands of the rivers; but it is not very pure. The rainy season is said to continue for eight months, the cold season four. Affections of the lungs, leprosy, fevers, swelled legs, and enlargement of the glands, are common; for it cannot be supposed that a country in which so much rain falls can be healthful.

The rajah takes the title of Swergi, or celestial, pretending that one of his ancestors, who was king over the divinities of Swerga, or the heaven of the Hindoos, came down to earth by a golden staircase, and, alighting in Asam, was so much delighted with the country, that he settled there, preferring it to Paradise. In consequence of this notion of his heavenly nature, he offers homage to none of the idols worshiped in Asam.

The Asamese are robust, healthy, and enterprising; they shave their heads, beards, and whiskers, and wear merely a cloth round their heads, another round their loins, and a sheet on their shoulders. The women, even the wives of the rajah, appear in public without a veil. Polygamy is common, and the people sell and exchange their females. Camels and horses are very scarce, and asses are highly valued. The sale of an elephant is looked upon as a sin.

The dead are buried with their heads toward the east. The poor inter the body simply under ground, but the opulent erect sepulchral monuments over their relatives. The wives and slaves of a man of rank are put to death, and buried with him, and food and clothes for several years' consumption, a lamp, and supply of oil, and a living servant to trim it, as well as money, are put into the grave with the body.

Gergaon, the chief town, has four gates constructed of stone and clay; it is surrounded by a fence of canes; before every house is a garden, and the whole resembles a fortified enclosure of villages. The palace of the rajah is on the Dekho, which flows through the city, and is lined on each side with houses, and small

markets for the sale of betel, there being no daily traffic in food or necessaries, as the inhabitants are accustomed to lay in what they require for a year at once. The palace is surrounded by a causeway defended by an enclosure of bamboos, and a ditch always full; and it contains lofty halls and other apartments, some of wood, and some of mats. Polished stones and iron plates are arranged about the principal hall, so as to shine like mirrors in the rays of the sun.

Passing from the territory of Asam across the country to the Nerbuddah, which forms the northern boundary of the Decan, we arrive in the province of Nemar, through which that river takes its course. The country is undulating, or diversified by low hills or small ridges. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, of great fertility, affording fine pasturage, to which the acknowledged superiority of its black cattle, and more especially its cows, is mainly attributed. It is at present much overspread with low jungle, the growth and result of many years of anarchy and depopulation in Central India: but it formerly contained large towns and flourishing villages, and being watered throughout by small tributary streams, its agricultural products were originally rich and varied, and these are now rapidly reviving.

Since the desertion, about fifty years ago, of the ancient capital Bijager, a large hill-fort and town situated in the midst of the Sathpurah mountains, Kergund had become the principal city of southern Nemar; but this has, in common with its neighbours, suffered almost total depopulation during the late period of war and extermination: twenty years ago it contained upwards of 5000 houses; at present there are only 800 inhabited, amidst heaps of ruins. It is surrounded by a wall, commenced with stone, and carelessly finished with mud: it has also a small citadel. From this city to Wone, there is a good road through an open, level, but nearly uncultivated, plain.

Wone is situated in a slight hollow. It formerly contained above 2000 houses: now there are not more than 70 inhabited. This town is at present a heap of ruins; but it derives extraordinary interest and no small degree of celebrity from its sacred remains. The natives affirm, in the prevailing spirit of exaggeration, that ninety-nine temples formerly existed on this spot; but only twelve now remain in tolerable preservation, with the

vestiges of as many more. The story of the origin of the first three of these temples may be related in a few words, instead of the long detail which has been given on the subject. A rajah, having his abdomen painfully distended, was taught to believe that a snake had been engendered (as worms are with us) in that part of his frame; and, having tried in vain every expedient which had been proposed as a remedy, he resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to Benares, that he might either die there or procure relief. Having reached Wone in his progress, he bivouacked at a tank near a pagoda; and his wife, not dreaming but kept awake by her anxiety, declared that she saw a large snake creeping out of a hole, and heard him enter into a discourse with the reptile who had so long harassed the prince; that the former hinted the practicability of dislodging the intruder by a mixture of chunam and water, while the latter, enraged at this attack, expressed a wish that some one would pour hot oil into the hole which the other snake inhabited, so as to destroy him, and thus find an ample treasure. Both these hints were adopted: the rajah recovered his health, and, out of gratitude to the god who had restored and enriched him, erected three temples, one of which may thus be described. It is built entirely of hewn stone, without lime or cement of any kind, but strongly clamped together with iron. The stone is chiefly a red durable limestone, or secondary marble, found in the neighbouring hills; but some pieces being carelessly selected of a slaty structure, or intersected by numerous veins, and subject to rapid decomposition, the state of preservation greatly varies in the sculptural ornaments, though, where strength was of importance, the best materials appear to have been selected. The shafts of the columns, which are twelve or fourteen feet high, are of single blocks, as are also the several beams thrown from one column to the other to support the roof, which are of still greater length and proportions. The whole exterior of this pagoda is covered with a great variety of sculptural ornaments, but without any apparently regular design. The high pyramidal part is what has chiefly suffered from evidently intentional dilapidation, arising from the intolerant zeal of the Mohammedans.

The main or open part of this temple measures in the interior twenty-eight

feet square, having a recess toward the south six feet by twelve, leading to the inner or sacred apartment. This first part is surmounted by a dome, formed by the overlapping of each successive layer of masonry, richly sculptured, and supported by pilasters about fourteen feet high. The entablature and dome rise about twenty feet above these last: and on the top of the entablature are boldly projecting brackets, each of which formerly bore small caryatides, from which sprang the arch of the dome; many of these casts, however, are greatly mutilated or fallen on the pavement below; but neither in proportions nor attitudes do they appear to have wanted justness or elegance. The pilasters themselves have none of the heavy proportions and appearance common to Hindoo architecture, the shafts being about six diameters long, well diminished, and surmounted by capitals which are far from being clumsy.

Against the wall of the inner apartment are three colossal figures, occupying its whole length. They are in bold relief, and of single blocks. The central one is thirteen feet high, and the smaller ones on each side eight feet two inches, supported on pedestals about a foot broad, bearing inscriptions nearly obliterated. These figures are totally devoid of clothing or ornament of any kind. They have woolly hair, square faces, and broad foreheads (the latter strongly marked in the centre), small noses, apparently originally pointed and aquiline, large under-lips, small projecting chins, long ears, and very short thick throats. There is also a great disproportion between the length of the lower limbs and the trunks in the larger figure, which is scarcely observable in the smaller ones. There is neither on the figures nor pedestals the slightest trace of vermilion and oil, with which the Hindoos smear their idols, nor is there any place for lights, flowers, or other offerings; but there is a small flight of steps, leading to a ledge above the figures, and formed by their projection from the wall, which may have been used for this purpose. Over two of the figures is suspended, at a little distance above their heads, a handsome ornament resembling a crown, and from the other it has probably fallen, as they are evidently formed of detached pieces of stone, afterwards fastened in their present position.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY,
by Charles Lucien Bonaparte.

Vol. 1. 1825.

THE beauties and wonders of nature, as exhibited in the feathered creation, are not less remarkable than those of any other branch of the animal kingdom. The fine plumage, the rapid movements, the habits and manners of birds, are observed with attention and viewed with interest; and the study is more pleasing than either the survey of large quadrupeds or of diminutive insects. The intelligent brother of Napoleon has diligently investigated the subject; his descriptions are apparently exact, and the engravings may be considered as faithful representations.

It was doubted by some naturalists, whether the fork-tailed fly-catcher was an inhabitant of the United States; but it is now known to be a resident; and this and other species of *muscapæ*, the golden-crowned bird, the orange-crowned and golden-winged warblers, the crimson-necked bull-finch, black-birds, woodpeckers, swallows, &c. pass before us in this volume in their characteristic forms and natural colors.

In treating of the ant-catchers, our author observes, that 'they may justly be enumerated amongst the benefactors of mankind, as they dwell in regions where the ants are so numerous, large, and voracious, that without their agency, co-operating with that of the *myrmecophaga jubata*, and a few other ant-eating quadrupeds, the produce of the soil would inevitably be destroyed in those fertile parts of the globe. The ant-hills of South America are often more than twenty feet in diameter, and many feet in height. These wonderful edifices are thronged with two hundredfold more inhabitants, and are proportionally far more numerous, than the small ones with which we are familiar. Breeding in vast numbers, and multiplying with great celerity and profusion, the increase of these insects would soon enable them to swarm over the greatest extent of country, were not their propagation and profusion limited by the active exertions of that part of the animal creation which continually subsists by their destruction.

'The ant-catchers run speedily upon the ground, alighting seldom upon trees, and then on the lowest branches; they generally associate in small flocks, feed

exclusively on insects, and most commonly frequent the large ant-hills before mentioned. Several different species of these birds are often observed to live in perfect harmony on the same mound, which, as it supplies an abundance of food for all, removes one of those causes of discord which are most generally operative throughout animated nature. On the same principle we might explain the comparative mildness of herbivorous animals, as well as the ferocity and solitary habits of carnivorous, and particularly of rapacious animals, which repulse all others from their society, and forbid even their own kind to approach the limits of their sanguinary domain.

'These birds never soar high in the air, nor do they extend their flight to any great distance without alighting to rest, in consequence of the shortness of their wings and tails, which, in fact, seem to be seldom employed for any other purpose than to assist them in running along the ground, or in leaping from branch to branch of bushes and low trees, an exercise in which they display remarkable activity. Some species climb on the trunks of trees in pursuit of insects; and it would appear from their restless habits and almost constant motions, that their limited excursions are entirely attributable to the want of more ample provision for flight. They are never found in settled districts, where their favorite insects are generally less abundant; but they live in the dense and remote parts of forests, far from the abodes of man and civilisation. They also dislike open and wet countries.

'The note of the ant-catcher is as various as the species are different, but is always very remarkable and peculiar. Its plumage probably undergoes considerable changes in color. The size of each sex is different, the female being much larger than the male.'

A curious account is given of the cliff swallow.—'A singular trait distinguishes the migrations of this bird. While the European or white variety of the human race is rapidly spreading over this continent, from its eastern borders to the most remote plains beyond the Mississippi, the cliff swallow advances from the extreme western regions, annually invading a new territory farther to the eastward, and induces us to conclude that a few more summers will find it sporting in this immediate vicinity, and familiarly established along the Atlantic

shores. Like all other North-American swallows, this species passes the winter in tropical America, whence in the spring it migrates northward for the purpose of breeding. It appears to be merely a spring passenger in the West Indies, remaining there but a few days, according to Vieillot, who, not seeing any in the United States, and observing some while at sea, in August, in the latitude of Nova Scotia, supposed that they propagated in a still more northern region. As we have not received any account of their inhabiting the well-explored countries around Hudson's Bay, we are led to the conclusion, that the western wilds of the United States have hitherto been their summer resort, and that not until recently have they ventured within the domains of civilised man. Be this as it may, they were observed in great numbers, by major Long's party, near the rocky mountains, in July; and a few were also seen on the banks of the Missouri river. Within ten or twelve years they have become familiar in different localities of Ohio, Kentucky, &c., whence they are extending very rapidly, and have recently appeared in the western part of New-York. In order to show the rapid progress of this little stranger, we quote the following passage from Mr. Clinton's interesting paper:—The fulvous swallow 'first made its appearance at Winchell's tavern, on the high road, about five miles south of Whitehall, near Lake Champlain, and erected its nest under the eaves of an outhouse, where it was covered by the projection of a roof. This was in 1817, and in this year there was but one nest; in the second year, seven; in the third twenty-eight; in the fourth forty; and in 1822 there were seventy, and the number has since continued to increase. It appeared in 1822 at Whitehall, on the 5th of June, and departed on the 25th of July; and these are the usual periods of its arrival and disappearance.'

'This active little bird is, like its congeners, almost continually on the wing, and feeds on flies and other insects, while performing its aerial evolutions. Its note is different from that of other swallows, and may be well imitated by rubbing a moistened cork around the neck of a bottle. The species arrive in the west from the south early in April, and immediately begin to construct their symmetrical nests, which are perfected by their united and industrious efforts. At

VOL. VII.

the dawn of day they commence their labors, by collecting the necessary mud from the borders of the rivers or ponds adjacent, and they persevere in their work until near mid-day, when they relinquish it for some hours, and amuse themselves by sporting in the air, pursuing insects, &c. As soon as the nest acquires the requisite firmness, it is completed, and the female begins to deposit her eggs, which are four in number, white, spotted with dusky brown. The nests are extremely friable, and will readily crumble to pieces.

'In unsettled countries these birds select a sheltered situation, under a projecting ledge of rock; and, in civilised districts, they have already evinced a predilection for the abodes of man, by building against the walls of houses, immediately under the eaves of the roof, though they have not in the least changed their style of architecture. A nest from the latter situation is now before me; it is hemispherical, five inches wide at its truncated place of attachment to the wall, from which it projects six inches, and consists exclusively of a mixture of sand and clay, lined with a collection of straw and dried grass, negligently disposed for the reception of the eggs. The whole external surface is roughened by the projection of the various little pellets of earth which compose its substance. The entrance is near the top, rounded, projecting, and turning downwards, so that the nest may be compared to a chemist's retort, flattened on the side applied to the wall, and with the principal part of the neck broken off. So great is the industry of these interesting little architects, that this massive and commodious structure is sometimes completed in the course of three days.'

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY, OR
ELEMENTS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF INSECTS,

by *W. Kirby and W. Spence.*
Vols. 3 and 4.

THIS is the conclusion of a work which is highly esteemed by the cultivators of natural history for its scientific research and accurate details. The successive states of the insect tribes, their exterior forms and interior organisation, the process of their vital functions, and every thing connected with these wonderful little creatures, are fully described,

and their whole system is ably discussed and developed.

Few accompaniments of insects are more worthy of notice than the *secretory organs*, or those membranous vessels which float in the blood or nutritive fluid, and secrete from it a peculiar substance. 'These (the joint writers say) are most remarkable in the caterpillars of the *nocturnal lepidoptera* or moths, especially in that tribe called *bombyces*, to which the silk-worm belongs: but this faculty is not confined to these insects, being shared by many other *larvæ* in different orders. In general, the outlet of the silk-secretor is at the *mouth*. This is the organ which in the silk-worm provides for us that beautiful substance from which the animal takes its name. There are always two of these vessels, which are long floating tubes, growing slender toward the head of the insect, where they unite to form the spinneret which renders the silk. Their lower extremity also is commonly more slender than the middle, and is closed at the end. These organs are usually very much convoluted and twisted. According to Ramdohr, they consist of two transparent membranes, between which is found a yellow or transparent jelly. The silk-secretors of the silk-worm are a foot long, while those of the larva of the goat-moth are little more than three inches.

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'Silk, while in the secretor, assumes in the *lepidoptera* the appearance of a viscid gum; but the moment it is exposed to the air it hardens into a silken thread. It is remarkable for the following qualities:—it dries the instant it comes in contact with the air; it is then insoluble not only in water but in the most active solvents, and even heat has no effect upon it to melt or soften it: indeed, without these qualities it would be of no use to us. As soon as it leaves the spinneret it becomes the thread we call silk, which, being drawn through *two* orifices, is necessarily *double* through its whole length. This thread varies considerably in colour and texture, and sometimes resembles cotton or wool rather than silk. In spiders it is of a much softer and more tender texture than that of other spinning insects; and Mr. Murray seems to have proved that it is imbued, in the case of the gossamer, with negative electricity: in the *sericterium* the fluid that produces it is sometimes white or grey, and at others yellow. A remark-

able gnat (*ceroplatus tipuloides*), living on an agaric, carpets its station of repose and its paths with something between silk and varnish, which it spins, not in a *thread*, but in a *broad* riband.'

Honey is considered as the secretion of the bee, although it arises from flowers. 'It is not an *animal* secretion; yet the saccharine matter collected from the nectaries of flowers, from which it is derived, seems to undergo some *alteration* in the stomach; for the consistence of honey is greater than that of any vegetable nectar, and its taste does not vary greatly, while that of the nectar, in different plants, is probably not the same. Reaumur also has observed, that each honey-cell in a bee-hive is always covered by a cream-like layer of a thicker consistence than the rest, which apparently serves to prevent the more liquid honey, which from time to time is introduced under it, from running out. Now if honey were the unaltered nectar of plants, it is difficult to conceive how this cream could be collected in proper proportions. The last-mentioned naturalist likewise ascertained, that if bees, in a season in which the fields afford a scarcity of food, be supplied with sugar, they will from this substance fill their cells with honey, which differs in no respect from the common sort, except that its flavour is a little heightened; a similar argument may be deduced from the circumstance of the bees imbibing the juices of fruits of various kinds, as they are well known to do. It seems therefore evident, that honey undergoes some modification in the stomach of the bee before it is regurgitated into the cells, and therefore may be regarded in some degree as a peculiar secretion.

'Huber says that he has ascertained, by a great number of observations, that electricity is singularly favourable to the secretion of the substance of which honey is formed by flowers; the bees never collect it in greater abundance, nor is the formation of wax ever more active, than when the wind is in the south, the air humid and warm, and a storm gathering.'

With regard to the secretion of acids, it is remarked that, 'contrary to the once received doctrine that no acid was to be found in any animal, except as the effect of disease in the alimentary canal, many insects secrete peculiar and powerful ones. The fact that blue flowers, when thrown into an ant-hill, become tinged with red, has been long known; but Mr. Fisher,

of Sheffield, about 1670, seems to have been the first who ascertained that this effect is caused by an acid with which ants abound, and which may be obtained from them by distillation, or infusion in water. Margraff and other chemists confirmed this discovery, and, concluding that this acid was of a peculiar kind, they gave it the name of the *formic acid*. This name, however, is now exploded; the subsequent experiments of Deyeux, Fourcroy, and Vanquelin, having ascertained that the acid of ants is not of a distinct kind, but a mixture of the acetic and malic. These acids are in such considerable quantities, and so concentrated in these animals, that when a number of the *formica rufa* are bruised in a mortar, the vapour is so sharp that it is scarcely possible to endure it at a short distance. It also transpires from them, for they leave traces of it on the bodies which they traverse; and hence, according to the experiments of Mr. Coleridge, the vulgar notion that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk is correct, the effervescence produced by the contact of the acid and alkali being so considerable, as in some degree to burn their legs. The circumstance of much of the food of ants being of a saccharine nature may account for this copious secretion of acid, the use of which is, probably, to defend themselves and their habitations from the attack and intrusion of their enemies: if a frog be put into a nest of *formica rufa* that has been deranged, it will be suffocated in five minutes.'

On the subject of poisonous secretions, we meet with the following observations.—'The *poison* of bees and wasps, as to its chemical qualities, is a transparent fluid, at first sweet to the taste, but immediately afterwards hot and acrid, like the milky juice of the spurge; soluble in water, but not in alcohol; and separable from the former in the state of white powder, when the latter is added, giving a light *red* tinge to paper stained with vegetable blue; and, when dry and chewed, appearing tenacious, gummy, and elastic. This last property, as well as solubility in water, and not in alcohol, is common also to the poison of the *viper*, which, however, differs in being tasteless, and not affecting vegetable blues. Hence Fontana concludes that this fluid is united with an acid, but in a very small proportion, and not with an *alkali*. The venom of the bee is extremely active; a grain in weight, it is conjectured,

would kill a pigeon in a few seconds. It is remarkable, however, that, while in some constitutions the sting of a single bee or wasp is sufficient sometimes to induce alarming symptoms, in others numerous punctures will produce little or no pain or inflammation. That this fluid, and not the puncture of the sting, is the sole cause of the inflammation which usually follows the wound inflicted by one of these animals, is proved by the facts, that if it be introduced into one made by a needle, the same effect ensues, and that, when the whole contents of the poison-bag have been exhausted by the insect's stinging three or four times in succession, its weapon then becomes harmless.'

The almost continual movements of insects seem to point out the necessity of occasional repose.—'Some appear only in the *day*, others only in the *night*, and some only at certain hours; which leads to the conclusion, that, when they withdraw from action and observation, it is to devote themselves to rest and sleep. The cockchafer flies only in the evening: but, if you chance to meet with it roosting in a tree in the earlier part of the day, you will find it perfectly still and motionless, with its *antennæ* folded and applied to the breast:—we cannot indeed say that its eyes are shut; for, as insects have no eyelids, that sign of sleep can never be found in them. Again, if a lepidopterist goes into the wood to capture moths in the day-time, he finds them often perched on the lichens that cover the north side of the trunk of a tree, with their wings and *antennæ* folded, and themselves without motion, and insensible of his approach and their own danger. Some, however, have asserted that the caterpillar of the silk-worm, except in moulting, never intermits feeding day or night, and consequently does not sleep: but the accuracy of this statement, both from analogy and observation, admits great doubt. Malpighi informs us that these caterpillars, for an hour and more, twice a day, remain immovable, with their heads bent down as though asleep, and even, if disturbed, resume the same inactive posture; and other *larvæ* in great numbers certainly seem to have regular intermissions from eating of considerable duration: those called *geometers* for hours together remain motionless, projecting from a twig; and the processionary caterpillars make only *nightly* sorties from their nests.

passing the day in inaction and repose. Bees have often been seen, when apparently weary with exertion, in the middle of the day, to insert the half of the body into an empty cell, and remain there, as if taking a nap, without motion for half an hour or longer; and at night they regularly muster in a state of sleep-like silence. Mr. Brightwell once observed an individual living specimen of *haltica concinna*, which appeared to remain motionless on the same spot of a wall for three successive days.'

A VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.

I have an old uncle who is very fond of money, as most old uncles are, who have much and spend little. Mine had amassed his by West-Indian property, and in the slave trade. Every one is aware of the temporary depreciation of the former, and the endeavours to annihilate the latter. My old uncle was alarmed, and, having invited me to dinner, said, 'Nephew, you are a shrewd lad, and can do me a turn of service. I am growing old, alas! and therefore wish you to pay a visit to my estates in the West Indies; for I really imagine that my agents, and others whom I employ, think they have a right to keep back my whole income, and appropriate it to their own use. Not the value of a doubloon do I now receive in a year.' I had been wandering about Bond-street and other genteel parts of the town for two years, knew all the every-day faces there to be seen, had lost as much money at various gaming-tables as I could raise, and had in fact brought myself to what is called a stand-still. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that my uncle's proposition was relished with an uncommon *gout*, as it presented a prospect of a full purse and a long absence, both highly necessary in my critical situation. Having acceded to his wishes, I was soon ready for my voyage, but was very taciturn on the subject, under the impression that my creditors might come forward, and request my dear uncle to effect an insurance on my life, or determine to preserve it themselves by *locking* me up in Old England. Since I have been in debt, I have had such an antipathy to *locks* and keys, that I do not think I would speak to Bramah, if I should chance to meet him.

I embarked in the Mosquito, with

captain Grimsby, who was called, in the slang of the sailors, *Old chaw-the-wind*. I never could find out the reason of his being thus ludicrously designated, unless it was that he always made wry faces on the approach of bad weather. By the bye there are many jokes made by seamen, which would puzzle any man to understand or explain. This is rather a digression; but it is quite as good as telling how sick I was, or how fast the ship went through the water, urged by the gentle zephyrs filling the bellying sails. Suffice it to say that ten days transported us to a beautiful climate and warm weather, and near the close of November too, whilst you in England were probably breakfasting in a fog by candle-light. I cannot say with the poet,

'Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights we spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky,'
because we passed it in the night; but I had the gratification of seeing the Peak of Teneriffe on a fine evening, at the distance of more than one hundred miles, and the next morning had a full and perfect view of that wonder without the intervention of a cloud: half an hour afterwards, it was covered several thousand feet from the summit. A day's calm kept us amongst the Canary Islands; but it was not a day lost, as the eye can bear to be charmed for that length of time by the beautiful prospect which there presents itself. A breeze at night carried us between the isles of Palma and Gomera, and two days afterwards we caught the trade-wind. The captain began now strongly to caution us against sitting upon deck at night, and more particularly advised us not to sleep there; and indeed he had reason, for the dews that fall are almost beyond belief, but may be thus accounted for. As the great power of the sun by day causes an extraordinary evaporation of the ocean, so in the night the exhalation, ceasing to retain the levity derived from the heat of the sun, becomes by the absence of the power which produced it so dense and heavy, as to fall back toward the earth. For my own part, I was ready to take the offered advice; for I recollected I was sole heir to my uncle's estates in the country to which I was hastening, and therefore set an especial value on my life, with a view of keeping the property in the family.

In crossing the tropic the usual custom of shaving was observed; but half a gal-

lon of rum saved me from a ducking, and left me at full liberty to enjoy the performance of the ceremony upon other people. After a pleasant voyage of thirty-one days, we approached the island of Barbadoes, and arrived in Carlisle Bay. No sooner was the anchor down, than a dozen boats came alongside our ship, filled with men and women of varied hues, who brought cards of recommendation for the different hotels, describing the excellent accommodation which each possessed, every one surpassing its rival in the coolness of the rooms, in civility and attention. Others of this motley group were soliciting the washing at eight bits (three and four-pence) the dozen, and persecuting us with certificates of their honesty and cleanliness. The clatter of about twenty colored women, all talking together as loudly as they could, was too much to be borne; so I retreated to my cabin, and fastened myself in until the hurricane was over, that I might afterwards quietly enjoy the beautiful view from the anchorage before my disembarkation.

Bridge-town has a lively and pretty appearance, and the shore to the right and left, being ornamented with cocoa-trees, adds considerably to the picturesque aspect of the town. To the eastward on Needham-Point are the barracks and the Hospital, which are large commodious buildings. Their situation has been judiciously chosen; for they are open to the sea breeze, and on level ground, so that the soldiers' rooms are constantly ventilated; which is not only a luxury in this hot climate, but absolutely essential to health. Small detached white houses, shaded by cocoa-trees, are scattered along the beach, and are generally occupied by the merchants, who prefer sleeping in purer air than the town affords.

With the town, when I landed, I was disappointed. The streets and houses are irregular and uninteresting. There is nothing to please the eye or occupy the attention: yet, if you consider the situation, great improvements may be made with little comparative expense. I took up my abode at the hotel of the gentle and amiable Fanny Collier, which has been for some years considered as the most fashionable and (as I found) the most expensive house on the island; and proceeded to deliver some of the many letters of recommendation which my uncle had procured for me. By these

credentials I obtained many invitations, as hospitality is the soul of this island, and I was delighted with the attention which was paid to me. I had been for some time aware of the general turn of conversation in this society, and had stored myself with sufficient knowledge of mercantile concerns to preclude the suspicion that they had not formed a branch of my education. I felt a little awkward certainly, as a stranger, at a *rencontre* which took place, a few days after my arrival, between an opulent merchant and an inferior trader at a breakfast. The latter accosted his more fortunate acquaintance with the common salutation,—‘Good morning, sir; what’s the news?’ ‘Why, Sir, if you do not take up that bill of yours that is in my office before twelve o’clock to-day, I’ll send the marshal after you, and *that’s* the news.’—

Bridge-town possesses a good market, well stocked with meat, poultry, and vegetables; but I had not been long in the habit of visiting it before I ascertained that the blacks always asked twice as much as the price which they expected to receive, and that the people who were most imposed upon were the different officers of the squadrons who, went on shore to make purchases in their uniforms. Guinea fowls are very cheap and excellent. The flying-fish is in abundance, and of an exquisite flavour. The best fruits are the shaddock, the grape, orange, grenadillo, and what is called the forbidden fruit. In short, there is no want of the luxuries of the table at Barbadoes, and they are to be obtained at moderate prices by persons who know how to make a bargain.

Theatrical amusements, although not much patronized, are here to be enjoyed. The theatre is small, but commodious; the performers, to say the best, do not surpass mediocrity; yet they continue to please; for, by confining themselves to light comedy and farce, they merely attempt that in which they have the greatest chance of success. There is a separate part of the house for the blacks and the people of color, who are not allowed to mingle with the whites. It is really a curiosity to see a pit and boxes full of merry white faces, with a dark-looking sable gallery, which is generally crowded.

This island affords a specimen of the celebrated tree called the Banyan, the peculiar quality of which is, that it will in time extend itself over an immense

space of ground; for, when a branch touches the earth, it takes fresh root and shortly springs up, forming in a few years a labyrinth of arbors, all from the original stem, without trouble or cultivation. The mountain cabbage tree also grows here, which is exceedingly beautiful in its aspect, and sometimes reaches the height of eighty feet. The trunk is as smooth as glass, about four feet in circumference, and nearly at the top is a round solid substance, from the appearance of which it takes its name, and from which the stem continues until it terminates in a point. This tree is more ornamental than useful, but part of the top, I am informed, is used for pickling. As my uncle had some property on this island, I visited the estate, and found every thing going on as regularly as if he had been reaping the profits: there were as many hogsheads of sugar as would load the ship about to be sent for them, and no neglect or inattention was apparent, at least to my inexperienced eye. With regard to the slaves I shall only say at present, that on this island their condition does not appear to me to be half so miserable as it has been represented in England.

(To be continued.)

MIRROR OF THE MONTHS. 1826.

THIS is a lively volume, sometimes pert and flippant, but in general amusing. The author disclaims all obligations to the late Dr. Aikin and his son, who published the 'Natural History of the Year,' or to Mr. Leigh Hunt, with whose 'Months' some of our readers are probably acquainted. He strongly asserts his originality, and declares that his work was written 'entirely from the personal observations of one who uses no note-book but that which Nature writes for him in the tablets of his memory.' It is a sort of calendar of the various events and appearances connected with a country and a London life during each month.

We extract his account of that month which is now in its course, omitting his introduction to it, because it is rather frivolous.

'Hail February! month and mother of Love! Not that love which requires the sun of Midsummer to foster it into life, and is so restless and fugitive that nothing can hold it but bands made of

bright eyebeams, and so dainty that it must be fed on rose-leaves, and so proud and fantastical that bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle are not good enough for it to dwell in, or the green turf soft enough for its feet to press, but it must sit beneath silken canopies, and tread on Turkey carpets, and breathe the breath of pastiles; and so chilly that it must pass all its nights within a gentle bosom, or it dies. Not *this* love, but its infant cousin, that starts into life on cold Saint Valentine's morning, and sits by the fire rocking its own cradle, and listening all day long for the 'sweet thunder' of the two-penny postman's knock!—Hail! February!—virgin mother of this love of all loves, which dies almost the day that it is born, and yet leaves the odor of its sweetness upon the whole after-life of those who were not too wise to admit it for a moment to their embraces!

'The sage reader must not grudge me these innocent little rhapsodies. He must remember that all are not so wise and sedate as he; and he ought to recollect that there are such persons in the world as young ladies who have not yet finished their education: he must not insist, that, 'because *he* is virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale.' Besides, I do not see that it is quite fair to complain of us anonymous writers, even if we do occasionally insinuate into our lucubrations a few lines that are directed to our own exclusive satisfaction. In fact the privilege of writing nonsense now and then is the sweetest source of our emolument.

'Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than *black* in the home-loving eyes of little school-boys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but straight before them; and sobs are heard and sorrowful faces are seen to issue from the crowded post-chaises; and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *éclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, 'which moveth altogether, if it move at all.'—*En revanche*,—now newspaper editors begin to think of disporting themselves; for the great national school for 'children of a larger growth' is met in Saint Stephen's Chapel, 'for the *despatch* of business' and of time, and consequently

newspapers have become, in one sense, a non-entity, and those writers who sign themselves 'constant readers' find their occupation gone. Now, the stones of Bond-street dance for joy, while they 'prate of the whereabouts' of innumerable wheels, which latter are so happy to meet again after a long absence, that they rush into each other's embraces—'wheel within wheel.' Now, the Italian opera is open, and the house is full; but, if asked on the subject, you may safely say that 'nobody was there;' for the opera-hats that you meet within the pit evidently indicate that the wearers appertain to certain counters and counting-houses in the city, or serve those that do, having 'received orders' for the opera in the way of their business.—Now, a sudden thaw after a week's frost puts the pedestrians of Cheapside into a pretty pickle.—Now, the *trottoir* of Saint James's-street begins to know itself again; the steps of Raggett's are proud of being pressed by right-honorable feet; and the *dandies' watch-tower* is once more peopled with playful peers peering after beautiful frailties in furred pelisses.—Now, on fine Sundays, the citizens and their wives begin to hie to Hyde Park, and, having attained Wellington-walk, fancy that there is not more than two pins to choose between them and their betters on the other side of the rail, while the latter, having come abroad to take the air (of the insides of their carriages) and kill the time and cure the vapors, permit inquisitive equestrians to gaze at them through plate-glass, and fancy, not without reason, that they look like flowers seen through flowing water: lady O——, for example, like an over-blown rose; lady H—— like a painted lady-pea; the countess of B—— like a newly opened apple-blossom; and her demure-looking little sister beside her like a *prim-rose*.—Now, winter being on the wane, and spring only on the approach, Fashion, for once in the year, begins to feel herself in a state of interregnum, and her ministers, the milliners and tailors, do not know what to think; Mrs. Bean shakes her head like lord Burleigh, and declines to determine as to what may be the fate of future waists; and Mr. Stultz is equally cautious of committing himself in the affair of collars; and both agree in coming to the same conclusion with the statesman in Tom Thumb—that, 'as near as they can guess, they cannot tell!'—Now, therefore, the fashionable shops are shorn of

their beams, and none can show wares that are strictly in season, except the stationer's. But *his*, which for all the rest of the year is dullest of the dull, is now, for the first fourteen days, gayest of the gay; for here the poetry of love and the love of poetry are displayed under all possible and impossible forms and metaphors,—from little Cupids creeping out of cabbage roses, to large overgrown hearts stuffed with double-headed arrows, and uttering piteous complaints in verse while they fry in their own flames. Now, on good Saint Valentine's eve, all the rising generation of this metropolis who feel that they have reached the age of indiscretion, think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins,

'And those *rhyme* now who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more,'

to the utter dismay of the newly-appointed twopenny postman the next morning, who curses Saint Valentine almost as bitterly as does in her secret heart yonder sulky seamstress, who has not been called upon for a single twopence out of all the two hundred thousand extra ones that have been drawn from willing pockets, and dropped into canvas bags on this eventful day. She may take my word for it, that the said sulkiness, which has some show of reason in it to-day, is in the habit of visiting her pretty face oftener than it is called for: if it were not so, she would not have had cause for it now.

'But good bishop Valentine is a pluralist, and holds another see besides that of London.

'All the air is his diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are his parishioners;
He marries every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whisp'ring dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
He makes the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon.'

Let us therefore be off to the country without more ado; for who can stay in London in the face of such epithets as these, that seem to compel us, with their sweet magic, to go in search of the sounds and sights which they characterise?

'We shall not, however, in this early part of the year, find much to attract our attention in the movements of the above-named *parishioners* of the bishop; for, when love is not briskly going forward in the feathered world, there is little or no singing. Among the choristers, the only one, except the lark, who now finds leisure to practise his spring notes, is the thrush; and he not till near the end of the month, nor then unless the season is mild and forward. The yellowhammer, the chaffinch, and the wren, may also occasionally be heard at that time; but their short interrupted notes can scarcely be called singing, but rather the talking of it:—for

'I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no,'

but shall determine at once that they do—at least if any dependence may be placed on eyes and ears.

With regard to the general face of nature, we shall find it nearly in the same state in which it appeared toward the close of the last month; and we must look into its individual features very minutely if we would discover any change even in them. The trees are still utterly bare; the skies are cold and grey; the paths and ways are for the most part dank and miry; and the air is either damp and clinging, or bitter, eager, and shrewd. But then what days of soft air, and sunshine, and unbroken blue sky, now and then intervene, and seem to transport us into the very heart of May, and make us look about and wonder what is become of the green leaves and the flowers! Now hard frosts, if they come at all, are followed by sudden thaws; and now, if ever, the mysterious old song of our school-days stands a chance of being verified:

'Three children sliding on the ice
All on a *summer's* day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.'

'Now the labor of the husbandman recommences; and it is pleasant to watch, from your library window, the plough-team moving almost imperceptibly along, upon the distant upland that the bare trees have disclosed to you. And now, by the way, if you are wise, you will get acquainted with all the little spots that are thus, by the bareness of the trees, laid open to you.

'But we must not neglect the garden;

for though 'Nature's journeymen,' the gardeners, are undergoing an ignoble leisure in this month, it is not so with Nature herself. She is as busy as ever—if not openly and obviously—secretly, and in the hearts of her sweet subjects, the flowers, stirring them up to that rich rivalry of beauty, which is to greet the first footsteps of spring, and teaching them to prepare themselves for her advent, as young maidens prepare, months beforehand, for the marriage festival of some dear friend. If the flowers think and feel—and he who dares to say that they do not is either a fool or a philosopher—what a commotion must be working within their silent hearts, when the pinions of winter begin to grow, and indicate that he is at least meditating his flight! Then do *they* too begin to meditate on May-day, and think of the delight with which they shall once more breathe the fresh air, when they have leave to escape from their subterranean prisons; for now, toward the latter end of this month, they are all of them at least awake from their winter slumbers, and most are busily working at their gay toilettes, and weaving their fantastic robes, and shaping their trim forms, and distilling their rich essences, and in short getting ready in all things, that they may be duly prepared to join the bright procession of beauty that is to greet and glorify the annual coming-on of their sovereign lady the Spring!—It is true none of all this can be seen. But what a race should we be, if we knew and cared to know of nothing but what we can see and prove!

'Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave—the meanest you can meet.'

'But there is much going on in the garden now, that may be seen by 'the naked eye' of those who carefully look for it. The bloom-buds of the shrubs and fruit-trees are obviously swelling, and the leaves of the lilac are ready to burst forth at the first favorable call. The laurustinus still braves the winds and the frosts, and blooms in blithe defiance of them. So does the China rose; but meekly, and like a maiden who will not droop though her lover be away, because she knows that he is true to her, and will soon return. Now, too, the visible heralds of spring approach, but do not appear; or, if they do appear, they have not yet put on their gorgeous tabards or surcoats of many colors. The chief of these are the

tulips, who are just showing themselves, shrouded closely in their sheltering alcoves of dull green. The hyacinths, too, have sent up their trim fences of green, and are just peeping up from the midst of them in their green veils—the cheek of each flower-bud pressed and clustering against that of its fellow, like a host of little heads peeping out from the porch of an ivy-bound

cottage, as the London coach passes. Now, too, those pretty orphans, the crocuses and snowdrops—those foundlings, that belong neither to winter nor spring—that are neither lingering remnants of the one, nor early heralds of the other—show their modest faces scarcely an inch above the dark earth, as if they were afraid to rise from it, lest a stray ‘March wind’ should whistle them away.’

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,—A SONNET.

TIR'D of the dullness of life's dreary hour,
 I oft amusement seek in fancy's dreams,
 Rove, like the active bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
 And, ev'n in darkness, meet with sunny gleams.
 A fairy structure in the air I rear,
 And people it with beings of my choice;
 Then wander to a more exalted sphere,
 And hear a seraph tune his angel voice.
 I seem to breathe more freely in my course;
 My mind's unclogg'd, unfetter'd in its range;
 My thoughts, I know, have not their reas'ning force;
 And yet I seem delighted with each change.
 At length the vital Pow'r renews his reign;
 I sigh, and mingle with the world again.

C. C.

THE DECAY OF BEAUTY.

AH! whither have ye fled, ye gaudy hours,
 Ye dear companions of my blooming years,
 That us'd to strew my early path with flow'rs,
 My bosom calm, and hush my virgin fears?
 Corroding cares usurp joy's former place,
 And envy now appears with dark despair:
 They hold the faithful mirror to my face,
 Now wrinkled, pale, which once was fresh and fair.
 Those eyes, which Flatt'ry's ready tongue could paint
 As Phœbus in meridian splendor bright,
 Sunk in their orbits, gleam more dull and faint
 Than stars obscur'd by vapors of the night.
 Am I that Chloe once by poets sung,
 To whose frail charms such homage erst was paid?
 No bard (the lyre of love is now unstrung)
 Will deign to sing the poor forsaken maid.
 When winter thus has frosted o'er the trees,
 No sprightly linnet tunes the vocal lay,
 But welcomes the returning vernal breeze,
 And rends his throat to greet the cheerful May.
 On me no vernal flow'rs shall bud again,
 The chill of frost no summer e'er succeed;
 But wrinkled age, and varied ache and pain,
 On these decaying embers still shall feed.

'She once was fair!'—O daggers to my heart!
 O doleful knell of my departed charms!
 The homeliest female can more bliss impart,
 When youth commends her to a lover's arms.

But truce with female vanity—subside,
 My trickling tears!—be still, my panting breath!
 No more, frail Beauty, o'er my thoughts preside,
 A transient shadow, fleeting ere possess'd!

Come, heav'n-born Wisdom, to my soul impart
 More lasting charms,—a beauteous mental grace;
 Charms that may captivate the feeling heart,
 And triumph o'er the ruins of a face.

These, when the crumbling fabric shall decay,
 Of death's dark valley shall dispel the gloom,
 And waft, to regions of eternal day,
 Chloe, restor'd to pristine youth and bloom.

SONG.

AND dost thou tell me, dearest, to forget thee,
 So sweet, so fascinating as thou art?
 Oh! then indeed I would I ne'er had met thee,
 If thus by fate we're doom'd so soon to part.
 I might forget the lustre of thine eye,
 Did *all* thy beauty dwell in that alone;
 But, while I bid one fond remembrance fly,
 Another comes to dash my efforts down.

When on thy face with rapture I've been gazing,
 When all my vows a kind return have met,
 When thy bright eye to mine has been upraising,
 Ne'er dream'd I thou hadst told me to forget.
 But learn, fair lady, thy command is vain;
 My heart can never cease thy charms to adore:
 Oh! then condemn me, if thou wilt, to pain,
 But never tell me to forget thee more.

MARY JANE COULTART.

AN ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP,

by James Mac-Henry.

AT silent midnight's meditative hour,
 The watchful seaman feels thy cheering power,
 Inspiring Friendship! as he views from far
 Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star;
 Yon wandering orb, night's cold but lovely queen,
 Illumes the sky, and gilds the watery scene;
 The stately vessel spreads the waving sail,
 To catch each impulse of th' unsteady gale:
 In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
 He views her progress through th' expanding tide.
 And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves,
 She bears him farther still from those he loves!

But, yielding soon to Fancy's sweet command,
 He visits once again his native land;
 Again the haunts of youthful pleasure views,
 Again the throb of past delight renews.

Again the fields of rural sports are seen,
 'The blooming meadows and the smiling green ;
 'The sacred walk to Friendship long consign'd,
 'The spot where love first fired his youthful mind !
 Lo ! now the sire who taught his youth appears,
 And hark ! his mother's honor'd voice he hears !
 The brothers, sisters, that his childhood bless'd,
 Once more are welcom'd, and once more caress'd ;
 The female charmer of his soul again
 Is to his bosom clasp'd with raptur'd strain ;
 With warmth he pours the fullness of his heart,
 Renews his vows, and pledges ne'er to part.
 But, oh ! what holier feeling can allure,
 Less warm, perhaps, than love, but, ah ! more pure,
 'To seek the well-known cottage which contains
 'The friend long faithful to his joys and pains !
 'That fond embrace, how ardent and sincere !
 'Those looks, that voice of confidence, how dear !
 'Truth's purest throb within his bosom glows,
 And the full measure of his feelings flows,
 As, all disclos'd to Friendship's secret ear,
 He tells each joy and grief, each hope and fear,
 And thus unburthen'd feels prepared to try
 Life's rugged road with greater buoyancy.
 Oh ! as along life's stormy vale I stray,
 Be Friendship still companion of my way !
 Then when Temptation shall her arts prepare,
 And spread her golden nets my feet to snare,
 My watchful guide shall warn me of her toils,
 And safe convey me from the siren's wiles.—
 Or should Misfortune's harsher hand employ
 Those darts that wound the soul, and peace destroy ;
 With loss of property or health distress'd,
 To thy sweet power, when whelming ills invade,
 Or by the malice of mankind oppress'd,
 Oh ! blissful Friendship ! then I fly for aid ;
 For thou art true, though all the world deceive,
 Still wise to counsel, ready to relieve,
 Design'd by Heaven, from whom thy virtues flow,
 The chief ambassador of good below !

THE LOOKING-GLASS, A SONG,

by H. B.

WHEN will woman cease to be —
 What she ever has been—vain ?
 When, from fickle Fashion free,
 Will she quit gay Folly's train ?
 Will she—while her charms as yet
 Catch the eye of all who pass—
 (Heedless when those charms may set)
 'Throw away her looking-glass ?
 Not while—wheresoe'er she turns—
 Admiration meets her eye ;
 Not while yet within her burns
 One faint spark of vanity.
 Winter strips of leaves the tree,
 Summer withers up the grass ;
 But what time shall woman see
 'Throw away her looking-glass ?

When the turbans of the East
 Lord it o'er the subject West ;
 When the Highland earn, at least,
 Builds upon the ground his nest ;
 When the Catholic we see
 Cease to tell his beads at mass ;
 Then, and then alone, will she
 Throw away her looking-glass.

When the German poets love
 Nor the wonderful nor wild ;
 When nurs'ry legends fail to move
 Feelings known but to the child ;
 When age finds the stiffen'd knee
 Pliant as in youth it was ;
 Then, and then alone, will she
 Throw away her looking-glass.

A NEW SONG, ADAPTED TO THE CHARACTER OF 'ANCIENT PISTOL,'

by Mr. Horatio Smith.

ONE day, as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,
 A puppy cried out,—'Pistol! you're a coward, though a bragger!'
 Now, this was an indignity no gentleman would take, sir!
 So I told him pat and plump,—You lie—under a mistake, sir.'
 Fools may be fool-hardy still; but men like me are wiser,
 And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!
 Said I, 'Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your ruin,'
 Then forth he popp'd his knuckles, and gave my nose a screwing.
 'Zounds and fury!' bellow'd I, 'there's no bearing this, at all, sir!'
 So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue—the wall, sir!
 Fools may be, &c.

I told him, for his insolence I must have satisfaction,
 When he gave me such a kick that it drove me to distraction.
 My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder
 That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knock'd——under!
 Fools, &c.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC,

from Friendship's Offering.

WAKE, oh, wake!—the morning star
 Hath ceas'd to grace his glitt'ring car;
 Slowly the redd'ning clouds unfold,
 And frequent streaks of living gold
 Announce the lord of day.
 The light breeze wafts perfume on high,
 Less sweet alone than Rosa's sigh!—
 The flow'r with fresher tints is glowing,
 The fount with clearer crystal flowing.
 Oh come! oh come!
 Hours like this a charm impart
 That wins the eye, but not the heart,
 While love is still away!

Wake, oh, wake!—through ev'ry grove
 Is heard the matin lay of love;

— And shall a *dearer* love be vain
 To bid thee burst dull slumber's chain,
 And spurn at slow delay?
 Though morning glow with tints divine,
 I'd change her brightest blush for thine,
 And deem thine eye, from sleep awaking,
 Outshone the sun through darkness breaking :—
 Oh come ! oh come !
 Hours like this are quickly fled ;
 But thy fond smile a joy can shed
 Which melts not thus away !

THOMAS DALE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS
 MEMOIRS,

by J. Cradock, M.A.—1826.

ANECDOTES of eminent persons, and reminiscences of remarkable incidents, collected and related by men who have long mingled with society, are generally curious and interesting ; and we turn over a volume of this kind with pleasure, even though we sometimes find it degraded by frivolous and irrelevant matter. Eighty-four years have passed over the head of the venerable collector of these memorials ; he has sustained, during that long period, an unimpeached character for honor and veracity ; and, by his attention to literary pursuits, he has qualified himself to contribute to the public stock of information and entertainment. He was educated at the university of Cambridge, having for his tutor the ingenious and erudite Dr. Farmer, who afterwards addressed to his pupil the well-known essay which settled the dispute respecting the learning of Shakspeare. After his entrance into public life, he served the office of high sheriff for the county of Leicester, but did not obtain a seat in parliament. He was chosen fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he is now the oldest member : he was also admitted into fashionable circles and into some literary clubs.

Anecdotes of lord Mansfield and other distinguished men are given with perspicuity and with occasional force.—
 ' Lord Mansfield was justly looked up to, and admired, as the Cicero of the age ; yet he was never much relished by some of the old lawyers, who boldly asserted, that, if his innovations were to be so freely adopted, they might shut up their long revered law authorities, and, in compliment to his lordship, merely ad-

here to the decisions that were recorded in Burrow's Reports.

' I stood almost four hours very near to Mr. Horne Tooke, when, in the year 1777, he was tried for a libel at Guildhall, and conducted his own defence ; and surely no humble individual could ever stand on higher ground. Lord Mansfield, with commanding eloquence, presided on the bench. The stern Thurlow was attorney-general, and the subtle insinuating Wedderburne the solicitor ; yet, unawed by such authorities, he proceeded with firmness, and remained undaunted against this constellation of talents, this phalanx of abilities ; and, from his own deep knowledge of the law, was able to combat all its subtleties, and convert every circumstance to his own advantage, to the admiration and astonishment of the most crowded court.

' The midland circuit was never honored but once by the presence of lord Mansfield, and then the greatest anxiety to see, and hear him, was every where excited. The second judge only arrived with the cavalcade, and the superior merely stole into Leicester late at night, on a saddle-horse. Next morning, however, he appeared in all his splendor, and might justly be pronounced to be Grace and Dignity personified ; but, when every eye was strained, and every ear attentive, and the crier of the court, in due form, had proclaimed silence, his lordship only coldly got up, and said, that, as he was certain the grand jury were well informed of their duties, he should give no charge, but proceed immediately to the trials. Thus, by complimenting a few, he disobliged the many ; and this conduct was the more reprehensible, as he was not restricted for time, and could have gratified all, without giving himself the least trouble.

' I was once very near to his lordship

when he was in the utmost danger of his life; it was on the opening of parliament, about the time that Wilkes was so popular, and number Forty-five was displayed in every street; a long debate was expected, after his majesty's speech had been delivered, in consequence of the Middlesex election having been set aside. Confusion might then be said to be at its height, for the mob had broken into the passage that leads to the throne; his majesty was just robed, and was proceeding from the closet, when many of us were pressed directly forwards, and with our clothes torn were absolutely thrown into the house. Lord Carlisle, seeing my distress, most kindly recognised me, and made room for me between himself and another nobleman; but no more could be made out concerning lord Mansfield, till we heard that he had safely escaped at the opposite entrance. After his majesty had finished his most gracious speech, he retired, and intruders made every effort to follow, but found it impossible; and, as candles were then lighted, I became less alarmed, and was assured I might remain quiet till the commencement of the debates;—however, through favor or necessity I staid in the house to hear the whole of them. I felt myself little interested till the nobleman who sat next me got up to speak, and then I perceived that it was the great lord Chatham, whom I had never before seen but as Mr. Pitt, and was not in the least aware to whom I was indebted for much civility and condescension. He arose, and spoke, but I by no means recognised the complete orator I had formerly so greatly admired, and indeed was never much more disappointed; he spoke only for a short time, was confused, and seemed greatly disconcerted, and then suddenly turning to me, asked me whether I had ever heard him speak before? 'Not in this house, my lord,' was my direct reply. 'In no house, sir,' says he, 'I hope, have I ever before so disgraced myself; I feel quite ill, and was alarmed and annoyed this morning before I arrived; I scarce know what I have been talking about.' I could only bow and look civil; for, to say the truth, I could not sincerely declare that I was of an opposite opinion. I still wished only to get away; but, as the debates grew more interesting, I became more reconciled to my intrusive situation, and I was confidently assured, that no notice would then be taken.

'One nobleman was uncommonly keen and sarcastic, and directed some invective with great warmth personally against lord Chatham, when, feeling himself stung to the quick, he suddenly arose, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that utterly astonished; the change was inconceivable, the fire had kindled, and we were all electrified with his energy and excellence. At length he seemed quite exhausted, and, as he sat down, with great frankness shook me by the hand, and seemed personally to recollect me, and I then ventured to say,—'I hope now your lordship is fully satisfied?'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, with a smile, 'I think I have now redeemed my credit.' The duke of Grafton that night was particularly animated; for, as prime minister, he was attacked with fury.'

* * * * *

'Soon after Mr. Thurlow was made lord chancellor, he addressed his brother in the following words: 'Tom, there is to be a drawing-room on Thursday, where I am obliged to attend; and, as I have purchased lord Bathurst's coach, but have no leisure to give orders about the necessary alterations, do you see and get all ready for me.' The bishop, always anxious to obey the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of his brother, immediately bestirred himself, and every thing was considered as completed in due time; but, when the carriage came to the door, the bishop found that lord Bathurst's arms had not been altered, and, knowing his brother's hasty temper, he happily hit immediately on the only expedient to prevent a storm: the door was held open till the lord chancellor arrived, and as soon as he was seated, and had fully examined the interior, he stretched out his hand, and most kindly exclaimed, 'Brother, the whole is finished entirely to my satisfaction, and I thank you.' The same expedient, as to the door, was resorted to again at his return, and of course no time was lost to remedy all defects.'

Some anecdotes of Foote are amusing.—'Mr. Howard was of our party [*at a theatrical club*]; and when he hinted something about printing a second edition of his *Thoughts and Maxims*, Foote replied directly, with a sneer, 'Right, sir, Second Thoughts are often best;'—and when a gentleman, with whom he was more intimate, only quoted in jest some trifling circumstance about a game-leg, Foote maliciously replied, 'Pray,

sir, make no allusion to my weakest part ; did I ever attack your head ?'

'Foote, at times, spared neither friend nor foe. He had little regard for the feelings of others ; if he thought of a witty thing that would create laughter, he said it. He had never availed himself of the good advice given by Henry the Fifth to Falstaff, 'Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;' and of this I can give one notable example. If he ever had a serious regard for any one, it was for Holland ; yet at his death, or rather indeed after his funeral, he violated all decency concerning him. Holland was the son of a baker at Hampton, and on the stage was a close imitator of Garrick, who had such a respect for him, that he played the ghost to his Hamlet merely to serve him at his benefit. Holland died rather young, and Foote attended as one of the mourners. He was really grieved ; and the friend from whom I had the account declared that his eyes were swollen with tears ; yet when the gentleman said to him afterwards, 'So you have just attended the funeral of our dear friend Holland ?' Foote instantly replied, 'Yes, we have just shoved the little baker into his oven.'

'Another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man may not be unacceptable. Foote, by accident, met an inferior person in the street, very like Dr. Arne, who, to be sure, when full-dressed, was sometimes rather a grotesque figure, and he contrived, I believe, not only to obtain some of the doctor's old clothes, but likewise one of his cast-off wigs, and introduced the man on the stage to bring in music-books, as an attendant on the commissary. The house was all astonishment, and many began even to doubt of the absolute identity. The doctor, of course, was most horribly annoyed ; but Foote put money into his pocket, which was all he cared for. Soon after, he proceeded so far as to order wooden figures to be made for a puppet-show, of which Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith were to be the leading characters. Goldsmith affected to laugh, though he seriously alluded to the circumstance in a letter to me ; but the great Leviathan of literature was so much incensed at the report, as to purchase an immense oak cudgel, which he carried with him to Tom Davies' shop, and being there asked for what purpose that was intended, he sternly replied, 'for the castigation of vice upon the stage.' This being immediately conveyed,

as it was meant to be, Foote, I believe, was really intimidated, and the scheme, as to them, was given up.'

Of Garrick's good humor, and readiness to oblige, we have the following proof.—'As soon as I knew of Mr. Garrick's arrival, I took an opportunity of waiting upon my good friend Mr. Arden ; and there I found his rectory overflowing with company ; amongst the rest was Dr. Caleb Hardinge, physician to the Tower, who, after dinner was so kind as to engross all the conversation. He stuttered immoderately, and in a most ludicrous manner attacked Mr. Garrick for his recital of many passages in Shakespeare, first giving them, as he informed us, exactly like Mr. Garrick, and then with his own most valuable improvements. Garrick took all with apparent good humor, and some of the party seemed inclined to smile, but others were only struck with astonishment. When we were walking in the garden in the evening, Mr. Garrick asked me, 'whether I had ever met with Dr. Hardinge before ?'—'Never, sir,' was the reply.—'Then,' said he, 'you will be greatly entertained ; he is a professed wit, a man of very high connexions, and is licensed to say whatever he pleases in all companies.'—I coldly said, 'it might be so, but to me he appeared exceedingly intrusive and presuming.'

* * * * *

At a social meeting,—'Garrick was all life and spirits, and said, 'Arden shall give us some of Falstaff after our refreshment, in which, I can assure you, he excels even Quin himself ; and we will all take some other parts, and without a change of scenery convert our apartment here into a spouting club.'—But in the afternoon the party walked so far, and staid so long, that the proposal was then obliged to be deferred. After supper at Leicester, however, some recitals took place, and several of the inhabitants of my native town, being aware that the great actor was present, placed themselves in the bed-chamber annexed to the great room at the Crane Inn, and kept the door ajar, in hopes of getting a sight of him. Whilst we were amusing ourselves with the humors of the fat knight and his companions, from the play of Henry the Fourth, my attending friends so far forgot themselves, that, being exceedingly diverted, they suddenly burst into a violent fit of laughter. 'So,' cried Garrick, 'we have got an

audience, I find ; but, if they are at all entertained, I desire that the door may not be shut.' This civil conduct of his was highly commended, and the only regret next day was, that more notice had not transpired of the over-night performance.'

Mr. Cradock had also the honor of being acquainted with Sterne.—' Though Mrs. Garrick often censured Mr. Sterne, yet both she and Mr. Garrick had a real regard for him. Sterne never possessed any equal spirits—he was always either in the cellar or the garret; and once meeting him at Drury-lane theatre, I said to him, 'As you are so intimate with Garrick, I wonder that you have never undertaken to write a comedy:' he seemed quite struck, and after a pause, with tears in his eyes, replied, 'I fear I do not possess the proper talent for it, and I am utterly unacquainted with the business of the stage.'—'The latter,' I said, 'would readily be supplied.' I found, however, that he was at that time under embarrassments, and that a successful comedy would have been particularly serviceable to him.

'I afterwards had the pleasure of diverting him exceedingly by the following anecdote.—'A gentleman applied to his friend to lend him some amusing book, and he recommended Harris's *Hermes*. The gentleman, from the title, conceived it to be a novel, but turning it over and over could make nothing out of it, and at last coldly returned it with thanks. His friend asked him how he had been entertained. 'Not much,' he replied; 'he thought that all these imitations of *Tristram Shandy* fell far short of the original.'

'Sterne was no great favorite with Dr. Johnson, and a lady once ventured to ask the grave doctor, how he liked 'Yorick's Sermons.'—'I know nothing about them, madam,' was his reply. But sometime afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them; and the lady very aptly retorted, 'I understood you to say, sir, that you had never read them?'—'I did read them, Madam, but it was in a stage-coach; I should not have even deigned to have looked at them, had I been at large.'

A letter from Goldsmith, and a poetical address, will be read with some degree of interest.

'My dear Sir,

'The play has met with a success

much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but, with your permission, shall be printed. The story in short is this: Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley, hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarreling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue, but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying, that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, upon the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost, while it was in agitation.

I am, my dear Cradock,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock.'

'ADDRESS,

IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY LUMPKIN.

'Well, the play ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of mother's only son;
A hopeful blade! in town I'll fix my station,
And cut a dashing figure through the nation;
Turn author, actor, statesman, wit or beau,
And stalk the hero of the 'puppet-show.'
Could I but gain some present firm support,
I'd quickly barter country ale for Port.

No 'Piety in pattens,' I renounce her;
Off in a crack, and marry big Bet Bouncer.

Bill Bullet now can drive a roaring trade,
And picks up countesses in masquerade,
Walks round the new great-room * with dukes
and peers,

And swears he'll never balk his country jeers;
Nay, more, they much *admire* his lounging
gait,

And *talks* to him as to the lords of state—

* The Pantheon.

And there's my comrade too that lived o' th' hill,
Odzooks! he quite forgets his father's mill;
Says he was born to figure high in life,
And get in keeping by a nabob's wife.

Why should not I then in the world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
What signifies below what men inherit?
In London, there they've some regard for merit.

Mother still talks of *larning*, modes re-
fin'd;
They're all for making mince-meat of my
mind.

I'll no such stuff; for, after all their strife,
'Tis best, what haps, in lottery and in life.

I'm off—the horses scamper through the
streets,

And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
To every race; to pastimes every night,
Not to the plays, (they say) it *been't* polite;
To Sadler's Wells, perhaps, or operas go;
And once perchance to th' *roratorio*.

Then Bet herself shall sit at top o' th' table;
She manages the house, and I the stable;
The rest o' th' time we'll scamper up and down,
And set the fashions too, to half the town;
Frequent all auctions, money ne'er regard;
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard;
Odzooks! we'll make these London gentry say,
We know what's high genteel as well as they.'

COMPLAINT OF A HUSBAND.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,—Your own conscience will tell you I do not flatter when I assure you, it is my opinion, that you have for some time past directed this Magazine with considerable ability; and, as it is received at my house, it is through its medium that I wish my better half to understand how I feel the situation in which I am placed, and how, with all the comforts of life within my reach, I am prevented from enjoying any one of them.

I occupy a very genteel good-sized house at the west end of the town. I have a handsome income, maintain a sufficient number of servants, and am in the second year of my marriage. I should not even care about that if I could do as I like for only one day in the week; but my wife is one of the most extraordinary-tempered women that ever blind Fortune linked in the chain of matrimony. All my endeavours to keep myself in her good graces are alike unfortunate. That which pleases her on one day, disgusts on the next. She will complain of being dull and of the want of society. I then, for her amusement, invite our mutual

friends, and do all in my power to make them merry; but no sooner have they repassed my threshold, than I am obliged to listen to her reproaches. 'She can never have the house to herself—Is she always to be teased with the society and observations of silly impertinent people?—She never knows the luxury of a quiet moment.' The next night I stay at home to keep her company, and have the pleasure of a tête-à-tête; but here again it is all wrong. If I talk, I am a chattering magpie, and give her the head-ach. If I be silent, I am sulky and dull. If I read, I am a book-worm, and she will weep at my neglect of her;—and if I pay her attention, I am desired to keep my good offices for those who want them. Is not this provoking? And it is not only her husband on whom she exercises the art of tormenting, in which it must be confessed she excels to a painful degree, but the servants are equally sufferers with their master. As to the maids, she has had a dozen and more within the last twelve months, and the last is always the worst that ever a poor lady was troubled with. If they should chance to bring a *three-years'* character from the place they left, they may be certain of losing it in my house in less than a week. From her indefatigable zeal and care to improve them, and their inveterate obstinacy in being no better than they can, I seldom know the face or name of any one of the domestics of my establishment. So little have I to do with the servants at my own house, that I had the mortification, a few days since, of walking from the Union Club in the midst of rain, whilst my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me home, because forsooth my wife had thought proper to hire a new coachman and footman at an hour's notice, so that I could not recognise my own equipage.—There is one way certainly in which I do find myself a gainer by her excellent management; and that is through her talking so loud and so long to her servants, that they sometimes march off without waiting for any wages at all.

You may very naturally ask me, sir, why I did not exercise more caution than to marry a woman possessing such a temper as this—I can say in reply, if not in justification, that for twenty months, during which I was so happy as to pay my addresses (and I then saw her almost every day) she was all my heart could desire—she was as docile as a lamb, ever

anxious to please, and did as she was bidden by those who had a just right to authority, with an alacrity and sweetness which completely deceived me. I am the more surprised at this, because she is young and well educated, and her parents are of the first respectability, and of a disposition not at all calculated to corrupt, but to train up their child in the right way.

How different is the lot of my younger brother! Allied to a woman whose sole study has been his happiness, his house is a heaven upon earth, when compared with mine. *His* wife receives their friends with the smile of complacency, and is also equally pleased when she is in the sole society of her husband; and it is no small instance of felicity to have a woman by whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you, and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own. Her servants came into the house when she was married, and, with one exception, have lived there ever since.

This striking contrast gives me great uneasiness, particularly as I am of a domestic turn. Before my house was made unhappy by perpetual dissension, I was ever longing to be at home, being delighted at the thought of retiring from the busy society of men into the bosom of her, then to me so dear and so amiable; but alas! if she should continue to persecute me at this rate, it will not be in my power much longer to afford her the least share in my affections. I have been constrained to adopt this method as a last resource, in the hope of reclaiming my wife from the line of conduct which she has been for some time pursuing; and if you will be kind enough to allow this letter a place in your Magazine, she and her friends cannot avoid discovering whether she be alluded to, as some particular points which I have noticed cannot be mistaken. How happy shall I be, if my plan should have any effect; for I assure you, sir, an unlucky hit with a wife gives a man as much right to the honor of insertion in the catalogue of martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the stake.

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

A HUSBAND.

ALI, OR THE FORTUNATE PRODIGAL;
A TALE;

*from the Supplement, lately published
in the German Language, to the
Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

IN Cairo lived a very rich dealer in precious stones, named Hassan. He had an only son, named Ali, whom he educated with the greatest care. When he was upon his death-bed, he sent for his son, and gave him these admonitions: 'My son, this world passes away, and no one remains; all that lives becomes the prey of Death. I feel that he approaches me, and I wish to bestow on you the last counsels I shall ever offer. I leave you, my dear son, rich—so rich that you may spend five hundred ducats a day, without hurting your fortune. But, my son, never forego the fear of God and his prophet; do good, associate with upright people, avoid bad company, be not avaricious, indulge not in immoral pleasures, and cherish your wife who is now pregnant—adieu! For the little time that is left me, I will pray to God that he will be pleased to guard you from every obstacle, which may prevent our meeting again before his throne.'

Ali wept bitterly: his father embraced him for the last time, and soon afterwards expired. The house resounded with cries of mourning; the corpse was washed and interred with the customary solemnities, and Ali passed forty days in doors, reading the koran and excluding all visitors. After this period a party of young men called upon him: they were the sons of merchants and the companions of his youth; they rallied him for such extreme indulgence of his grief, and persuaded him to mount his mule and take an airing with them. He consented, and was easily induced to spend the day in their company in festive enjoyment; other days were passed in a similar manner, and he was completely immersed in gaiety. His wife reminded him of his father's dying admonitions, that he should avoid bad company. 'My companions, he replied, are all respectable men, the sons of merchants, and of sound principle; they are social and joyous, it is true; but that is no fault even in the opinion of men of rigid rectitude.'

After some weeks had elapsed in this manner, Ali's companions persuaded him that it was now his turn to be entertainer, and they knew him to be a man

of too much spirit to wish to be excused. The logic was irresistible, and precipitated young Ali into excesses which could not fail to bring him to the ground at last. Every day he gave magnificent parties upon the Nile, or at Rauda, or in the island gardens which the Nile forms at Cairo: this was continued for three years, by which time every thing that his father had left was dissipated; money, jewels, houses, gardens, lands, all went to wreck, except the mansion in which he dwelt.

Thus destitute of resources, he became distressed even to provide sustenance for his wife and children, a boy and a girl, whom his wife had borne to him since his father's death. She was not sparing of her reproaches, and desired him to go and solicit the companions of his pleasures for succour. Ali accordingly applied to them, but from every house he was sent away with excuses, and sometimes with contempt. He came home as he went, empty-handed. His wife was sorely grieved at the disappointment, but in her turn applied to her friends and neighbours, and one of these gave her enough to keep them all for a year. 'God be praised,' said Ali; 'but this cannot always last. I must bestir myself, and see whether I can get any thing by my own exertions.' He set out, therefore (he knew not whither, nor for what purpose), and arrived at Bulak: there he found a vessel bound to Damietta, in which he embarked. When he arrived there, he visited a friend, who was about to take a journey to Bagdad. Ali embarked with him in a ship bound to Syria, and thence accompanied a caravan going from Damascus to Bagdad. Within a few days' march of Bagdad, the caravan was attacked by banditti, and plundered; the traders escaped as well as they could, and Ali fled to Bagdad. He reached the city at the very moment when the gates were closed, but prevailed on the warden to give him a lodging for the night; in the morning he went to an eminent merchant, a friend of his father's, and announced himself as the son of Hassan: the merchant received him in a friendly manner, and offered him a house for his residence. Ali, having accepted his offer, was led to a handsome street in which there were three empty houses belonging to his friend, who desired him to take his choice of two of them. 'And why not of the third?' said Ali. 'Be-

cause,' replied the merchant, 'it is infested by ghosts and evil spirits, and they kill such as are fool-hardy enough to pass the night in that mansion.' As Ali desired nothing more than to be liberated from a miserable existence, he immediately requested permission to tenant the haunted house; and it was in vain that the merchant labored to dissuade him from so unreasonable an intention. In short, he entered upon possession, taking with him what was necessary for his accommodation. He performed his ablutions with the water of a well in the front court. A slave brought him his evening meal and a lamp, attended at table, and, after removing the dishes, wished him well through his adventure, and withdrew.

Ali took the lamp, and mounted the staircase to explore the upper apartments, in which he found a magnificent hall, the roof of which was of gold, and the floor of marble; here he spread his bed, trimmed his lamp, and sat down to peruse the koran. He had read a few chapters when on a sudden he heard a loud voice saying, 'Ali, son of Hassan, come hither.' 'Come hither, yourself,' answered Ali. He had scarcely uttered the words when a shower of gold fell on every side, until the hall was filled. Then Ali, taking the koran in his hand, said,—'I invoke thee, invisible spirit, by the name of God, declare what this means.'—'This gold,' replied the voice, 'was enchanted, and thus has been preserved through many years for you. The words I addressed to you I have addressed to all who have come hither, but no one answering to the name, they feared, and I broke their necks; as soon as you commanded me to approach, I knew you to be the true master of the treasure, which I immediately resigned to you. A treasure still more considerable is preserved for you in Yemen. Now give me my liberty, and let me depart.'—'By the power of God,' exclaimed Ali, 'I will not give thee thy liberty till thou shalt have put me in possession of the treasure in Yemen.'—'I will bring it you, but swear I shall then be free.' 'I swear it; but I have something else at heart in which thou mayest assist me.'—'Let me hear.'—'I have a wife and children at Cairo, and will that thou bring them to me.'—'Your will shall be obeyed, and they shall come to Bagdad suitably provided.'

Ali then began to collect the gold,

and put it into bags which he found near him; he next employed himself through the rest of the night in secreting the treasure in a subterraneous chamber which he discovered open, and, having done so, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Toward the morning the slave of the owner of the house knocked at the door, and was astonished to find Ali alive and well: he immediately set off to carry the news to his master, who, highly rejoiced, repaired to visit his guest. He congratulated Ali on his escape, and asked him what he had seen during the night. Ali assured him he had not been disturbed. 'I passed the night,' he continued, 'in reading the koran, and that probably kept the evil spirits, who assailed your former visitors, at a respectful distance.'

At the expiration of three days, the genius of the treasure appeared, and announced to Ali that he might go and meet his family, as they were splendidly arrayed, and traveled in handsome conveyances, taken from the treasure from Yemen which accompanied them. Ali invited the principal merchants of the city to accompany him, and proceeded with them to a garden in the suburbs, where he awaited the arrival of his wife and children. They had not waited long when a large moving mass made its appearance in the distance. It was a caravan of mules and camels, with a numerous train of attendants. The conductor rode up to Ali, and apologised for a delay of four days, which had been incurred, he stated, through fear of robbers. Now Ali had previously made himself known to the merchants of Bagdad, as one of their class, who had come to the city with a caravan of his own, but had been cut off from it by banditti, and compelled to take safety in flight; in concordance with which story, the genius of the treasure had provided these seeming mules and camels, which, with their drivers, were all phantoms. The merchants of Bagdad were filled with astonishment at the wealth of Ali, and accompanied him to his dwelling, where their wives were also assembled to meet his wife. All were treated with great civility and a sumptuous regale, and rose water and perfumes were scattered lavishly about. In their turn they offered presents to Ali and his family, and nothing was to be seen, but servants with trays of fruits, flowers, confectionary, and rich stuffs. Ali then gave the sup-

posed muleteers and camel-drivers their dismissal, with which they were well pleased. On asking his wife an account of her travels, she told him that she had fallen asleep, and when she awoke found herself in the midst of the caravan. Ali, opening the chests, was surprised at the quantity of gold, precious stones, and rich clothes, which they contained; he showed his treasures to his wife, and told her his adventures. 'God be praised!' she exclaimed; 'this is the result of your father's benedictions. Now follow his advice, and never relapse into the habits into which your former companions seduced you.' Ali promised her to reform, and he kept his promise. He placed the brocades and jewels in a magazine, and engaged assiduously in trade.

The reputation of Ali at last came to the ears of the sovereign of Bagdad, who expressed a desire to see him. Ali therefore repaired to the palace, taking with him four large scarlet trays full of the most valuable jewels. The king received him with great condescension, and, when he saw the present, he was filled with wonder, for its value far exceeded that of the royal treasury. He called his ministers and principal men to look at the trays, and asked them what they thought of the merit of a man who had made so magnificent an offering. 'He is a man of the highest worth, no doubt,' replied the vizir.—'So I think,' said the king, 'and I will make him my son-in-law, that is, if my consort and the princess, my daughter, have the same opinion of him that you have, who are a true mine of sagacity.' Upon this he ordered the trays to be conveyed into the inner chambers. 'Whence came these splendid gems?' inquired the queen. 'From Khajeh Ali the jeweler,' replied the king; 'one of the most opulent merchants in Bagdad, or in the world. We cannot,' continued he, 'accept these without some return, and what return can we make? The only equivalent would be the pearl our daughter; what say you? Our vizir has declared him to be a man of the highest merit; and, as he is young and handsome, the princess will probably be of the same opinion.'

On the same day the king called a general council, to which the principal merchants were invited, that they might express their acknowledgements for the honor to be conferred on their fraternity. The chief cadi was also summoned, and

commanded to prepare the contract of marriage between the princess and Khajeh Ali, of Cairo. 'Your pardon,' cried Ali, 'how can a merchant become the son-in-law of a prince.'—'You are no more a merchant,' replied the king; 'I make you of equal rank with my vizir, and a privy counsellor.' 'Sire, yet one word.'—'Speak out without fear.'—'I have,' said Ali, 'been married these fifteen years, and have a son fourteen years old; now if your majesty would transfer to the son the grace you design for the father'—'Not a bad idea,' said the king; 'let us see your son; what is his name?'—'Hassan,' replied Ali.—'Hassan!' a very good name for the son-in-law of a king; let him be called.'—Ali immediately went for his son, whose graceful person and gentle manners won all hearts the moment he appeared. The queen and the princess gladly assented to the exchange, and the marriage was celebrated with festivities that lasted a whole month. The king had two palaces erected contiguous to his own; one for the young couple, and the other for his new vizir.

So passed many years in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of life. The king became dangerously ill, and, having no son of his own, thought it necessary to provide for the succession; a council was therefore assembled, and the members, who knew his wishes, unanimously declared for Hassan, who was accordingly installed. Three days afterwards the king died, and was buried with the usual solemnities, and a mourning for forty days was observed at court.

Hassan filled the throne with so much propriety, that it might be said he had been called to it from his birth; he was beloved by his people, and reigned in peace and prosperity. His father was vizir, and Hassan had three children, who in the course of time succeeded to the kingdom.

Praised be the power of God, who disposes of kingdoms and thrones at his will, and distinguishes by his favor those who do good to others.

THE MOORISH CAPTIVE.

WHEN the Moors were in possession of a great part of Spain, Narvaez, the governor of a town which the Christians had taken from them, sent out a party to make incursions into the hostile territory.

His men had no great success; but they returned with a few prisoners, one of whom excited particular notice. He was a young warrior, who wore a riding-cloke of violet silk, richly ornamented, and a small finely-woven hat over a crimson cap; and he had an excellent horse, a lance, and a round shield, richly chased, such as was usually borne by Moors of distinction. Being asked by the Spanish governor who he was, he answered, that he was a son of the commandant of Ronda, who was well known to the Christians as a gallant warrior. When Narvaez inquired whither he was going, his tears prevented him from uttering a word in reply. 'It astonishes me,' observed Narvaez, 'that being a knight, and the son of a brave man, and knowing, besides, the chances of war, thou art so cast down, and weepst like a woman!' 'I weep not,' answered the Moor, 'at seeing myself a prisoner, nor because I am your captive. These tears are produced, not by the loss of my liberty, but by another and a much greater misfortune.' Narvaez requested an explanation of these mysterious words. 'Know, then,' said the youth, 'that for some time I have been the lover of the daughter of a governor of one of our castles. I adore her; I have served her faithfully; and in her name have frequently fought against you Christians. Finally, she consented to marry me, and sent me word that I might come and carry her off from her father's house to my own. I was on my route, full of joy and hope, when my evil destiny threw me in the way of your cavaliers, and I lost at once my liberty and all the happiness which I was anticipating.'—The compassion which Narvaez felt at this recital was so great, that he told the unhappy Moor that if he would promise, on the faith of a knight, to return and place himself again in his power, he would permit him to pursue his journey. The knight consented, and, having pledged his honor, set off, and reached that evening the castle where his fair-one lived. He soon found means to communicate to her his arrival; and she, on her part, so well seconded his views, that she immediately apprised him of the time and place where he might see her alone. When they met, the Moor was bathed in tears. 'What is all this!' exclaimed the astonished beauty; 'now that thou art in possession of the object of thy desires; now that thou hast me in thy power, and

mayest lead me whither thou wilt, thou betrayest signs of the greatest sorrow!'—
 'Alas!' replied the Moor, 'learn, that in traveling hither yesterday, I was taken by some cavaliers, and carried before a Spanish governor, who, having heard my misfortune, like a true knight, had pity upon me, and permitted me, on my promise of returning, to come and see thee. Here I am, therefore, no longer a free man, but a slave; and God forbid that, although I have lost my own liberty, loving thee as I do, I should carry thee to a place where thou wouldest lose thine! I will return, for I have given my word to do so; and, if I can ransom myself, I will again hasten to thee.'—
 'No!' rejoined his beloved, 'before to-day thou hast proved that thou lovest me, and to-day thou provest it more than ever; but, since thou art so observant of what thou owest to me, God forbid that I should forget what I owe to thee. Say what thou wilt, I will go with thee. If thou art a slave, I will be a slave. If God restore thee to liberty, he will restore me also. This box contains precious jewels; make room for me *en croupe*. We will set off instantly; for I am rejoiced to share thy fortunes.' Away they went, and the next morning surrendered themselves to Narvaez. He received them with great kindness, bestowed the highest praises on their constancy and love, and gratified them with complete freedom.

THE INFLUENCE AND POWER OF
 BEAUTY;

by J. P. Thomas.

BEAUTY, thou potent charmer of the soul, whose empire is the heart, and whose government is love, may thy endearing blandishments not be sacrificed to vice, and may thy vanity never triumph over reason! may'st thou ever regard those elegant personal accomplishments with which thou art blessed, as the gift of God, who demands, in return for them, excellence and virtue. Thou art endued with an imperial power—the power of pleasing at first sight: may it always be directed to a good and useful purpose, and may'st thou never wander in the paths of vice, over which, here and there, is scattered a gay ephemeral flower, the gaudy receptacle of subtle poison, although otherwise the rugged soil is barren and pestiferous! Then

Virtue will encircle thy brow with her emerald garland of honor, and Religion will invest thy head with the starry crown of her immortal glory. The acute glance of beauty can avert the deadly blow of the inhuman murderer. The despotic tyrant, who steels his obdurate heart against the merciful calls of humane compassion, bows a submissive slave to the power of beauty and the impulse of love. Overcome by the powerful charms of the lovely Angelica, the assassin falls a self-debased and a self-convicted villain at her feet, although but lately he swore, at the altar of his faith, an eternal enmity to the reeking blood of her father. But neither the deep humility of crime, nor the self-abased acknowledgement of guilt, nor the mean disgrace of humbled power, nor the earnest entreaties of forgiveness, can quell that enduring spirit of paternal affection which urges the fatherless child to indignation, and prompts her to revenge. Sensible that his feigned sorrow proceeds rather from an awe of her than from a sense of virtue, and that his heart is, in its sincerity, still cruel and unrelenting, she spurns his offered reconciliation with contempt, and entreats the assassin to plunge deep, into her fair bosom, the death-dagger of her father. Such is female virtue in its highest sphere of glory, that it knows no fear but that of Heaven, and feels no pang which is the punishment of vice. Sometimes it broods in solemn state over the calamitous misfortunes of life; sometimes it braves them with a dauntless imagination, and with an astonishing fortitude. In the exercise of its milder qualities, it weeps over ruin, and bewails the wreck of honor: under the sterner influence of its stronger powers, it meets impending danger without fear or confusion. I know of no grace which sets off beauty with a better charm than modesty. It is that bright halo of hallowed honor, superlative purity, and supreme excellence, which shines only in the regions of Virtue. It is most pleasing to observe Beauty, when in the zenith of her powers, the meridian of her glory, and the sunshine of her splendor, set off her charms with the ornament of grace, untainted with ostentatious vanity or pride. Then it is that she allures all with a strong inclination of the will toward her; then it is that she reigns in superior glory. The brilliant star of Venus is the bright constellation of

youth. May it ever prove the guide of virtue, and the ornament of moral excellence, cheering its illustrious train of followers with hope, and confidence, and bliss! The blooming virgin should have something more than beauty to recommend her to the love-sick swain. Beauty is but the frail and fleeting honor of a day; but, when the rosy cheek has lost its freshness, and the shape its perfection, the brilliant lustre of mental accomplishments will survive their decayed receptacle, and shed around their possessor a galaxy of refulgent glory.

THE CASE OF THE SILK-WEAVERS.

‘ This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the *common interest of every man in Britain.*’
JUNIUS.

I LOVE the light and easy and cheering periodical literature of our day. There is enough of dry disquisition and metaphysical research, to be met with elsewhere; and I take up the New Monthly, the European, or the Lady’s Magazine, prepared for smiles, mirth, and amusement, rather than abstruse problems or lectures on political economy. Yet the gaieties of our monthly essayists must for a time be discarded, when topics of grave and weighty consideration offer themselves, to which our attention may be beneficially directed; and I cannot conceive a question of the *day* (as indeed it is) more important, as well from its national claims, as from the munificent charities to which it has given birth, than the *silk trade of England*. An appeal in its behalf cannot, I think, be more appropriately made than in the Lady’s Magazine: since, of those who peruse it, so many are the best patrons of the mechanic’s labours—I mean the women of Britain.

It is not my wish or intention to engage in any discussion as to the propriety of that free system of trade which is now adopted by our ministers, and supported and sanctioned even by their political antagonists. Time will be the best test of the stability of such principles. Assuredly I deem them wise; but my wisdom may be as the house built upon the sands, easily shaken. My motives are to lead those who have the power, into the *will* of following one of the brightest *examples of practical good* that ever emanated from a palace or cot. I do not allude to the munificent,

the *indeed kingly*, gift of one thousand pounds which George the Fourth has recently sent to a large body of his unemployed subjects, the weavers of Spital-fields, but to his compassionate permission and order, that from the again-worked looms of many of them should be produced articles for the decoration of his own palace, under an impression that in a national and patriotic view, that palace would be *best adorned and most appropriately furnished with British manufactures*. Surely this is real, unostentatious charity, admirable benevolence; such as (like mercy, in Shakespeare’s beautiful definition)

——‘ is twice blessed ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
’Tis mightiest in the mighty, and becomes
’The throned monarch better than his crown.’

That the ‘ king can do no wrong ’ is an axiom in politics ;—why may it not be one also in fashion ? It hath heretofore been deemed graceful to imitate the style of a king’s slipper, or the make of a queen’s stomacher—will not my rich countrymen and fair countrywomen now think it wise to do acts of charity, such as their monarch has done, by an exchange of the showy and sometimes ill-assorted trappings and decorations of *foreign make*, for the equally valuable, and perhaps more consistent of our own ? An immediate patronage of our own manufactures, and a little perseverance in these charities and uses, would soon make them fashionable, and, that achieved, we should again behold cheerful labor working the well-employed loom, commerce, many-tongued, plying its useful task, and find much better helps to the comforts of our labourers than charitable (but, from the nature of things, uncertain) subscriptions.

I do not think I can finish this paper better than by quoting a royal notice given above nine years ago, at a period when the weavers in Spital-fields were involved (as they also now are) in the most severe distress. The ordinance ran thus :

Tuesday, Oct. 22nd, 1816.

‘ Notice is hereby given, that her Majesty’s Birth-day, which falls on the 18th day of January, will be celebrated by a drawing-room, at the Queen’s Palace, on the 5th of February ; and that the Birth-day of H. R. H. the Prince Regent will also be celebrated by a drawing-room, in her Majesty’s Palace, on St.

George's Day, the 23d of April. *It is most earnestly recommended and desired that the Nobility and Gentry, and all persons attending upon these occasions, will appear in dresses entirely of British manufacture.*

Need I add that the recommendation of royalty was attended to, and that its effects were immediate and happy? No sooner did the nation, and especially the female part of it, adopt the elegant and beautiful works of English looms, and, like the goddess of the Iliad,

—‘shake their *silken* vests,’

than the languishing business revived, the starving manufacturers found full employment, confidence was restored, and content compelled

—‘Hope to twine

Her fairy sickle with a wreath of flowers.’

May it not be presumed that a similar notice from our present gracious sovereign, announcing courtly drawing-rooms and the celebration of royal birth-days, would be attended with *equally propitious and fortunate results?*

S. P. C.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF LADY JANE GREY, WITH A MEMOIR OF HER LIFE,
by N. H. Nicolas.

THE accomplishments and excellent character of a young lady who had the honor of being queen for nine days, and then fell a victim to the barbarity of a female fiend, entitled her to admiration in her own time, and still demand for her memory the tribute of high respect. A mildness of disposition, a courteous demeanor, and an artless simplicity of character, were, in the case of lady Jane, united with strong sense, correct principles, and virtuous habits. But, having been kept by her parents in a state of slavish awe, she did not exert that firmness of mind which would have enabled her to resist the mad ambition of her father, and to withstand the importunities of her father-in-law.

Her taste for literature strongly appears from her own words, in an interview with her tutor Ascham. When her parents were engaged in the sports of the chase, he found her in her chamber, reading the *Phædo* of Plato in Greek. To his inquiry why she did not join in the amusement in which her family were engaged, she replied with a smile, ‘I

wisse [think] all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato:—alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means.’ Ascham then inquired, ‘And how came you, Madam, to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you into it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?’ ‘I will tell you,’ she replied, ‘and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster, for, when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whilst I am with him; and, when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning is full of great trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me; and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure, and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.’

The literary remains of this excellent lady, as she died so young, cannot be expected to be very considerable or important; but they evince her classical taste and her purity of sentiment.

Attempts were made by the editor to procure some new documents connected with her reign; but he could only meet with those which he thus mentions:—‘So few of the documents signed by lady Jane whilst she exercised the royal functions are extant, that the following are of sufficient importance to demand a place in this volume. The first was signed on the day of her accession, and the velvet was evidently wanted to cover her temporary throne and its appendages. From the second, we learn that the jewels which formed the personal orna-

ments of the sovereign had been previously delivered into her hands, pursuant to her verbal commands. But perhaps the most curious fact connected with these documents, beside the rigid and tradesman-like attention with which, from the marginal notes, it is manifest, each article was compared with the list, is, that the words 'the Quene' have been lined over with a pen, from which we may infer that no public instrument of the unhappy Jane's bearing the title that produced her destruction was permitted to remain in its original state among the public archives. The warrants themselves could not be destroyed, as they accounted for the expenditure and transfer of certain parts of the crown property; but the loyalty of Mary's servants was too fervent, and their attachment to their sovereign too jealous, to allow so hated an appellation to remain attached to her rival's name, even though the tomb covered that rival's mutilated remains!

ROGUERY AND HONESTY;

from the Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life.

AT no great distance from my place of residence (says Mr. Wallace) there is a handsome country-seat, now in a state of perfect repair. Some time ago it exhibited a melancholy picture of poverty: the roof of the dwelling-house was, in several places, pervious to the weather, the slates having been blown off; the walls had been injured by the hand of time and accident; the windows were unglazed, the doors broken, and the whole displayed a shabby and neglected exterior. Now, the garden is in high order, the hedges are neatly trimmed, the roofs of the house and offices repaired, the walls white-washed, and the whole aspect is smiling, clean, and comfortable. Through the well-glazed, painted, and curtained windows, I now behold inquiring faces, when I ride past. A short time ago it was a scene of desolation. If a peeping inmate met my eye, it was with a scowl that apprehended I might be a bailiff. In its dilapidated state, it was occupied by the person who built it: in its present improved condition, it is the property of a man who purchased it at an auction. The name of the original proprietor, who inherited the farm from a long line of ancestors, has passed away; and, as there is useful instruction

in describing the causes of this mutation, I shall relate the history of these men, and subjoin a few remarks on the subject.

Jack ——— is the son of a middling farmer. His father gave him a knowledge of the linen business, and left him a well-stocked farm, a small capital, a thatched house, and an unblemished character. He prospered as a barrack-man, or a half-bleacher of coarse linen cloth, which was manufactured under his own eye, as he attended the different markets around him, and bought yarn for the purpose. With a cargo of it he often went to England, and, being intelligent, he soon increased his capital. He had received a tolerable commercial education, and in the sight of his neighbours he was considered, in a few years after he had become his own manager, a flourishing young man. He was also fortunate in forming a valuable connexion; for he married a respectable person's daughter, with whom he received five hundred pounds.

Prosperity has as much of the devil in it as adversity. Had Jack preserved his humility and honest industry, he might now be a respected and respectable character; but ambition seised him, and pioneered an open road to his heart for temptation; he became discontented in the house with which his father had been satisfied; razed it from its foundation, and built a mansion, which cost four times his wife's fortune. Appearance is credit: every one thought his wealth inexhaustible, because he could sink so much; but he supplied its place by taking up money at interest. When he became familiar with the use of other men's property, he began to account it his own. His mind gradually became obtuse to perceptions of right; he commenced a course of dishonesty, it is affirmed, by defrauding his insurers. Boxes of stone, instead of linen, were shipped for England in a brig purchased for the purpose. She was lost with so much address, that, although suspicion attached to the affair, no proof of intention could be adduced, and Jack had enough of rogue's brass—effrontery—to laugh at surmise and whisper. Some time after this, he took advantage of an informality in protesting a bill drawn by himself, sustained an action, and gained one thousand pounds. To mention all that is alleged against Jack would be tedious. I shall only say, that he was charged with a fraud upon the revenue, which

amounted to smuggling; and that he was accused of entering into a partnership, that, by the failure of his associate, he might become a bankrupt with an apparent preservation of character. His neighbours assert, on strong demonstration, that he took their farms over their heads, and ruined them by his rapacious avidity.

A day of retribution, however, was approaching. One of his creditors, who had a mortgage on his principal property, indignant at Jack's obvious intentions of availing himself of a law quibble, foreclosed, and carried a suit against him in equity. Even after the decree was obtained, its holder offered to stop execution, if Jack would pay him his principal and interest, without costs; but as his wife, in case of surviving him, had a claim on his property for her marriage-settlement, he thought no purchaser would take it with this encumbrance. It was therefore put up to auction; and Mr. Barney ———, one of his neighbours, bought it for one third of its value. It is reported, and circumstances have since rendered it highly probable, that notwithstanding Jack's external appearance of poverty, he had cash enough remaining to discharge the mortgage.

Barney is the son of a poor, honest man, who gave him, for fortune, the trade of a shoe-maker. He had a good head on a strong pair of shoulders; and, having acquired some capital by hard work, he knew well how to increase it. At the different markets and fairs which he attended, to sell his goods, he observed that nearly all shoemakers were inclined to take less in the afternoon than in the morning for their shoes. He accordingly used to go round near the close of the market, and buy up, from the needy, what he knew he could sell to advantage on a future day. A wise man knows it is not his interest, if he have the power, to impose on others; he instinctively practises honesty as his best policy. This was Barney's character. Whilst he benefited himself, he did not injure his brethren in trade; for he gave them a fair price, and enabled them, by meeting a ready market for their manufacture, to go home with the raw material, and pursue their industry.

In this way Barney progressed, at his outset in life. As his wealth increased, he applied his money judiciously to tanning, established a harness manufactory, and made several valuable purchases for his

children, amongst which are Jack's excellent house and farm. His character is unimpeached for integrity and benevolence; and in his appearance I can see that he is at peace with the world and himself. Indeed, sobriety, temper, industry, and honesty, stamp our bodily conformation in a manner not misunderstood by the observing. On his cheek there is the natural rouge of health; in his manner, a tranquil self-satisfaction; in his whole aspect, contentment; and in his look, gesture, and air, confidence, composure, and firmness. On the contrary, Jack, when I saw him last, was emaciated and sickly; for, though not addicted to intemperance, disappointment had broken up his constitution. When I spoke to him, he appeared embarrassed, yet was impudently familiar. He wore dissatisfaction on his brow; complaint hung on his tongue; and in his eye were apprehension and doubt. I have, in rural retirement, felt all the luxury of an old coat, but he wore one then in a town from necessity, not choice, his whole dress being very shabby, and his person in a neglected state. I have heard since, that he has taken to his bed, where he lies cursing others, instead of blaming himself.

Such, reader, is a living sketch of roguery and honesty in their practical effects! That man who trusts to his industry and fair dealing is generally successful. He may be compared to a wise and honorable friend of mine, who said, he never gamed because he could not afford to lose. The rogue may be likened to a gamester, who hazards all at a throw; if he lose, he is ruined; if he win, he carries off an equivalent of loss along with seeming gain, in the reflection that he has ruined another, or at least endeavoured to do so; for evil intention punishes itself even in failure; and it is not often that honesty is ruined by roguery, as industry repairs the injuries which credulity sustains. A wise man, therefore, will never be a rogue: the wisdom of a rogue is only cunning; and the justice of Providence is vindicated by arming the scoundrel with folly to render his villany less dangerous.

RICHMOND-HILL,

WITH AN ELEGANT VIEW OF THAT PICTURESQUE SPOT.

RICHMOND is so called by corruption from *Riche-Mont*, that is, a fine or plea-

sant hill, and the name was transferred from a town in Yorkshire to a village in Surrey by Henry VII., whose early title was borrowed from it. He rebuilt in this neighbourhood the palace of Shene, of which there are no vestiges remaining. A modern villa was afterwards erected within Richmond Park, and occupied by the late king. The park is about eight miles in circumference. The hill rises with a gentle acclivity from the banks of the Thames, and is decorated in many parts with handsome mansions, the gardens and grounds of which are laid out with great taste. The prospect is one of the finest which the vicinity of the metropolis presents; the winding river is a very pleasing feature in the view; there is indeed a want of romantic grandeur and of stupendous sublimity: but there are charming scenes of mingled nature and art; cultivation smiles around; and, in the language of the poet, the whole spot may be denominated

‘A happy rural seat of various view.’

ANIMADVERSIONS ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I NEVER approved (says the margravine of Anspach) the system of English education—even in public schools patriotism makes no branch of instruction. Get what you can for yourself is the chief motto of most young men, and keep what you can get. This lesson is inculcated early. The scholars of Eton put themselves on the high road to obtain, or rather enforce, donations from strangers; and, while this mean practice continues, it is far more poisonous to morals than giving vails to servants, of which the nation has at length been ashamed. The stronger boys, without control, tyrannise over the weaker, subjecting them to every hardship and servile occupation, the cleaning of shoes not excepted. They are permitted to cheat each other, and he is the finest fellow who is the most artful. Friendship is indeed cultivated, but so it is among thieves; a boy would be run down, if he had no particular associate. In a word, the most determined selfishness is the general lesson. In our public schools morality is never thought of; and I have myself seen two young men of noble families placed under the care of a tutor from Eton, who not only accompanied

them to the gaming-tables in London, but initiated them and sanctioned them in every species of vice; one of them, from being plundered by sharpers, began himself to plunder, and carried his depredations so far, that I hinted his practices to a friend of his father, who sent over from Ireland, and removed him from the scene of his profligacy, from the Mount Coffee-house, where he had taken up his abode, and was entertaining his friends with Burgundy and Champagne. This youth had just entered his seventeenth year, and was heir to an Irish barony, but fell a victim to his follies before he reached the years of manhood. I happened, about the period of his first irregularities, to dine in company with the master of Eton College, and inquired of him (who was certainly a most excellent man), whether he thought the tutor of these young men a person in whom such a trust might be placed, as the director of their conduct upon their first appearance in life. The doctor informed me, ‘that he was always considered at Eton as a fine scholar; but farther than that he knew nothing about him.’

PORTRAIT OF A BLUE-STOCKING LADY, *from the Edinburgh Janus.*

THE *conversazione* blue is a most hard-working creature, the most abused and the worst paid of all the retainers of the public. She is the servant of the servants of the public—of all actors and actresses, authors and authoresses, lions and lionesses, odd people of all sorts, foreign princes and princesses, Jews, Turks, and Christians. She must feed and flatter the infidels; and, though she does not clothe, she must admire the clothes of all the Christians (females especially), as well as their wit. If of the higher order—if a dinner-giving blue—and no others succeed well or long—champagne and ice, and the best of fish, are indispensable. She may then be at home once a week in the evening, with a chance of having her house fuller than it can hold of all the would-be wits, and three or four of the leaders in London; and very thankful she must be for the honor of their company. She must have an assortment of fibs by the dozen, and compliments by the gross;—she had need to have all the superlatives in and out of the English language at her

tongue's end; and, when she has exhausted these, then she must invent new;—she must have tones of admiration and looks of ecstasy for every occasion. At reading-parties, especially at her own house, she must cry, 'Charming!—Delightful!—Quite original!' in the right places, in her sleep. When she sees a great lion, she must never run away: she may scream with delight; she must be ready to devour him; she ought to fall down and worship him. She must read every thing that comes out that has a name, or she must talk as if she had, at her peril, to the authors themselves—the irritable race! She must know more, especially every article in the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, and, at her peril too, must talk of these so as not to commit herself, so as to please the reviewer abusing and the author abused: she must keep the peace between rival wits; she must swallow her own vanity. Many fail in this last attempt, or choke publicly, and give it up.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE have reason to believe, that poetry arose in very early times. The fervor of devotion, in all probability, led to energetic expression, and the effusions of praise and thanksgiving to the Gods were given in an elevated style and in measured cadence. Love, it may also be supposed, prompted the enraptured youth to soar above the humility of prose, and indulge in metaphorical language and figurative forms of speech. Hence a poetic taste was gradually formed; but a long period elapsed before it assumed the dignity of an art. The ancient bards disdained all rules, and trusted to the inspiration of the moment; or, if they previously studied the subject, they did not suffer the coolness of judgment to have much effect either on the sense or the construction of their verses. Even so late as the time of Homer, poetical criticism was unknown; and the *rules* prescribed by Aristotle were apparently drawn from the *example* of the blind bard, who did not follow any other guide than his own acuteness and good sense. But, from the days of that philosopher, poetry has been, among all civilised nations, a highly cultivated art. At the present time, however, in our own country, it seems in many instances to defy the strictness of rule, and to scorn the idea of critical restraint.

The poet with whose portrait we have embellished this number is less irregular than some of his brethren, and is willing to check the exuberance of his imagination. His muse does not run riot, or rush into licentious extravagance. He has not the force or the energy of Byron: he does not electrify his readers by sudden flashes, but soothes them with gentle emotions. We do not mean to insinuate that he is destitute of animation or spirit; for, in recalling the days of chivalry to our notice, and in re-assembling the Scottish clans, he gives occasional force to his pictures. He excels in the expression of amorous feeling, and in the chaste delineation of the tender passion. He explores the springs of action, and traces the mazes of the heart. *The Maid of Lorn*, and *the Lady of the Lake*, take possession of our feelings; and his minstrels seem to be endued with new life. As he has given us the lay of the last, we wish that he would also favor us with the attempts of the first minstrel.

We have thus spoken of sir Walter Scott only as a poet. On his merits in the character of a novelist, we shall not venture to touch; for, although we believe that he is the writer of the Scottish novels, we are not authorised by him to assert his claim to the honor of having produced those admired works.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT MEN.

Voltaire.—THE poet's house at Ferney (says the margravine of Anspach) was a receptacle for foreigners; and, as every visitor drained himself to entertain him, it is not to be wondered at, that, by such a quick succession of the different inhabitants of the globe, he acquired such a general knowledge of mankind. His *salle à manger* was very dirty in general: his servants, when he was alone, often waited in their waistcoats; and, as he seldom gave new liveries, they who had recently quitted their former places retained their old ones, and thus had the appearance of different gentlemen's servants who were staying at the house.

There was a kind of monarchical spirit in this great man, which appeared in his minutest actions: at table he never came in with the rest of the company, but would delay about any trifle; and on entrance would sometimes recall all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table by placing or altering them;—this was very disagreeable.

He would sometimes call the whole of his establishment to go hunting—*à la chasse ! à la chasse !* and when he had assembled every one of them, it was only to walk round his house, and brush down the spiders and their webs, which the servants had neglected, among the pillars of each portico of his building.

The great Frederic of Prussia.—A certain oculist was strongly suspected of being employed by our ministry as a private observer of the actions of princes ; and, his profession giving him these opportunities, he was perpetually fluctuating between one court and another, and admitted to the presence in all.

When he was introduced to the king, his majesty, with his usual politeness, asked him what favors he could confer on him, being ready to distinguish him, and all men of his eminence. He only desired the honor of being appointed oculist to Frederic, who readily complied with this request, adding, ‘As I do not wish to suspend any one’s happiness long, be at court to-morrow early, and your patent shall be ready.’ The chevalier, flushed with this promise, so unexpected, now appeared at court, as by royal command, with a double parade of equipage ; and the king said, ‘You desire to be my oculist—there is your patent : you must take the usual oaths on these occasions ; that done, come to me again.’ On his reporting that all necessary forms had been expedited, his majesty said, ‘You desired to be my oculist—you are so : my eyes want no assistance ; yet are you my oculist ;—but if you touch the eyes of one of my subjects, I will hang you up. I love my subjects equally with myself.’ The chevalier departed, or rather was ordered to depart, in six hours : he pleaded for more time to pack up his eyes and instruments, but was refused ; and a guard being set over him, he was then escorted, like a delinquent, to the borders of Saxony.—The respect his majesty seemed first to pay him, in preference to all the English, of which number the meanest was his superior, now appeared a satire against England, and proved that he suspected the chevalier’s other profession, in conjunction with those of oculist, orator, and professor of every other science.

Dr. Johnson.—I remember one day (says the same lady) when vices were the topic of conversation, he chose to de-

fend drunkenness, as the most innocent of all ; and, to illustrate and prove his argument, he supposed me to be walking in the street, and attacked by a drunken man : he ended his narrative by saying, ‘She might push him into the kennel with her little finger, and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief, whom that little finger could repel!’

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I asked him why he chose to do me the singular favor of sitting so often and taking his tea with me. ‘I, who am an ignorant woman,’ I said, ‘and who, if I have any share of natural wit or sense, am so much afraid of you, that my language and thoughts are locked up or fade away when I am about to speak to you.’ He laughed very much at first, and then said, ‘An ignorant woman ! the little I have perceived in your conversation pleases me ;’—and then, with a serious and almost religious emphasis, he added, ‘I do like you !’ ‘And for what?’ I said. He put his large hand upon my arm, and, with an expression I shall never forget, he pressed it, and said, ‘because you are a good mother.’ Heaven is my witness, I was more delighted at his saying this than if he had praised me for my wit or manners, or any gift he might have perceived in me.

One evening, at a party at lady Lucan’s, when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments ; but he interrupted her, by saying, ‘Fiddle faddle, madam ;’ and turned his back upon her, and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room. He then took his seat by me, and sir Joshua Reynolds came and sat down by us. Johnson asked him what was the reason he had refused to finish the picture for which I sat six times : Reynolds was much embarrassed, and said, laughing, ‘There is something so comical in the lady’s face, that all my art cannot describe it.’ Johnson repeated the word *comical* ten times, in every different tone, and finished in that of anger. He then gave such a scolding to his friend, that he was much more embarrassed than before, or than even I was, to be the cause of it—That picture is now at Petworth.

Sheridan.—This extraordinary man struggled up-hill, but he had the support of Fox : I was never very partial to him, though he courted my society much

through his wife. Under pretence of writing an epilogue for my play of the *Miniature Picture*, which was first performed at the town-hall at Newbury for the benefit of the poor, he borrowed it of me, and brought it out against my will at Drury-lane, where it was acted for three nights: yet, enraged as I was, by the persuasion of the earl of Orford and the duchess of Devonshire, and lady Aylesbury, in whose box I sat, I went

to its last representation. I was very angry with him for it, and kept up my resentment, till he made me laugh, one night, in a crowd coming out of the Opera-house. We were squeezed near one another by chance, and he said, 'For God's sake, lady Craven, don't tell any body I am a thief; for you know very well, if you do, every body will believe it!'

THE WREN, A MANX LEGEND,
by the late Mrs. Franklin.

WHAT is that sound so soft and sweet,
That like a seraph's music pours?
No echo can these tones repeat;
It dies along these rocky shores.
And what that form of beauteous mould,
So light it seems of woven air,
While flinging odors rich and rare,
From clust'ring locks of elfin gold?
When shines the moon with placid beam,
Amid her rays those ringlets stream;
That form, those eyes of azure light,
That fairy harp of witching tone,
To garish day are never known,
But ope, like modest flowers of night,
When all his ruddy beams are gone.

And many a knight, of valor proved
Had heard that harp's enchanting spell,
Had seen that fairy form and loved,
And long pursued o'er heath and dell;
As still the lovely sorceress led,
Had follow'd to the murky cave,
Had plunged amid the roaring wave
That closed in darkness o'er his head!
And see she bids the moonbeam rest
More softly on her snowy breast;
And as she bathes in silver light,
She wakes a purer, loftier strain;
For lo! a victim comes again,
And well she knows the dauntless knight
A princely game, nor lightly slain.

Yet came he not in knightly pride;
His noble steed, his 'squires dismiss'd,
His leashed hound is by his side,
His hooded falcon on his wrist.
He gazed not on those witching charms;
Yet, if a cautious glance he stole,
Sir Gawaine's was no icy soul.
His kindling frame her beauty warms;
Yet in the blue of that soft eye
A frozen coldness seem'd to lie;
And he who nearer look'd might trace
'Tears gath'ring there that scorn'd to flow,
Young Anger in that heighten'd glow,

Or see that more than mortal face
Pale with the throb of inward woe.

Again she tunes her lyre, again
Awakes its most resistless tone ;
But lo ! she hears an answ'ring strain,
Less sweet, but loftier than her own :
As Gawaine tunes the vocal reed,
Her lyre drops useless from her hands :
Vanquish'd and sad awhile she stands,
Then bounds away with arrowy speed.
But, never conquer'd in the race,
Sir Gawaine urged on fruitless chase ;
He seised her by her flowing hair ;
He casts her on the rugged heath ;
He draws his falchion from its sheath,
While pointed at her bosom bare
The lifted weapon threatens death.

It falls—but on no female breast—
Dilated was that phantom fair,
And, now in glittering armour drest,
A knight stands sternly frowning there ;
And Gawaine's unpolluted sword,
That wept to shed a woman's blood,
Now aids its master's kindling mood,
And thirsts to quell that form abhorr'd.
Fierce was the combat, and at length
Each panting own'd his failing strength,
Though parrying still each adverse blow :
But Gawaine summon'd all his might,
Resolved at once to end the fight,
He struck—but blood refused to flow,
Though wounded sunk the elfin knight.

He sunk, but soon a nimble deer
Rose where the warrior seem'd to die,
And launching forth in full career,
Oft toss'd his crested head on high.
One instant fix'd in new surprise,
Soon Gawaine's hand the leash unbound ;
Forth springs his keen, his matchless hound,
And on the fainting stag he flies ;
Again his prey has vanish'd there :
An eagle wing'd the middle air,
And soar'd so boldly and so high,
It seem'd he flew to meet the sun,
Whose ruddy beams e'en now begun
To purple o'er the dark blue sky,
And clouds that veil'd the mountains dun.

But Gawaine's falcon swifter flies,
Nor fears to grapple with his king ;
In vain with anger-beaming eyes,
And mighty beak, and flapping wing,
And dreadful cries, he threatens his foe.
His wing th' intrepid falcon tore ;
He falls, the king of air no more :
Yet scarcely touch'd the ground below,
Ere all his spreading plumes were gone :—
Forth flew a little wren alone,

Scarce seen amid the brightening sky ;
 But on a fir-tree's pointed height
 She perches, half-conceal'd from sight,
 And human voice and words surprise
 From that small frame the list'ning knight.

' Desist ! yon rising orb of gold
 At once thy power and mine controll'd.
 For secret crimes in fairy-land
 Condemn'd to roam this barren strand ;
 Alone, for many a weary year,
 My joyless steps have linger'd here.
 One only pleasure glads my mind,—
 To work the woe of human kind,
 And lead to death or endless shame
 The race through which my sorrow came.
 Thou ! thou alone, hast foil'd my wiles,
 Thou only scorn'd my fatal smiles ;
 Compell'd in borrow'd shapes to flee,—
 My endless hatred waits on thee.

' Lov'd by your sovereign, heap'd with wealth,
 With fame and fortune, youth and health,
 While England's fairest maidens all
 Contend thy hand to lead the ball,
 List thy soft converse, and decline
 All coarser flattery than thine,—
 Unconquer'd still by mortal wight
 In tourney or in fiercest fight,
 Thine shall be still a joyless heart,
 That shares no bliss thy words impart ;
 The smiles on that gay brow that glow
 Shall never gild the void below,
 Till one of fairy race shall join
 Her fate by marriage bonds with thine—
 Then must my power, my curse expire,
 For Fate controls my deathless ire.

' For me—I know my fate—to die
 By thine accursed progeny.
 This day, that saw me vanquish'd lie,
 Must every year behold again,
 On these black shores, the fairy wren,
 While hundreds scour each barren heath
 To work one helpless creature's death.
 Woe to the fate-devoted bird
 Whose cry that luckless morn is heard,
 And woe to me, whene'er the dart
 Of skilful archer reach my heart !'

Thus spoke the wren, and more she tried,
 But in her throat the accents died,
 Sunk in a low and plaintive cry,
 A short yet pleasing melody :
 She left her perch, and, soaring high,
 Vanish'd amid the cloudless sky :
 But her last accents left behind
 A dreadful weight on Gawaine's mind ;
 That fatal day, without relief,
 Gave him to glory, but to grief,
 For, scatheless, (though he win the fight)
 No man may cope with fairy might.



Mathena (Dyck).

Painted by Mrs. Dyck, and engraved for the Ladies Magazine No. 10



Evening Party Dress

Invented by Miss Hinchint. & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N^o 2, 1826.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW
PUBLICATIONS.

The Progresses, Processions, and magnificent Festivities of King James the First and his Court, illustrated with Notes, by John Nichols, 4to.—

The veteran editor of this work deserves the thanks of the public for his historical and biographical investigations and researches; and, in the present publication, he has illustrated a period of growing refinement, and given a complete body of court-history for a number of years, to the great amusement and edification of the advocates of royal and aristocratical supremacy,—a class to which, though we detest despotism, we are more inclined to belong than to the supporters of democratic preponderance, even while we think that the people ought to have

a greater sway in this country than they have at present. Masques, pageants, royal speeches, and courtly entertainments, pass before the reader in a ceremonious and imposing form; and curious tracts and original letters throw light upon the time, and display the manners and pursuits of the age.

The Writer's Clerk, or the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis, 3 vols.—

From an exhibition of the humors of the 'Modern Athens,' we expected to derive both entertainment and instruction; but we have been in a great measure disappointed. Dullness and frivolity, in general, pervade the work; yet it emits an occasional gleam of sense, vivacity, and pleasantry, like an oasis in a desert.

Fine Arts.

ATTENTIVE to the progress of the fine arts, we take an early opportunity of noticing the present exhibition at the British Gallery. Some of the pieces which the public had before seen are worthy of a renewed inspection and additional notice: but we shall confine our remarks to those which we believe to be new. Among these we observe a fine representation of a very difficult subject, the Deluge. Some have stigmatised it as a failure, because it is impossible to delineate such a subject with success: yet we think that this picture exhibits great skill and talent. The elemental strife, the tremendous violence of the waters, the appalling gloom of the scene, the tumbling rocks, the groupes of alarmed victims, are strikingly represented; and, in addition to the general effect, the details are elaborately finished.

Pharaoh's Submission, by Mr. Haydon, is not so good a piece as might have been expected from his powerful pencil. There is no great expression either in the countenance of Moses or that of the monarch, though there is some dignity in the figures. The central groupe is the best part of the performance.

We are inclined to prefer Mr. John Hayter's picture to that of Mr. Haydon. The subject is Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's chief Butler: the figures are well executed, their looks are

expressive, and the colouring of the piece is rich.

Mr. George Hayter exhibits a fanciful piece of considerable merit. The figure of Alashtar is noble and commanding, and the whole has an impressive effect.

A new picture, by Danby, represents Solitude, the moment of Sun-set, with the Moon rising over a ruined City. He appeals to the imagination through the medium of a select choice of Nature, the best way in which it can be effectually awakened. He has in this work chosen the still and the solemn. Night is stealing on: its approach is announced by a deep and broad shadow of evening across the larger part of the scene,—a level space covered with numerous fragments of the ruined city. The dreariness approximates to awe, which is, however, softened down to quiet solemnity by a mellow light, beautifully shed along the horizon, over a line of deeply-tinctured foliage, by the sun, while the moon is rising. The contrast of the sun, moon, and full foliage, the continuous vitality of Nature, with the transient and gone-by works of man, as seen in the prostrate architecture and sculpture, give a deeply-felt sentiment to this captivating piece.

Mr. Newton's Deep Study represents a young and lovely female absorbed in an interesting pursuit. The figure is

well drawn, and the coloring is admirable: but the piece too nearly resembles one of his former productions to deserve the praise of originality.

A head by Mrs. Carpenter is admirably painted: it excels in character and effect; and Mr. William Bradley's study of a head has uncommon boldness and spirit.

Mr. Edwin Landseer makes a distinguished figure in this exhibition. His *Interior of a Highland Cottage* may stand near some of the best productions of the Flemish school, without being

disgraced by the comparison. *The Dog and the Shadow*, by the same artist, and *the Dog watching a dead Deer*, are also worthy of close inspection and high praise.

Of the new landscapes, the finest seems to be Mr. Linton's *Italian Scene. Sunset*, by Wolstenholme the younger, is likewise very pleasing. Among the architectural views, that of the church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, is particularly recommended to notice by grandeur of effect and the high finish of all its parts.

Music.

As the department of sacred music meets with a regular revival in Lent, the oratorios now call for our notice, although there has been little novelty in the late performances. *The Messiah*, as usual, led the way on the 30th of January; it was well but not capitally performed. With the well-known singers a little boy of the name of Barker was for the first time associated; and he sang 'If God be for us' in a pleasing style and manner.

At Covent-Garden theatre, sir George Smart superintended the whole musical process. On the 12th, the pieces were in general well chosen, both for their own excellence, and the variety which, by a judicious combination of different styles, was effected. The first part was taken from the admired *Mount of Olives*, and it was chiefly sustained by the talents of Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and Mr. Braham. A selection from *Acis and Galatea* followed; and this performance, in which there is the very sunshine of the pastoral style, with a mixture of plaintive and romantic tenderness, formed

a most agreeable contrast to the solemn effect of the piece which preceded it. The national German hymn, and the ordinary effusion of British loyalty, closed, amidst expressions of general satisfaction, the entertainment of the evening. The attractions, on subsequent days, were equally great; and some similar solemnities at the Opera-house were fashionably attended and favorably received.

A display of rising merit in the instrumental department, at the Egyptian hall, ought not to pass without commendation. Two girls, one in her eighth year, the other in her fifth, play a variety of airs and even elaborate pieces, on the harp and the piano-forte, in a tasteful manner, and with a degree of precision which no one would expect from their ages. Such quickness and delicacy of ear do these sisters possess, that they are not under the necessity of practising entirely from notes; yet they never neglect that mode of performance.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

Of the recent performances at this house we cannot speak so favorably as we could wish. *The Donna del Lago* has been brought forward with diminished rather than added strength. Signor Torri is a poor substitute for Garcia; Madame Cornega is inferior to little Vestris; and even Caradori, with all her taste and vocal sweetness, is not so spirited a heroine as Ronzi de Begnis.

A new *ballet* has been produced, under the title of *Le Temple de la Concorde*. There is nothing in its form or construction that demands particular notice. It seemed, however, to please the spectators; and we may therefore conclude that it has some merit.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The wild and fanciful legends of Ossian have suggested hints for the new 'national ballad opera' of *Malvina*. The

chief characters are thus denominated and allotted.—Fingal, king of Scotland, Mr. Powell; his son Oscar, Mr. Sinclair; Toscar, Mr. Pope; Cathullin, lord of Ulster, Mr. Horn; Morven and Conlath, Irish chieftains, Messieurs Archer and Wallack; Morna, Miss Kelly; Malvina, Toscar's daughter, Miss Stephens; her attendant Cathline, Miss Povey. This opera has a greater resemblance to the grand *spectacle* of Oscar and Malvina than it bears to the original story. The music partakes of the Irish and Scotch melodies, the beauty of which has never been questioned even by those who prefer the more intricate and complicated combinations of musical science. Sinclair sang the softer airs delightfully, and Miss Stephens was very happy in the execution of the airs assigned to her. Wallack played with remarkable grace and dexterity. In melo-drame he is unrivaled. Miss Kelly had little to do; but her principal scene with Conlath was exceedingly well managed. The scenery is of striking beauty. A view of Glen Fallock, a view of the castle of Fingal, and a rocky pass in the Highlands, are particularly excellent. The opera was given out for repetition amidst loud applause, mingled with some slight expressions of disapprobation. It has been frequently repeated, and will at least retain its attractions for the rest of the season.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A play of disputed merit has passed beyond the first night, and, 'like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.' We allude to the *French Libertine*, in which the chief characters are the duke de Rougemont, the countess de Fleury, M. Dorival and his wife. A critic observes, that this French made-dish (Anglicised by Mr. Howard Payne) is founded on the character of the notorious Parisian lady-killer, the duke de Richelieu,—the God of Love, as an adoring dame of quality once called him,—who used to receive *billets-doux* by the bushel, and for whom a duel was actually fought by two spirited females of rank. The character of this all-conquering swain only differed from those of our own Rochester and Buckingham by the greater heartlessness of his vanity in one respect, and his more soldierly experience and qualifications in another. On the other hand, he seems to have had less wit and humor than those noblemen possessed.

The name of this seducing personage was in the first instance borrowed for the title of a piece in which libertinism was to be properly exposed. The name of Richelieu still existing in France, our licenser insisted on a change of the title of the play and the hero's name: hence the duke de Rougemont became the leading character. The story may be briefly told:—the duke, in the character of his valet, with the honorable view of making him assistant to his own disgrace, becomes acquainted with a decayed gentleman, M. Dorival, who has a lovely and virtuous wife, much younger than himself. Being treated with the utmost confidence, he makes such good use of his opportunities as to instil a baleful passion into the bosom of Madame Dorival, who, after being entrapped into one of the duke's houses of pleasure, falls a victim to a mixture of fraud and force. The play opens at this crisis, when the unfortunate lady is represented sinking under a sense of remorse and humiliation, disclosing her fatal secret to a trusty female servant, in consequence of receiving a letter from the duke, announcing his return from a victorious campaign, and his determination to see her that evening. The purpose of this confidence is to employ the attendant to return the letter and prevent the intended visit. The duke however persists, distresses his victim to the utmost, and, on her framing an excuse of a pre-engagement to avoid meeting him again at supper, intercepts her hired coach, and drives her again to the scene of her former shame. In an agony of distress, she resists all his blandishments, and is finally delivered by the intrusion of a lady of quality, who, looking to an honorable connexion with him, effects her release. After other incidents the disguised duke again meets her, and a scene of considerable pathos ensues, in which the dying wife discovers her base seducer, and undeceives her confiding husband. The latter, in a burst of anguish, presents a pistol to the duke, but is prevented from firing it by his friend and wife: she then pathetically implores his forgiveness, which he finally pronounces. Such are the chief features of the play, the rest being made out by the gasconade and fanfaronade of Rougemont, who sits between two secretaries dictating political epistles to the one, and love-letters to the other, with much artificial *nonchalance*. This superlative puppyism may be in the French

way, but it is contemptible and ridiculous in English eyes; and the design of the author is evidently to make the talents and address of his hero support his vices, not sink beneath them. The best scenes of this description were with the countess de Fleury, whom he baffles with considerable dexterity. Supported however as the character was by the talents and strenuous exertions of Mr. Kemble, it was too hateful to be comic, and too unintellectually coxcombical to be anything else. Mr. Cooper represented the husband, and correctly performed all that the character required. Mrs. Sloman was the guilty wife, and we never witnessed a broken heart more naturally portrayed.

Another piece of French extraction (for our dramatists borrow too frequently from the French) is styled *Norah, or the Girl of Erin*. The marchioness d'Orville, sister to lord Castleton, has

been secretly married eighteen years prior to the commencement of the piece. Her husband, dying soon after, leaves her with an infant daughter, whom she discards, abandoning her on the steps of the church. The child receives protection from Dennis O'Flinn, a village schoolmaster. Arriving at maturity, she obtains a situation in a family, where she is seen by Redmond, lord Castleton's nephew, who becomes enamored of her. She tells her story, and the discovery of her maternal parent follows, by the usual distinguishing marks by which deserted children are found, namely, a gold chain and cross, which were left on her neck when she was deserted. She is then united to her lover, and the usual happiness is supposed to follow. This operetta was apparently well received; but it is so far from being likely to flourish, that its representation is now discontinued.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

WALKING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples* of the Persian lilac-color, trimmed at the border with triangles in rouleaux, and bows of riband: this ornament is surmounted by two separate narrow rouleaux. The sleeves are partly *en gigot*, but not so ample as formerly. A large triple cape, slightly scalloped in points, falls over the shoulders, and is surmounted by a narrow frill of *URLING'S LACE*, a cornette of which highly improved and beautiful material is worn under a bonnet of black satin, tastefully ornamented in the style of *fers à cheval*: between the insterstices of these is placed, on either side, a bunch of ripe ears of corn, or a small spiral feather laid crosswise.

EVENING PARTY DRESS.

A dress of amber-colored satin, with a broad embossed ornament at the border, representing cockle-shells, and formed of white satin rouleaux. The body made *en gerbe*, with long white sleeves of crape, finished at the wrists with very long points of satin, in the old English style. A sash of richly striped riband, in which amber is the predominant color, depends in two ends over the left side, and nearly touches the ornament at the border of the skirt. The hair is arranged in large curls, with a full plume of white ostrich feathers. The ear-rings are formed each of one very large pearl, and the necklace is only one row of the same valuable materials.

N. B. The above dresses are specimens of the elegant taste of Miss Pierrepont, of Edward-street, Portman-square.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

So mutable are the laws of this fickle power, so versatile are her adorn-

ments which appear at the same time, that it is almost impossible to pronounce what is really the reigning mode. As a recent French writer justly remarks,

it is grace and beauty that now set the fashion: we do not *exactly* agree with this assertion, for those who are not in possession of either of these attractions eagerly follow the lead, when, perhaps, a different style might impart more attraction to their countenance and figure: therefore, in spite of that diversity which now prevails in modish costume, there will ever be some marked feature which may be pronounced the most prevailing fashion, whether the invention of taste and elegance, or emanating from the caprices of the motley power.

It is certainly Fashion's despotic law that renders the mantle so decidedly in favor for out-door costume, both on tall or short figures, for either the carriage or the promenade, for which latter use, nothing can be more uncomfortable; yet this unsociable wrap is preferred to the more smart and convenient pelisse, of which we see but few, except on some ladies who are fond of walking, and choose to judge for themselves. The mantle most in favor for walking is of a rich Macassar brown, lined with pink; the outside *gros de Naples*, the lining sarcenet. Velvet mantles are confined to the carriage; and those of Scotch plaid, worn equally in morning walks, are made in bias; this not only displays the pattern to advantage, but causes the cloak to hang well from the shoulders, while it forms a more ample wrap round the other parts of the figure.

Some bonnets have appeared of black, watered *gros de Naples*, and are ornamented with a half wreath of opening roses: they are lined with rose-colored silk; we have seen two or three of these new bonnets, lined with celestial blue, with a full bouquet of feathers in front, black and blue. Black satin capote bonnets are also a novelty for walking costume, which have an elegant and unobtrusive appearance: they have a broad black blond at the edge of the brim, and are trimmed with bows and small aigrette feathers, all black. Large satin and silk bonnets, of very light colors, are reckoned an elegant negligée head-covering for the carriage in morning airings: they are in form an improvement on the capote, and are trimmed at the edge with a full *rûche*, sometimes of stiffened gauze, but more generally of the same material as the bonnet, especially when of silk. Hats of black velvet are yet worn, but we may expect

them to continue to decline, as they are not even now so much in favor as satin and *gros de Naples*. Several colored satin hats have been seen in Hyde Park: we remarked one we much admired; the color was bright jonquil, with black velvet ornaments. Some black velvet hats are bound, and ornamented with *ponceau*, and in the carriage are ornamented with black and red feathers, or two esprits made of the cocks' scarlet feathers. Bonnets of white watered *gros de Naples* have a double ornament of blond at the edge, and are extremely elegant, though rather too large: for Hyde Park, and other public drives, they are ornamented with wreaths of flowers round the crown.

Scotch plaid is yet worn in gowns for half dress, but plain silks are reckoned more genteel. Crape dresses for evening parties are trimmed with blond, *languettes*, rouleaux, and rosettes of satin. Short and long sleeves are equally the mode for evening dresses; the former are of blond, the latter of *crêpe-lisse*. Crape is used for ball dresses, both white and colored: the corsages are of satin with bouffant drapery; and a narrow blond tucker surrounds the bust: the manner of trimming the borders of ball dresses is various: rouleaux of satin on crape, disposed in a variety of ways, seem most in favor. Dresses of Chinese crape, trimmed with blond, or broad bias folds, are much admired for evening dress; when trimmed with blond, the flounces are set on in festoons. Colored dresses, either for the dinner, the evening, or the half-dress friendly party, are much more in favor than white; and even in the ball-room, except on very young ladies.

A plume of short feathers, beautifully waving over the hair, is the favorite head-dress for *grande-parure*: white are most prevalent, and next in favor are *ponceau*, as a color suitable to every complexion, looking equally well on dark as on light hair, and becoming to a fair skin as well as to the brunette. A few bows of riband, however, or flowers, very lightly scattered, form the favorite head-dress of young persons both at the ball or the evening party. Caps of tulle and blond for home costume are trimmed with bows of colored riband; besides these ornaments, there is also a wreath of flowers in front, placed across; the two flowers of which on each temple are

brought forward, so as to lie on the hair. White dress hats, ornamented with blond and marabout feathers, are worn at the opera and at evening parties. Some half-dress blond caps have very long lappets; and when these caps are worn at the theatre, the crown which is made of white satin and blond is *en squelette*, and the hair in ringlets is brought through, which gives a full-dress effect, especially as these caps, like the *fichu-négligé*, are placed very backward, behind a half-wreath of flowers lying on the hair: we are happy to say the becoming fichu-cap yet retains its favor; in home costume it has no other ornament than a full-blown winter flower over each temple. Turbans, though but partially worn, are yet seen on the heads of some very distinguished females in evening dress: they are sometimes formed of white and gold gauze, or of colored crape and silver: they are somewhat of a diadem form in front, and have been seen at grand parties, adorned with valuable jewels.

The most fashionable colors for dresses and mantles are Parma-violet, amber, amaranthine, Macassar-brown, and lavender. For turbans, bonnets, and ribands, gold-color, *ponceau*, jonquil, blue, pink, and emerald-green.

MODES PARISIENNES.

The rage for Scotch plaid mantles begins to abate; those that are yet worn are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colors, and the enormous size of their chequers: prince Charles's tartan, the largest known in Scotland, appears diminutive before that now in favor with the French ladies: it is impossible for a little woman to have more in the length of her mantle than four, or *five* chequers at most. High dresses of Merino, when mantles are not worn, are often seen in the public walks; when the weather is chill, a fur tippet is added: velvet dresses are also adopted in the same manner, but as these are seldom made high, the fur tippet is *en pelerine*, and is fastened closely over the bust. Velvet mantles of the most brilliant colors are worn in carriages, and those of a very light colored French cachemire, ornamented with branches of palm in embroidery, or with braiding in cherry-color or *ponceau*, are equally in favor.

The newest hats are trimmed with ribands of two different colors; on white

those most in favor are yellow and rose-color; sea-green and lilac on blue, orange-color and cachou on crimson. Black satin bonnets, ornamented with black esprits, are very fashionable, as are those of dark green velvet, trimmed with a *chicoreé*, of the same material. Round some white satin hats are seen quillings of tulle, on others wreaths of flowers: hats of blue, or auricula brown velvet, are worn in the morning walks: they are lined and bound with ribands and straps of jonquil satin. At the public promenades, and at the theatres, the hats are often of jonquil crape or satin. On the crowns of black satin hats there is often a tuft or tassel of *ponceau*; a plaiting comes from this to the front, which surrounds two plumes of red feathers. The brims of white satin hats are very broad, and almost flat.

Dresses of Scotch plaid velvet and of rose-colored cachemire are much worn at evening parties; the favorite trimmings on these are rosettes and rouleaux of satin: dresses of crape, either white or colored, are trimmed in the same manner: long transparent sleeves are worn in dress parties as much as those that are short. Crêpe-lisse and aerial-crape are favorite materials for ball-dresses: when they are worn by ladies who do not mean to dance, they are trimmed with two or three flounces, cut in sharp scallops, and fall over a satin riband, the color of the dress: others are trimmed with full puckerings, crossed over with satin rouleaux.

Transparent hats made of tulle and blond are in favor for the evening party; the brim flies off the face, and is ornamented with a great number of marabouts, closely grouped together: these fall over the brim, and form a kind of bourrelet round the hat, as remarkable for its lightness as for its thickness; the crown is beautified by trimmings of blond, among the puffings of which are small marabouts. Spanish bérêts of velvet, worked with gold or silver, with acorn tassels of the same, are favorite head-dresses for the evening and for the opera. Bérêts are, indeed, the *coiffures* most in vogue. Small caps of blond with flowers are universal for half-dress and for the theatres.

The favorite colors for bonnets and bérêts are dark green, blue, *ponceau*, jonquil, and cachou. For mantles and dresses, blue, crimson, the lightest shade of straw-color, and pink.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**BIRTHS.**

Sons to the countess of Surrey and lady Harriet Gurney, and to the ladies of Mr. F. Banks, Mr. D. Campbell, and the hon. A. Macdonald.

Daughters to the ladies of the dean of Peterborough and Mr. T. Venables, of Mr. S. Linthorne, Mr. D. Geale, Mr. G. Hillhouse, Mr. H. Dymoke, and Dr. Lushington.

In Brazil, a son and heir to the imperial throne.

MARRIAGES.

The rev. W. M. Smith Marriott, to Miss Hodges.

The hon. Arthur Thellusson, to the second daughter of Sir C. Codrington.

Mr. John Beauchamp Brady, to the daughter of the late sir Rupert George.

Colonel sir Robert Arbuthnot, to the third daughter of the late Mr. Smith, of Rochdale.

At Norwich, Mr. J. Stannard, to Miss Copping.

Mr. Adamson, solicitor, to Miss Seabrook, of Hatton-Garden.

Mr. W. Mathie, jun. to Miss Biden.

Mr. J. B. Wood, of Stoke-Newington, to Miss Bellchambers.

Mr. James Weston, to Miss Watson, of Hackney.

Mr. M. Brock, to Miss Tupper, of Haute-ville, Guernsey.

The son of the late general Arnold, to the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Browne.

At Sheffield, Mr. G. Dixon, to Miss Cowley.

The count de Melfort, to Miss Nasmyth, of Jamaica.

DEATHS.

In Norfolk, the rev. Dixon Hoste.

In his 35th year, Mr. Jabez Sheen Birt, who had acquired great opulence by practising as an apothecary in the island of Hayti.

Mr. Bengough, a theatrical performer of some merit.

Mr. J. T. Serres, the marine artist.

Mr. Webster, of Hammersmith.

In her 81st year, Mrs. Wild, sister of the late sir Isaac Heard.

Mr. Catty, private secretary to his majesty's representative in the Ionian islands.

Mr. Charles Mills, M. P.

Mr. W. Northey, M. P.

Of the yellow fever, caught on the coast of Jamaica, captain A. C. de Crespigny.

From an accident in hunting, lord Arthur Paget.

Sir David Dundas, surgeon to the king.

Major William Collins.

Drowned in skating, the sons of Mr. Legrew, of Isleworth, and captain Dickenson, of Homerton.

In his 65th year, Mr. Samuel Parkes, a philosophical chemist and a votary of general science.

At Agmondesham, the rev. Dr. Drake.

Mr. T. Rowe, one of the chief constables of Liverpool.

At Howden, at the age of 98, Mrs. Whitaker.

At the age of 70, lady Vincent.

M. David, famous for his pictorial skill, but infamous for his adherence to the tyrant Robespierre.

At Marseilles, marshal Suchet.

Mr. Richard Goodwin, of the Bank of England.

Mr. William Purton, schoolmaster at Battle-bridge.

Mr. T. Dixie, in his 70th year.

Mr. H. Harrison, of Ely-place.

Edward Fryer, M. D.

At Pimlico, Mr. Cundy, the architect.

Mr. Henry Field, of Stoke-Newington.

The countess dowager of Caernarvon.

At Bermondsey, the rev. Mr. Townsend, founder of the asylum for the deaf and dumb children of the poor.

In the isle of Bute, the only daughter of the late lord Henry and lady Gertrude Stuart, in her 21st year.

Near Dublin, the countess of Egmont.

At the age of 60 years, Mrs. Golland, of Black Friars' Road.

Mr. George Baldwin, formerly the British consul in Egypt.

Near Leeds, in his 81st year, sir Thomas Vavasour.

At Worcester, Mr. R. Jones, architect, father of the comedian; and, in the same city, Mr. Incedon, the singer.

Suddenly, Mr. Charles Hibbert, wine-merchant.

At the age of 75 years, John Campbell, accountant-general of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Brandling, representative of the county of Northumberland in parliament.

At the age of 102, Giovanni Danero, commander of the royal navy of Naples.

In his 67th year, Mr. John Turnbull, distinguished by his Voyage round the World.

Sir Robert Baker, baronet, in his 72d year.

Maurice Swabey, LL. D. chancellor of the diocese of Rochester.

By self-violence, in consequence of mental derangement, major Wood, one of the prize agents for the army of the Deccan.

By the hands of an assassin, Mr. Thomas Price, a manufacturer at Manchester.

Accidentally burned to death, the youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Thorp.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Address to a Parent, amidst an affectation of due respect and reverence, is too harsh and acrimonious. The fair writer and her young friends seem unwilling to submit to reasonable and proper control.

We admire the union of wisdom and beauty ; but the association is not happily described in the verses which we have received from Eugenia.

We will endeavour to find room for Love's Treachery in our next Number—perhaps, also, for the verses on Scandal.

In speaking of the life of the late northern potentate, we are not indeed answering a correspondent, because no one has addressed us on the subject ; but we may be allowed to take this opportunity of observing, that our memoir would have been much longer, if one half of the copy had not been lost or mislaid. The deficiency, however, will soon be supplied.

A Well-Wisher to our Magazine has sent some observations on the present embarrassments of traders, and the great distress which consequently prevails. Instead of inserting his letter, we shall merely offer a few remarks. We have no concern in trade ; we have no propensity to speculation ; and we can therefore, on this as well as on other occasions, speak with impartiality. The principles of free trade, lately adopted by our ministers after a long course of commercial restriction, do not appear to have had so ill an effect as the zeal of over-trading, the spirit of rapacity, and the rashness of wanton speculation. If the restless men who did not know how to employ their property were the only sufferers, we should not very seriously lament the misfortune ; but by the imprudence of these adventurers so many others are involved in embarrassments and difficulties, that ordinary traffic is checked, and thousands of workmen in various branches of art and manufacture are unable to procure that occupation which would save them from ruin. In various parts of the country, a great number of families are reduced to serious distress by the insolidity of that paper currency which they were obliged, if they wished for any sort of payment, to accept. This reminds us of a claim for a debt, when the debtor said to the creditor, ' I will soon pay you in some *shape* or other.' The latter immediately exclaimed, ' Let it be in the *shape* of gold or silver, or a note of the Bank of England : any other shape may be mere moonshine.' Such has been, in a thousand instances, the complexion of a country-note ; and the interference of the legislature was therefore necessary for the general security of the impoverished provincials. The managers of the country-banks, in future, will not only be more respectable, but more fully responsible for the due execution of their engagements, and their issues of paper will be confined to a moderate and reasonable amount. But, as this is only a measure of prospective security, not a remedy for losses, various means of relief have been devised by the government and the bank, which, we hope, will allay the storm, and concur with the ordinary progress of events, and the return of prudence and good sense, to restore confidence, revive hope, and re-produce full employment for the laboring classes of society.



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Woln th. sculpt

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE



OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

MARCH 31, 1826.

AN ESSAY ON PREJUDICE.

THE superiority of one man to another chiefly consists in the exercise of judgment. A quickness of ideas, a fluency of speech, and a versatility of talent, are more imposing to the vulgar eye; but these qualities, however pleasing they may be, will not satisfy a man of sound sense and discrimination. He looks for that mental operation which leads to reasonable opinions and legitimate conclusions, and expects the triumph of deliberative wisdom over mere vivacity and talent.

To judge well is to be wise; to judge ill is either to fall into the delusions of prejudice, or to be deficient in the powers of reasoning. Rash or erroneous sentiments are styled prejudices. They are such opinions as are formed with regard to persons or things without sufficient examination, or such as have taken possession of the mind, and engaged its assent, before just evidence has been obtained of their truth. Nothing is more common than such prejudices: they are entertained both by the young and the old, and are frequently so fixed in the mind as to withstand all the force of persuasion and argument.

They admit a four-fold division, when they are considered as arising from things or from words, from ourselves or from other persons. In entering upon the first part of the subject, we are aware that a person may put the question, whether there is any point in the nature of things that will necessarily lead us into error; and to this we answer, "Things in general will go on smoothly

VOL. VII.

and accurately, if we only make a right use of our reason: but, as we are so eager to judge from doubtful appearances and circumstances, before we have properly examined the subject, we need not be surprised if we should fall into a variety of misapprehensions and mistakes." The obscurity of some truths, and the consequent difficulty of discovering them, will lead to erroneous opinions, if the inquirers are so impatient that they cannot wait for that regular development which might otherwise in due time reward their researches. Various points in mathematics and natural philosophy cannot be elucidated and explained without the most attentive deliberation, and therefore those who judge of them *primâ facie* are liable to be deceived. A good guess may sometimes offer itself even to the ignorant; but there is no merit in an idle conjecture, because those who happen to be in the right do not know why they are so. The component parts of many natural bodies and substances cannot be discovered without the closest scrutiny; and, if you draw hasty conclusions (as many do) respecting those parts, you incur the charge of prejudice or prepossession. The only way in which such a charge can be repelled is by analysing and examining every thing before you determine about it. Taking an instance from one of the fine arts, we may observe, that some are prejudiced in favor of coloring, while others think more of the composition of a picture, of its proportion, its keeping and perspective.

A rough sketch, or a mere outline, is viewed with indifference by an ordinary observer; he is prejudiced against it because it is slight and evidently unfinished, while a connoisseur may discern in it the hand of a master.

Proceeding to our second division, and referring to literary performances, we remark that some readers are more observant of the style than the sense; and this is certainly an absurd prejudice, because many writers who do not sufficiently attend to their language are yet sensible and well-informed. Sermons composed in a florid style are so pleasing to the superficial, that they are even supposed to contain weighty matter, and sound divinity, in which perhaps they may be deplorably deficient; and, on the other hand, some judicious discourses are treated with contempt, because the preacher is slovenly and confused in his language, and awkward in his delivery. In these instances, prejudices supersede just reasoning; for we ought no more to judge of the merit of a book or a sermon from its language, than of the character of a man from his dress and external appearance.—Mere words have sometimes led to serious contests. If each party had clearly understood and defined the expressions which were used, the dispute might soon have been settled, as the substantial difference was inconsiderable. The Lutherans and the Calvinists, the members of the Romish and Greek churches, were so accustomed to dispute in this way, that a mere quibble would occasion a controversy.

But neither words nor things would so often divert us from the truth, if we had not within ourselves various sources of error. Hence we are led to our third division,—namely, prejudices arising from ourselves. Among these the first are the ideas of infancy, derived from immaturity of reason. These may gradually be shaken off, if the young person should acquire, with the progress of intellect, a habit of deliberate and calm reflexion. Even as we grow up, our senses still give us false notions, and tempt us to judge amiss; and the imagination is another source of false judgement. It might be thought easy to separate fancy from reality; but there are many who are so deluded by the former, as to suffer it to impress them with those ideas which obstruct and preclude a full conception of the latter. The passions and affections of the heart also lead to

strong prejudices. A person who is angry with another, even for a slight cause, will undervalue the merit of the supposed offender, and scarcely allow that he possesses a single good quality. One who has been very kindly treated by another may be so far prejudiced in his favor, as to give him credit for that goodness of character or that strength of intellect which people in general do not attribute to him. Another, from a warmth of fancy, will exaggerate and embellish in a striking degree; all his geese will be swans, and all his stones diamonds; and, with an equal spirit of falsification, but in an opposite ratio, he will reduce many things far below their real import and value. The young lady who is smitten with the tender passion will think her lover a paragon, but will probably alter her tone in “three weeks after marriage.”

Vanity and self-love produce prejudices in abundance. Almost every one is vain of something, or thinks more of his own pretensions, merit, or advantages, than uninfluenced judgement would warrant. Some may say, that self-conceit is not reprehensible, as it is not a wilful breach of morality; yet it cannot be commended, as it is in some degree a deviation from the standard of truth and reason.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of vanity, a great proportion of mankind may be said to imbibe (according to our fourth division) prejudices from other persons. Our nurses lead us into error and misconception; and those who conduct the business of education do not invariably exercise their influence over our youthful minds in a way that is calculated to make us truly wise. As we advance to adolescence and to maturity, we are generally disposed to follow the customs and practices of that society into which we are thrown by the course of events, to comply with the prevailing modes of dress and of house-keeping, and to adopt the politics of those who have long guided the public opinion. These are the prejudices of custom, fashion, and authority, to which most people are tamely subservient. Persons, however, who have a habit of reflexion and a philosophical turn, will rise superior to these prepossessions, and will endeavour to make a right use of their reason. They will judge of every thing by its true nature, without regard to external and adventitious circumstances,

In civil concerns, for the preservation of peace and order, they will obey the laws of their country, however unreasonable some of them may be, and will bow to the paramount authority of the state: but, in other respects, they will assert the dignity of the human character, and shake off the degrading fetters of prejudice.

BRAMBLETYE-HOUSE, OR CAVALIERS
AND ROUND-HEADS.

3 vols. 1826.

WE remember that the *Rejected Addresses* excited a sensation favorable to the characters of Mr. Horatio Smith and his literary associate, as men of talent and humor. They pleasantly imitated the style and manner of well-known writers, in a mode which, though it might wound the feelings of such an irritable class of men, could not be considered as a serious or malignant attack. Mr. Smith, being still desirous of amusing the public, now appears as a novelist; and he seems to tread in the steps, though he is not a servile imitator, of the author of *Waverley*. He mingles the scenes of fiction and the incidents of history with such skill as not to mislead the reader; ably delineates the prominent characters of the time to which he refers; and works up his materials into a tissue of narrative which is rather strong and substantial than feeble or flimsy.

Some frolicsome scenes are exhibited in a lively manner, particularly one which was devised by the earl of Rochester.

"A masque had been prepared by sir Roger L'Estrange, and, being intended to be complimentary to their majesties, contained much of that gross and fulsome adulation which it would be an insult to offer to any but crowned heads. The characters were all allegorical, and the performers such as could be hastily called from a strolling company, consisting of some half-dozen men, dressed up in female attire, to represent the Virtues and other abstract personages. Matthew Locke had adapted music to the different scenes, and captain Cook had altered one of his anthems for the *finale*. In short, nothing was omitted, which the hurried nature of the preparation would allow, to give success and *eclat* to this little entertainment, from which the two composers, and the ingenious

author of the blank verse, anticipated no small share of admiration and applause.

"But, alas! what are the hopes of mortals? Rochester, who had been admitted as a great favour, and under a promise of secrecy, to one of the rehearsals, observing the clownish nature of the rustic performers, conceived the project of one of those mischievous pranks in which he delighted; and, when he had communicated his plan to sir Thomas Killigrew, the two conspirators proceeded immediately to put it into execution. While the musical composers were out of the way, and sir Roger L'Estrange engaged with the company in the hall, they introduced a little collation behind the curtain, pretending that it had been sent by the king for the refreshment of the performers. Into the burned sack and other potent compounds, they infused an intoxicating mixture. The actors, unaccustomed to such insidious draughts, and willing to do all honor to his majesty, as well as to their distinguished companions, drank the king's health, and pledged their entertainers, and hobanobb'd with one another until they were sufficiently besotted to be quite ripe for a quarrel. With such vulgar natures, a scuffle and a brawl are generally the immediate consequences of ebriety. Rochester and his friend pretended to quarrel and fight; the actors espoused different sides, and a general engagement ensued, in the midst of which the original combatants slipped away. One of them rang the bell, which was to procure silence, and draw the attention of the company; the other pulled up the curtain, and the eyes of their majesties and the assembled court were directed to a scene of scuffling, uproar, and wild confusion, such as has been seldom exhibited to royal, or even to plebeian observation.

"Had the whole been intended as a burlesque, and the performers received instructions to travestie their various parts, they could not have more successfully reversed their respective attributes and characters. Peace, who appeared to be the foremost and most desperate of the combatants, after laying about him, right and left, with a huge olive branch, which had already felled two of the party, had pursued Victory into a corner, and, having utterly defeated him, was endeavouring to strangle him with his own wreath. Religion was cursing and swearing like a trooper at Mercy, who,

having got him down to the ground, was pommeling him with a most truculent and blood-thirsty rage. Hope was seen utterly reduced to despair by Justice, who was belaboring him in a blind fury with his wooden sword. Charity, holding a bottle of sack to his mouth, was refusing a single drop of it to Faith, in spite of the most earnest supplications. Temperance, with a black eye, was sprawling in one corner of the stage, in a most pitiable plight of drunkenness; and Fortitude was sitting in another, crying and sniveling because Peace had given him a bloody nose.

“At first the spectators were lost in an utter amazement, staring in bewilderment at the scene before them, and waiting impatiently till the hidden meaning should develope itself. Accustomed to masqueradings, pranks, gambols, and every species of farcical buffoonery, they took it for granted that the representation was part of the regular entertainment, allegorical, perhaps, of chaos and war, out of which were ultimately to spring peace and order, and all the golden virtues of Saturn and Astræa. Of such a desirable consummation, however, there was not the least appearance. War raged with redoubled fury; the actions, language, and attitudes of the belligerents sufficiently testified that they were not only angry in earnest, but most indisputably tipsy. The trick that had been played them was quickly buzzed about; they who were not in the secret began to guess at the truth; the real state of the case seemed to flash upon the whole assembly at once; and a simultaneous and universal roar of boisterous laughter made the vaulted and venerable roof of Christchurch Hall re-echo to its peal.

“To the polished court of Charles the Second, as it has been sometimes, though erroneously, denominated, there was nothing revolting in the grossness and irregularity of the scene before them. By no means squeamish themselves, and still less fastidious about others, they found food for an egregious and ungovernable mirth in the profane oaths, ribald language, disfigured features, drunken looks, and indecorous gestures of the actors, all of whom seemed to forget that they represented females, and were attired in petticoats. Their first fury of intoxication and anger was now subsiding; and, as they gradually became sensible, in their returning soberness,

that they had been guilty of a most enormous disrespect to majesty, they gazed at the august company whom they had thus outraged, with vacant, sheepish, and lack-a-daisical looks, that seemed equally compounded of drunkenness and dismay, but which only aggravated into a shriek the laughter of the spectators.

“Rochester, who never wished a jest to drop, and never felt the least compunction towards its victims, heightened their terrors to the utmost by again mingling among the actors, informing them that the king was in wrathful dudgeon, and playing upon their still bewildered faculties, until he persuaded them that they had been guilty of petty treason and *lèse-majesté*. Finding them in a fit mood for his purpose, he led them all up in penitent plight to the royal chair, and asked the king whether it was his majesty's pleasure to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprits?—‘My lord of Rochester, well knowing your fitness for the office, we constitute you our judge and representative,’ replied Charles, who enjoyed the scene, though he did not wish to be at the trouble of supporting a character in it. ‘Aha!’ exclaimed Rochester pompously, at the same time puffing out his cheeks, pulling out the curls of his periwig, in order to look as judicial as possible, and sinking slowly and magisterially into a chair; while Killigrew seated himself upon the ground before him, and, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, assumed the sober look of a magistrate's clerk.

“Speaking in a loud, solemn, and dictatorial tone, the mock judge then exclaimed, ‘Come into court, ye rascally virtues, foul-mouthed purities, and worthless excellences! how will ye be tried, humanly or allegorically, in your persons or personifications, as ye ought to be and are not, or as ye are and ought not to be?’—The puzzled and penitent looks of the delinquents declared, without speaking, that the question was beyond their comprehension; and a dead silence ensued, until Temperance, hiccoughing, tottering on his knees, and fixing his drunken eyes upon Rochester with a stolid stare, mumbled out, ‘I'll take my oath, my lord, I'm at this moment as sober as a judge.’—‘As your present judge you may be,’ cried Charles. ‘Ods fish! my friend, subpoena the king, and he shall swear to it.’—‘It's the first time I ever

knew your majesty to be a friend to temperance,' said Rochester: then turning to the delinquents, he continued—' Pay attention, ye emblematical moralities and real ragamuffins, and listen to your sentence. You, Peace, were the first to break yourself, and shall, therefore, be bound over under a heavy penalty to keep yourself. You, Mercy, showed none yourself, and shall, therefore, receive none of yourself. Justice, you may depend upon having yourself. You, Hope, on the contrary, must give yourself up; and you, Fortitude, may prepare to act with yourself. And now, ye self-antitheses, hearken to your verdict, as the court shall record it. As his majesty would be sorry to put the cardinal virtues in the stocks, or order Faith, Hope, and Charity, to be whipped at the cart's tail, in order to avoid such grievous scandal, and save you all the shame of such an exposure, he is most graciously pleased to order that ye be jointly and severally hanged by the neck till ye be dead.'—' O Lord! Lord!' cried Fortitude, who was less recovered from his intoxication than the others, and wore a face of most tipsy terror, ' what will become of us? Do, my lord judge, show us mercy!'—' There he is,' said Rochester, pointing to the man who had enacted that character,—' and a more remorseless-looking rogue I never saw. There is no chance for you in his face; it is suffused all over with the gallows. You must swing, sir!'—' Ods fish!' cried Charles, interposing,—' you will frighten the fellow out of his wits. The joke has gone far enough. Begone, ye varlets! the king pardons you all, on condition that ye get not drunk again to-morrow, for it is a fast-day. Rochester, let them be well paid, for we prefer their travestie to the intended original. The rogues would doubtless rather receive money than applause, and thus shall we be all satisfied.' "

IS THIS RELIGION? OR, A PAGE FROM
THE BOOK OF THE WORLD. 1826.

A NEW work from the author of " May you like it " is an acceptable present to the public. He writes with sentiment and feeling, follows the simplicity of nature, asserts the cause of humanity and benevolence, and " vindicates the ways of God to man ; " and, although this is not equal to his former production, it has

sufficient merit to recommend it to general notice, while it will be particularly agreeable to those who are deeply impressed with a sense of religion.

A visit to a fashionable lady is well described, and her melancholy fate, though there is nothing new in the incident, is calculated to impress the reader with thoughts which may be useful.

" Augustine passed quietly along through lanes and woods. The night was chill and dark, and the hoarse wind swept by him, blowing the wintry sleet into his face. He was at once ushered through a suite of splendid apartments into the presence of the countess, and the change to brilliant light and warm perfumed air was almost magical to him. She was conversing earnestly with an old gentleman, one of the many guests with whom her house was filled. The apartment in which she was sitting might have been called a boudoir, but that its furniture, though rich, was simple in its style, and there were few of those ornaments and trinkets which usually adorn a lady's boudoir. The walls were of a rich, but delicate shade of pale red, with very broad flat mouldings of frosted gold, all studded with burnished stars. There was but one picture in the room—one of Titian's matchless portraits! a lady in a dress of green velvet, whose soft auburn hair was loosely gathered up with a golden bodkin. She seemed young, but touched with some secret sorrow. The expression of her large hazel eyes was a soft melancholy; her cheek was colorless, but the rose-hues of her delicately formed lips were the brightest in the whole picture. A white rose was on her bosom; yet the clear skin seemed of a more pearly whiteness. Beside this picture were two busts, of the size of life, placed on plinths of yellow marble. One was a female head; the countenance was calm and regular, with vine leaves and clusters intermingled with the curling hair, and hanging heavily round the brow and delicate features, the clearness of the alabaster giving lightness to its rich masses: the other was a head of Psyche, in Parian marble—a countenance full of mournful but intellectual loveliness. Tall slender tripods of the richest *or-moulu* were placed at regular distances round the room, from the summit of which a soft but brilliant light was shed by lamps of ground glass, in shape like Etruscan vases. Curtains of rich amber silk were looped back from

the windows by golden cords, and the windows all thrown open into what seemed an enchanted garden. Myrtles were there, tall and spreading as trees; and the common, but very beautiful geranium, had completely embowered one of the windows with its dark fragrant leaves and scarlet blossoms. The shrubs and flowers, indeed, were not rare, but they were all healthy and luxuriant, and arranged with an art which reminded one of nature. The red Provence rose and the Persian lilac were growing among hyacinths and lilies of the valley; and there were large beds of violets and pinks, and orange trees in full blossom.

"But if Augustine was struck by the costly elegance of every inanimate object around him, he could scarcely believe that he had ever seen so lovely a creature as the countess herself. With a form and features slight and delicate in no common degree, she had all that fine frankness of expression and of manner which, in a person of refinement, betokens true nobility. Her hair, glossy and black as the raven's wing, was parted high above her clear smooth brow, and a few natural curls fell even to her cheek: the shape of her head was remarkably fine, and well placed upon her shoulders. Her dress, the produce of some eastern loom, was simple, though uncommon, of the darkest shade of blue, stamped with a strange pattern of grotesque figures and narrow waves of gold, the loose folds confined at the waist and wrists with a belt and bracelets of solid gold. She wore no other ornaments except a long and glittering chain of beaten gold, with a cross of large turquoises suspended to it. She turned gracefully to Augustine, when he appeared, and presented him to her venerable companion. She then entered at once into conversation with them both, and he soon became so interested in a discussion on the Italian school of painters, that, when the countess ceased speaking, he started with astonishment to find that many other persons had entered the apartment.

"Shall I sing '*La plus jolie*?' said lady C., as she sat down to the pianoforte, and every one joyfully called upon her to do so. Her voice was peculiarly rich and powerful; but she threw a clear and delicate sweetness into every note, and gave to every little word a distinct and finished pronunciation, and sang with such a charming playfulness, that the hearer alternately wondered at the

skill and the perfect simplicity of the performance. When the song was finished, some remarks were made on French romances. The countess turned from the instrument, and an animated conversation commenced on the different styles of national music. Augustine thought, as he listened to the countess, that he had seldom heard any one converse so agreeably. Miss Dorothea, however, with all her timidity, was very anxious to *prove* to those around her how *unwilling* she was to sing; she had listened like one in a hurry to the conversation, and stolen at times a glance from under her languishing eyelids upon the music-stool, from which the countess had not yet risen. At last she took advantage of a pause in the conversation, and, laying her hand on the arm of lady C., she said, 'One more song! I know you sing Handel, divine Handel!'—'Indeed I cannot attempt to do so to-night,' replied the countess.—'Well, then, that wild melancholy air in Nina!'—'I don't know which you mean,' she said; 'but, I assure you,' and she laughed as she spoke, 'I cannot sing any doleful ditties to-night, I am in so mirthful a mood!'—'But you *will* sing one more song?'—'Oh! certainly,' she replied. 'Give me my harp, Charles, and I will reward you by singing one of your own compositions.'—Villiers placed the harp before her.—When the song was finished, some of her young friends sang; and Mr. Villiers was desired to sing a Spanish song. He was in high spirits, and turned round to ask the countess to accompany him. She had left the room. 'I think lady C—— is in the next room,' said Miss Dorothea; 'I saw her steal away thither. I will go and bring her back again.'—Quickly returning, she said, 'Her ladyship is very sorry that she cannot come; she cannot leave the card-table; but she has requested me to play the accompaniment for you, Mr. Villiers.'—He was not pleased with Dorothea as a substitute; for, as soon as she had delivered her message, his countenance and manner changed; and, although the accompaniment was very well played, he sang most wretchedly.

"Augustine soon understood why Villiers had become vexed and melancholy so suddenly, and he no longer wondered that his friend had earnestly objected to cards. The countess, as Miss Dorothea had declared, was at cards, and he could scarcely believe, when he gazed upon

her, that he beheld the same gentle, artless creature, who had, even in her light playfulness, seemed one of the most innocent of her sex. She who sat at the card-table appeared a very different person. The restless glancing of her eyes, her impatient manner, her quick sarcastic words, were shocking to him. Her very cheek and brow were deeply flushed, and her bosom heaved with that feverish excitement which few but the wretched gamester know, as she eagerly gathered up the gold which she had won. He could not bear to look upon her; but, as he turned away, his glance met that of Villiers, and he saw that his feelings were read."

When the countess is amusing herself with a short excursion, her horses take fright, and Augustine stops the carriage; but she had previously sprung out. Hastening forward,—“he beheld the object of his search, stretched upon the hard road. There lay the almost lifeless body of the young countess. He lifted her tenderly from the ground, and a cold shudder ran through him, as he beheld her white arm fall broken by her side, and discovered that she had received some dreadful injury on her head. He was turning, utterly perplexed what to do, when Charlotte came to his assistance. With a calmness and gentleness perfectly admirable, she instantly bandaged up the broken arm; but her lip quivered with anguish when she looked steadily upon the face of the countess. Quickly, however, she repressed her feelings, and, turning to Montague, said, ‘Can you bleed?’—He did not answer, but shook his head and groaned. Have you a lancet or a penknife?’—He offered a penknife; and with a countenance like death, but with a firm hand, the young girl opened a vein in the pulseless temple. A few drops of dark blood stained the ivory forehead, but they did not trickle even for a moment. Alas! it was a dreadful sight to behold the still beautiful but disfigured form, which lay so helpless and calm upon the lap of the young maiden. Charlotte sat there (while Augustine hastened to seek farther assistance) almost hopeless what to do, and yet anxious to leave no effort she could make untried. She pushed back the thick silken hair, and chafed the marble forehead; she placed her trembling hand over the warm side, to feel if the heart beneath still beat; she removed from the small slender hand the dust which it had

gathered in its grasp when falling; she smoothed with modest care the rich folds of whitest silk about the delicate limbs; and, lastly, she pressed her own rosy mouth to the pale parted lips, and hoped with her warm balmy breath to recall the life which had ceased to hover there: and all the while her tears fell in large drops over the face and upon the bosom, on which a chain of rubies shone with all their usual lustre, as if to mock the dreadful change which had been made! and all the while her thoughts were instant in prayer for the pale lifeless creature, who had lost all power of praying for herself.

“The body of the young countess had been laid in state for many days, and it happened that the room in which the coffin had been placed was that in which Augustine had found her sitting when he dined at her house. The character of the apartment was changed, for it was hung entirely with black; but he recognised the tripods of *or-moulu*, and the same lamps of dull glass. When last he stood there, those very lamps shed their soft brilliant light on one rich in all the charms of health and beauty—now the room was darkened, and, as he came from the pure daylight, they seemed to cast a red and lurid glare over the shapeless coffin in which the clay-cold corpse was laid. In vain did he try to banish the idea; but he could not drive from his mind the image of the countess, as he had last seen her in those splendid rooms. Now she appeared conversing, the eloquence of her mind speaking in her fine countenance; now bending her white and swan-like neck over her harp: then (and he shuddered) her eyes seemed fixed with restless eagerness upon the horrid card-table. He saw the coffin, all rich with velvet and gold, placed in its last resting-place—the cold desolate vault. ‘And I have seen the last now!’ he said to himself, and turned away. ‘This, this is the ending of that lovely vision which came across me but a few short weeks ago, in the full meridian of its beauty and its splendor!’”

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES—the Second Volume—1826.

WHEN the former volume of this work passed under our notice, we did not speak in high terms of the entertainment which the stories afforded. Incoherence and

frivolity, a want of meaning and of a visible object, detracted from the interest of most of the tales; yet they retained something that could amuse youthful and even older readers. They had an occasional union of simplicity and spirit, and a quaintness that was not unpleasing; and those which now appear bear the same characters, with a smaller portion, perhaps, of German peculiarity.

The story of Hans in Love will excite more than one smile in its progress.—

“There was once a little maid named Grettel. She wore shoes with red heels, and, when she went abroad, she turned out her toes, and was very merry, and thought to herself, ‘What a pretty girl I am!’ And when she came home, to put herself in good spirits, she would tiddle down a drop or two of wine; and, as wine gives a relish for eating, she would take a taste of every thing when she was cooking, saying, ‘a cook ought to know whether a thing tastes well.’ It happened one day that her master said, ‘Grettel, this evening I have a friend coming to sup with me; get two fine fowls ready.’—‘Very well, sir,’ said Grettel. Then she killed the fowls, plucked, and trussed them, put them on the spit, and, when evening came, put them to the fire to roast. The fowls turned round and round, and soon began to look nice and brown; but the guest did not come. Then Grettel cried out, ‘Master, if the guest does not come, I must take up the fowls; it will be a shame and a pity if they are not eaten while they are hot and good.’—‘Well,’ said her master, ‘I’ll run and tell him to come.’ As soon as he had turned his back, Grettel stopped the spit, and laid it with the fowls upon one side, and thought to herself, ‘Standing by the fire makes one very tired and thirsty; who knows how long they will be? Meanwhile, I will just step into the cellar and take a drop.’ So off she ran, put down her pitcher, and said, ‘Your health, Grettel,’ and took a good draught. ‘This wine is a good friend,’ said she to herself; ‘it breaks one’s heart to leave it.’ Then up she trotted, put the fowls down to the fire, spread some butter over them, and turned the spit merrily round again. The fowls soon smelt so good, that she thought to herself, ‘They are very good, but they may want something still; I will taste them, and see.’ So she licked her fingers, and said, ‘O! how good! what a shame and a pity that they are not

eaten!’ Away she ran to the window, to see if her master and his friend were coming; but nobody was in sight: so she turned to the fowls again, and thought it would be better for her to eat a wing than that it should be burned. So she cut one wing off, and ate it, and it tasted very well; and, as the other was quite done enough, she thought it might as well be cut off too, or else her master would see one was wanting. When the two wings were gone, she went again to look out for her master, but could not see him. ‘Ah!’ thought she to herself, ‘who knows whether they will come at all? very likely they have turned into some tavern: O Grettel! make yourself happy, take another draught, and eat the rest of the fowl; it looks so oddly as it is; when you have eaten all, you will be easy: why should such good things be wasted?’ So she ran once more to the cellar, took another drink, and ate up the rest of the fowl with the greatest glee.

“Still her master did not come, and she cast a lingering eye upon the other fowl, and said, ‘Where the other went, this may as well go too; they belong to each other; they who have a right to one must have a right to the other; but, if I were to take another draught first, it would not hurt me.’ So she tiddled down another drop of wine, and sent the second fowl to look after the first. While she was making an end of this famous meal, her master came home, and called out, ‘Now quick, Grettel; my friend is just at hand.’—‘Yes, master, I will dish up this minute,’ said she. In the mean time he looked to see if the cloth was laid, and took up the carving-knife to sharpen it. Whilst this was going on, the guest came and knocked softly at the house-door: then Grettel ran to see who was there, and, when she saw him, she put her finger upon her lips, and said, ‘Hush! hush; run away as fast as you can; for, if my master catches you, it will be worse for you: he owes you a grudge, and asked you to supper only that he might cut off your ears; only listen how he is sharpening his knife.’ The guest listened, and, when he heard the knife, he made as much haste as he could down the steps, and ran off. Grettel was not idle in the mean time, but ran screaming, ‘Master! what a fine guest you have asked to supper!’—‘Why, Grettel, what’s the matter?’ ‘Oh!’ says she, ‘he has taken both the

fowls that I was going to bring up, and has run away with them.'—'That is a rascally trick to play,' said the master; at least he might have left me one of them; call out to him to stay.' But the guest would not hear; so he ran after him with his knife in his hand, crying out, 'One, I want only one;' meaning that the guest should leave him one of the fowls, and not take both; but he thought that his host meant nothing less than that he would cut off at least one of his ears; so he ran away to save them both, as if he had hot coals under his feet.

Hans in love.

"The mother of Hans says to him, 'Whither so fast?'—'To see Grettel,' says Hans.—'Behave well.'—'Very well; good-bye, mother!' He comes to Grettel; 'Good day, Grettel!'—'Good day, Hans! do you bring me any thing good?'—'Nothing at all: have you any thing for me?' Grettel gives Hans a needle. He sticks it in a truss of hay, and takes both off home.—'Good evening, mother!'—'Good evening, Hans! where have you been?'—'To see Grettel.'—'What did you take her?'—'Nothing at all.'—'What did she give you?'—'She gave me a needle.'—'Where is it, Hans?'—'Stuck in the truss.'—'How silly you are! you should have stuck it in your sleeve.'—'Should I?—I'll do better next time.'

"Where now, Hans?'—'To see Grettel, mother.'—'Behave yourself well.' Grettel gives him a knife: he sticks it in his sleeve, and goes home. 'Where have you been, Hans?'—'To see Grettel.'—'What did you give her?'—'Nothing.'—'What has she given you?'—'A knife: I have stuck it in my sleeve.'—'You goose! you should have put it in your pocket.'—'Let me alone; I'll do better another time.'

"Grettel afterwards gives him a kid. —'Where is the kid, Hans?'—'Safe in my pocket?'—'You silly fellow! you should have led it with a string.'—'Never mind, mother: I'll do better next time.'

"Grettel gives Hans a piece of bacon; he ties the bacon to a string, and drags it behind him; a dog comes after, and eats it all up as he walks home. 'What did she give you?'—'A piece of bacon.'—'Where is the bacon?'—'Tied to the string, and dragged along, but, by some means or other, all gone.'—'You are

sure to act like a fool, Hans: you should have brought it away on your head.'—'Do not be angry with me, mother; I will be more careful for the future.'

"Grettel gives Hans a calf. Hans sets it upon his head, and it kicks him in the face. 'Where is the calf, Hans?'—'I put it on my head, and it scratched my face.'—'You goose! you should have led it home and put it in the stall.'

"At the next visit, Grettel says to Hans, 'What have you brought?'—'Nothing at all: have you any thing for me?'—'I'll go home with you.' Hans tied a string round her neck, led her along, and tied her up in the stall. His mother again asking what his sweetheart had given him, he answers, 'She has come herself.'—'Where have you put her?'—'In the stall with plenty of hay.'—'How silly you are! you should have taken good care of her, and brought her home.' Then Hans went back to the stall; but Grettel was in a great rage, and had loosened the string, and escaped: yet, after all, she became the bride of Hans.

Hans married.

"Hans and Grettel lived in the village together, but Grettel did as she pleased, and was so lazy that she scarcely ever would work; and, when her husband gave her any yarn to spin, she did it in a slovenly way; and when it was spun she did not wind it on the reel, but left it to lie all tangled about. When Hans scolded her, she said, 'How should I wind it when I have no reel? go into the wood and make one.'—'If that's all,' said he, 'I will go and cut reel-sticks.' Then Grettel was frightened, thinking that, when he had cut the sticks, he would make a reel, and thus she might be forced to wind the yarn and spin again. So she pondered awhile, till at last a bright thought came into her head, and she ran slyly after her husband into the wood. As soon as he had mounted a tree and began to bend down a bough to cut it, she crept into the bush below, where he could not see her, and sang,

'Bend not the bough;
He who bends it shall die!
Reel not the reel;
He who reels it shall die!'

"Hans listened, laid down his axe, and thought to himself, 'What can that be?' 'What indeed can it be?' said he at last: 'it is only a singing in your ears,

Hans! pluck up your heart, man!" So he raised up his axe again, and took hold of the bough, but once more the voice uttered the same alarming verses. Once more he stopped his hand, and fear came over him. After a while, however, he plucked up his courage again, and began for the third time to cut the wood; again he heard the song. At this he could hold no longer; down he dropped from the tree, and set off homewards as fast as he could. Away, too, ran Grettel by a shorter cut, so as to reach home first, and, when he opened the door, met him coolly, as if nothing had happened, and said, 'Well! have you brought a good piece of wood for the reel?'—'No,' said he, 'I see plainly that no luck comes of that reel;' and then he told her all that had happened, and left her for that time in peace.

"But soon afterwards he began again to reprimand her. 'Wife,' said he, 'is it not a sin and a shame that the spun yarn should lie all about in that way?'—'It may be so,' said she; 'but you know very well that we have no reel; if it must be done, lie down there, and hold up your hands and legs, and so I'll make a reel of you, and wind off the yarn into skeins.'—'Very well,' said Hans (who did not much like the job, but saw no help for it if his wife was to be set to work); so he did as she said, and when all was wound, 'The yarn is all in skeins,' said he; 'now take care and get up early and heat the water and boil it well, so that it may be ready for sale.' She disliked this part of the work very much, but said to him, 'Very well, I'll be sure to do it very early to-morrow.' But all the time she was thinking to herself what plan she should take for getting off such work for the future.

"She got up early, made the fire, and put on the boiler; but instead of the yarn she laid a large ball of tow in it, and let it boil. Then she went up to her husband, who was still in bed, and said to him, 'I must go out; pray look meantime to the yarn in the boiler over the fire; but do it soon, and take good care; for, if the cock crows and you are not looking to it, they say it will turn to tow.' Hans soon after got up that he might run no risk, and went (but not perhaps so quickly as he might have done) into the kitchen, and when he lifted up the boiler lid and looked in, to his great terror, nothing was there but a ball of tow. Then off he slunk as

dumb as a mouse; for he thought to himself that he was to blame for his laziness; and left Grettel to get on with her yarn and her spinning as fast as she pleased, and no faster.

"One day, however, he said to her, 'Wife, I must go a little way this morning; do you go into the field and cut the corn.'—'Yes, to be sure, dear Hans!' said she: so when he was gone she cooked a fine mess, and took it with her into the field. When she reached the field, she sat down for a while, and said to herself, 'What shall I do? shall I sleep first or eat first? Heigho! I'll first eat a bit.' Then she ate her dinner heartily, and when she had had enough she said again to herself, 'What shall I do? shall I reap first or sleep first? Heigho, I'll first sleep.' So she laid herself down among the corn, and was soon asleep. When Hans came home, no Grettel was to be seen; and he said to himself, 'What a clever wife I have! she works so hard that she does not even come home to her dinner!' Evening came, and still she did not come; then he set off to see how much of the corn was reaped; but there it all stood untouched, and she lay fast asleep in the middle. So he ran home, and got a string of little bells, and tied them quietly round her waist, and went back, and set himself down on his stool, and locked the house-door.

"At last Grettel awoke when it was quite dark, and as she rose up the bells jingled around her every step she took. At this she was greatly frightened, and puzzled to tell whether she was really Grettel or not. 'Is it I, or is it not?' said she, as she stood doubting what she ought to think. At last she thought to herself, 'I will go home and ask if it is I or not; Hans will know.' So she ran to the house, and, when she found the door locked, she knocked at the window, and cried out, 'Hans! is Grettel within?'—'She is where she ought to be, to be sure,' said Hans.—'O dear then!' said she, frightened, 'this is not I.' Then away she went, and knocked at the neighbours' doors; but when they heard her bells rattling no one would let her in, and so at last off she ran back to the field again."

A RETROSPECT OF THE RUSTIC DRAMA
OF SCOTLAND,

by *Mr. Cunningham.*

By those intimately acquainted with

the manners and customs of the peasantry, something like the remains of a rude drama—a representation uniting the fourfold qualities of acting, dancing, music, and song—must have been often observed at weddings, at harvest-homes, and other festivities. To me it has appeared under three forms; and a brief description of each may recall similar rustic attempts at dramatic representation to many of my northern readers. The first I saw was called the Wooing of the Maiden, a favorite pastime at the close of a wedding feast; and indeed it seemed designed as a humorous portraiture of the vicissitudes of courtship. When dancing and carousal had quickened up the spirits of the wedding guests, and just before the time of stocking-throwing, the door of the barn was opened, and a youth and maiden entered, keeping time to the sound of the fiddle, which commenced the air that gave a name to the entertainment. The youth was a lively peasant, with no small share of inventive humor, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion; while the damsel personated with very good grace a fantastic old maid, flourishing in ancient finery, with a sharp shrill voice and a look of great importance. They advanced to the middle of the floor, beating time to the tune, and smiling upon each other, and mimicking the appearance of delight and joy. This pantomime having lasted about five minutes, the maiden sang part of a song adapted to the music, which praised the charms of opulence, laid the scene of domestic love and endearment among bags of gold in the middle of many acres, and concluded with extolling the wisdom and discretion of age. This was answered by a song from her lover, which, with the usual enthusiasm of youth, spoke with great contempt of charms which were rated by the acre, of attractions which were weighed by gold, and laid the scene of true endearment at the time when maidens step out of their teens. As the charms of the rustic actress happened to be far from considerable, and as she had in all appearance overstepped her teens by a score of years, she considered this lyric declaration of her lover as somewhat personal, and proceeded to resent it in very passable pantomime. She marched round the floor with the strides of an ogress, and shivered all her finery with anger and pride, as a fowl ruffles its feathers. Her lover seemed by no means desirous

of soothing her; he mimicked her lordliness of step and the waving of her mantle, and moved step by step with her and the music round the floor. He then took an empty purse out of his pocket, shook it before her face, threw it into the air and caught it as it fell, and burst out into another verse of song in contempt of riches and all who possessed them. This was answered by a corresponding verse from the maiden, in which she laughed at empty pockets, and scorned poverty, in the way the world has ever done. He then turned from her in great anger. And now began the more dramatic part of the entertainment: he danced round the company, and having singled out a young woman, the most beautiful he could find, he saluted her, took her hand, danced with her into the middle of the floor, and made earnest love as far as the silence of pantomime would allow. This excited the anger and jealousy of the other; and, as the nature of the dance required the music still to be obeyed by the feet, we had a very good dance; a very good song from the slighted lady, in scorn of her landless rival; a song in reply from the other, vindicating the supremacy of youth and beauty against the influence of moorlands and meadows; and, finally, a verse from the hero of the entertainment, rejoicing in the choice of his heart in opposition to that of avarice. This kind of contest continued some time—one moment limited to pantomime, and the next breaking out into satiric verse: it ended, however, as all contests of that kind generally do, in the triumph of her of the houses and land, and with her success the representation terminated. I may add, that I have seen it acted without the assistance of song, and that the addition of the verse, though a great improvement, by lending voice to action, impeded the operations of the dance, and rendered it subordinate.

The next pastime of this kind which I shall notice seemed to be a dramatic representation of a contest between Idleness and Industry, between Waste and Thrift, and gave its name to, or took it from, the well-known air of 'the Roke and the wee pickle Tow.' It is commonly acted at one of those carousals called harvest-kirns, and commences by the musician playing the air which introduces to the floor and to the audience a staid and thrifty-looking dame, with a

roke or distaff in her bosom replenished with flax, from which she twines or seems to twine thread. She is joined in the dance, but not in the industry, by a joyous, middle-aged man, somewhat touched, it may be, with liquor: he holds a candle in his hand, and dances with her round the floor, beating accurate time all the while to the music. He of the candle sings a verse to the air of the music, in which he laughs at thrift, and counts industry a colder companion than pleasure. She of the roke replies to this, and tells him in a song that idle pleasure ends in sorrow and repentance, while homely industry brings peace and happiness, and shuts the door on pain and on poverty. The music, played purposely slow for the sake of the song, bursts out more boldly, and the dance, like that of the witches in *Tam O'Shanter*, grows fast and furious; for the man endeavours to set the roke on fire with his candle, while the woman eludes him with great activity, and all the while the music and the feet echo to each other. This contest continues for five minutes, and then they renew the bickerings between idleness and thrift in satiric song. On the side of Industry, many proverbs pressing the necessity of thrift are woven into verse, while all the curious sayings which ridicule labor, and paint pleasure lying idle among beds of lilies, are at the command of him who would have been the Unthrift in one of the old moralities. Fire prevails, however, at last against its combustible opponent, and the pleasure of the audience is measured by the duration of the strife; for it requires no small management and agility to preserve the Roke and the wee pickle Tow amid the evolutions of the dance. This dramatic entertainment, I understand, is sometimes represented without song, and it is not at all improbable that it forms only a portion of some more important performance.

To the third form of the rustic drama belongs a Nithsdale interlude, acted on many occasions of festive merriment, and known by the name of "*Auld Glenae*." I have little doubt that this comic, but not over-reverent interlude, was originally intended for two persons, one the sinner, and the other a professor of the kirk; and that the humor of the whole was sustained by the assumed gravity of admonition and rebuke on one hand, and the arch simplicity of the transgressor on the other, the whole being intended

to ridicule the inquisitorial scrutiny of the kirk session into all offences against chastity. The reverend actor is omitted in modern representation, and the humor of the piece is entirely supported by the delinquent, a man whose hoary hair and age-bent frame almost give an answer to the charge. I have seen it performed before a rustic audience with applause: but I believe it has now, along with all similar entertainments, fallen into disuse or discredit. I love so well whatever gives us an image or a notion of the character and pursuits of our ancestors, as to wish that the remains of all matters of this nature were collected by a curious hand and preserved for posterity.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE RUSSIAN
EMPEROR;

(concluded from page 65.)

WHEN Alexander adverted to the state of foreign affairs, it was his particular wish to be upon friendly terms with Great-Britain. He therefore courted an accommodation with George III. and a treaty of peace was soon adjusted. He then endeavored, but without effect, to reconcile that prince with Napoleon. In 1804, the murder of the duke d'Enghien excited the indignation of the emperor, who, after presenting an energetic remonstrance, by his ambassador, against "a violation of the law of nations as arbitrary as it was public," withdrew his minister from Paris, and, in 1805, signed a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Britain, Austria, and Sweden; acting on which, he hastened to lead his troops into Austria, where, however, he arrived only in time to see the capital fall into the hands of the French. He then retreated, with the remnant of the Austrian army, to Berlin, where he resolved to await the French army; but, on the defeat of the Austrians at Austerlitz, he returned to Petersburg, leaving the greater part of his army on the frontiers of Germany. In 1806, being called upon by the court of Berlin, he again took up arms, but was again only in time to witness the triumph of Bonaparte. In the spring of 1807, he joined his army, which had retreated beyond the Vistula, and withstood the French with great bravery; but, being defeated in the battle of Friedland, he was induced to conclude the pacification of

Tilsit. In consequence, as is believed, of a secret article in that treaty, he declared war against Britain, and soon afterwards against Sweden. The latter war lasted two years, and ended in the cession of Finland to Russia. During the hostilities which still subsisted between France and Britain, he continued to side with the former power, and dismissed from his dominions all the German ministers and agents. But the time had arrived when he was to see how ill-judged his friendship had been; and he was forced to defend himself in his own dominions, with no other ally than our sovereign, against the French and their numerous auxiliaries. The Russians, however, on their evacuation of Moscow, by burning that city, destroyed the only means of subsistence the French could expect during the winter; and thence followed the ruin of that vast army.

Alexander now seemed animated with a spirit of vengeance against the invader of his dominions. He pursued him with unrelenting vigor; he even published a description of his person as if he had been a common felon. Bonaparte escaped in a sledge, leaving his gallant army to perish in the snows; yet so infatuated were the French, that they actually suffered him to levy new armies, and lead them into Germany in 1813. By this time, however, the scene had wholly changed. Alexander and the king of Prussia proclaimed the dissolution of the confederacy of the Rhine, and declared their intention of assisting the Austrians. After having been worsted at Lutzen and Bautzen, they agreed to an armistice; during which the Russians were joined by general Moreau, who, however, soon fell by a random shot before Dresden. After various success, the great battle of Leipsic was fought, which completed the deliverance of Germany.

Before this conflict took place, a general, who commanded a corps of artillery stationed at the imperial head-quarters, had incurred, on some trifling occasion, the serious displeasure of the emperor. His majesty very unceremoniously sent one of his aides-de-camp with an order, that this officer should give up his command, repair within twenty-four hours to a village at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, and take charge of a regiment stationed there. Surprise, indignation, and fury, were successively evinced by the general; yet he obeyed the

mandate. He left the head-quarters without a moment's loss of time; arrived at his new designation, examined it, reviewed the regiment, and immediately drove back to his former station. At a review of some troops on the following morning, the emperor soon perceived him at the head of his corps. Astonishment and rage seised the monarch, and he despatched an officer to know what the general was doing there, and why he had left his new station, and dared to disobey his sovereign's orders. The general, who is a man of talent and of an unconquerable and sometimes ferocious spirit, with energy replied, "Go back, and tell his majesty, that the present time is highly important, and that I feel anxious for the fate of Russia; tell him that henceforth I serve not Alexander, but my country; and that I am here, where I ought to be, at the head of my troops, ready to sacrifice my life in her cause." Such an un contemplated and heroic answer, instead of rousing the furious passions, as might have been expected, had an opposite effect. The emperor was confounded, replied not a word, and was glad to hush the affair, lest the general's example should be too generally known, and become a precedent for other officers. Before the battle of Mont-Martre, the general, who continued in his former command, had a station assigned him in the midst of danger, on purpose (it was supposed by some) that his head might be carried away by a cannon-ball. Fearing no danger, he rejoiced on the occasion, fought, and conquered. It redounds to the credit of Alexander, that he called for him on the field of battle, applauded his conduct, and honored him with the cordon of St. George.

As the tide seemed now to be turning against Napoleon, Alexander resolved to act with redoubled vigor, and to hurl the thunderbolt of invasion upon the dominions of his base and inhuman adversary. Nothing could be better arranged than the plans and movements of the allies. The Corsican, while he trembled for the event, boasted that he would intercept their retreat; but he weakly suffered them to penetrate between his army and the capital, which was consequently taken by a *coup de main*. Alexander and his Prussian confederate now dictated their will to the French senate, and Napoleon was banished to Elba. On his unpermitted

return to Paris, a Russian army hastened to dislodge the perfidious intruder; but the British and Prussian troops had already defeated him at Waterloo, and he was sent to end his days on the rock of St. Helena, where he survived for a few years,—a miserable monument of blasted ambition!

When the allied princes and their ministers met at Vienna, Alexander was the dictator of the articles by which the affairs of Europe, so long convulsed, were settled; and, with the exception of Norway and Genoa, the arrangements were in general judicious. The emperor's subsequent conduct was less commendable; and, as a supporter of the despotic (miscalled *holy*) alliance, he did not entitle himself to general respect; but he redeemed his character by his beneficent and patriotic exertions at home, and was justly regarded as the father of his people, when an indisposition seized him, which was thus noticed, under the hope of his convalescence, in a letter from his wife to his mother:

"Dear Mother,—I was not in a state to write to you by the courier of yesterday. To-day, a thousand and a thousand thanks to the Supreme Being, there is decidedly a very great improvement in the health of the emperor—of that angel of benevolence in the midst of his sufferings. For whom should God manifest his infinite mercy, if not for him? Oh! my God, what moments of affliction have I passed; and, dear mother, I can picture to myself your uneasiness. You receive the bulletins. You have therefore seen to what a state we were yesterday reduced—and still more last night; but Wylie (an English physician) says to-day, that the state of our dear patient is satisfactory. He is exceedingly weak. Dear mother, I confess to you that I am not myself, and that I can say no more. Pray with us—with fifty millions of men, that God may deign to complete the cure of our beloved patient.

ELIZABETH."

Another letter soon followed:—it is of a more melancholy complexion.

"Our angel is gone to Heaven, and I—I linger still on earth. Who could have thought that I, in my weak state of health, could ever have survived him? Do not you abandon me, mother, for I am absolutely alone in this world of care. Our dear deceased has resumed his air of

benevolence: his smile proves to me that he is happy, and that he gazes on brighter objects than exist here below. My only consolation under this irreparable loss is, that I shall not survive him; I hope to be soon re-united to him.

ELIZABETH."

Alexander died at Taganrok, near the sea of Azoph, on the 19th of November last (the 1st of December, N. S.); and, as soon as the intelligence reached Petersburg, the grand duke Nicholas took the oath of allegiance to his brother Constantine, who, by the law of primogeniture, was entitled to the crown. Many of the nobles, citizens, and soldiery, followed the example; and the succession seemed for a time to be settled. A document was then produced, which had been deposited in the hands of the senate, importing that the deceased emperor had, on the pretence of an irregular and degrading marriage, but more probably because he entertained an unfavorable opinion of the qualifications of Constantine for the due exercise of the imperial functions, procured from his submissive brother a renunciation of his claim to the throne. Even after this discovery, Nicholas declared that he would not revoke his oath; and, in the mean time, according to his account, a letter arrived from Warsaw, confirming the abdication of the elder brother. Nicholas was now proclaimed emperor, and his incipient sovereignty was cemented by blood; for, when the regiment of Moscow had refused to violate the oath, taken in favor of Constantine, an attack was ordered, and the mutiny (as it was termed) was not quelled without a considerable effusion of blood. In early times, this would have been thought an ominous commencement of a reign.

The following anecdotes, in addition to our incidental remarks, will serve to illustrate the character of Alexander.

In the war against Russia, in 1812, the news of the entrance of the French into Smolensko arrived during the conferences of the prince of Sweden with the emperor, and it was there that both princes engaged not to sign a treaty of peace. "Should Petersburg be taken," said the czar, "I will retire into Siberia. I will there resume our ancient customs; and, like our long-bearded ancestors, we will return to re-conquer the empire."—"This resolution will liberate Europe," exclaimed

the prince royal ; and this prediction was accomplished.

A young officer of the police, who at the beginning of the winter was stationed on the quay at the Neva, to prevent any one from attempting the passage of the river before it should be sufficiently frozen, discovered a person (who had escaped the notice of the guard) sinking through the ice. Regardless of danger, he plunged in and saved him. Alexander, passing at the time, addressed the officer in the most flattering terms, gave him a ring from his finger, and promoted him.

A letter from the emperor to a nobleman, on whom he had conferred a patrimonial estate, has this fine conclusion :—"The peasants of Russia are for the greater part slaves ; it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the degradation and misery of such a state. I have sworn, therefore, not to increase the number of those wretched beings ; and have laid it down as a principle, not to dispose of peasants as a property. This estate is granted to yourself and your posterity as a tenure for life, differing in this point alone from the generality, that the peasants cannot be sold or alienated as beasts of burthen. You know my motives ; I am convinced you would act in the same manner were you in my place."

A nobleman had bought six thousand peasants of prince Trubeczkoï, and, at the desire of Alexander, offered them their freedom, on condition of their making good the purchase-money ; which they did joyfully, and built a church, to which they gave the name of their benefactor.

A young woman of German extraction waited once for the emperor on the staircase by which he was accustomed to go down to the parade. When he appeared, she said, "Please your majesty, I have something to say to you?"—"What is it?" demanded the monarch, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married, but I have no fortune ; if you would graciously give me a dowry I should be happy."—"Ah, my girl," replied the emperor, "were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find the money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty roubles.

When Alexander was passing in an ordinary carriage from Sedan to Paris,

a very young peasant, ignorant of his rank, climbed up behind. The czar, ordering the driver to stop, asked his traveling companion why he mounted behind. "Sir," said he, "I wish to go to Paris to see the Russian emperor."—"And why do you wish to see him?"—"Because," said he, "my parents have told me that he loves Frenchmen ; I wish therefore to see him for once."—"Very well, my good fellow," said Alexander, "you now see him ; I am the emperor." The boy, in confusion and terror, stammered out an excuse, and was preparing to descend to pursue his journey on foot. The emperor desired him to remain, saying, "We shall go together." When they arrived at the city, he desired the boy to call at his hotel. The youth did so. Being asked whether he wished to go to Russia, he answered, "I should be very glad to go."—"Well," said the friendly potentate, "since Providence has given you to me, I will take care of your fortune."

The high chamberlain N. received from his sovereign a beautiful star of the order of St. Andrew, (set round with diamonds,) which was valued at 30,000 roubles. Being in pecuniary distress, he pawned it : soon after this, there was a grand entertainment at court, where N. could not appear without this star. What embarrassment ! money was wanted, and the pawnbroker, an inexorable man, would not part with the star for a quarter of an hour, unless it were properly redeemed. Now there was nobody that could help him out of this dilemma but the groom of the bed-chamber, who had in his custody a star, lately finished, which the emperor had purchased for 60,000 roubles. To him the chamberlain had recourse ; and having procured by strong solicitations the loan of the star, appeared at court with the splendid ornament. Alexander soon perceived, in the four large diamonds at the corners of the star, a great likeness to his own new star. He fixed his eyes several times on N. and at last said, "I am very much astonished to find you have a star which strongly resembles one of mine." N. quite embarrassed, replied only by unmeaning compliments and bows. The emperor at last said, "I must tell you plainly, that I believe that it is my star." N. humbly confessed how it happened, and offered to undergo any punishment, but only begged that he would have mercy upon the poor gentleman of the

bed-chamber. "Never mind," replied the generous Alexander; "the crime is not so great as to be unpardonable. But I cannot myself wear that star again. I must therefore make you a present of it, on condition that I shall in future be safe from such irregular appropriations."

When the French and Russian emperors were at a ball in Germany, Napoleon seemed to be proud of conversing with the *litterati* who were present, while the northern prince amused himself with dancing. "How well the emperor Alexander dances!" said he to Goethe with a sneer. The czar took his revenge by turning to Napoleon, who had a habit of beating time with his foot, and saying, "How ill your majesty beats time!"

After the capture of Paris, when Alexander was viewing the famous column on which a statue of Bonaparte stood, he said, smiling, "It is no wonder that a man should become giddy, when he stands at such a height."

Somebody saying to him, "Your arrival has been long expected and wished at Paris," he replied, "I would have come sooner: attribute my delay only to French valor."

When he visited the Tuileries, the Hall of Peace was shown to him. "Of what use," he said with a smile, "was this hall to Napoleon?"

THE MISSION TO SIAM AND COCHIN-CHINA, IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822;
from the Journal of the late Mr. Finlayson.

THE kingdom of Siam has long been known to Europeans, but merely in a slight and cursory way. From the late visit to that country, much additional information was expected; and, though some obstacles precluded the attainment of a complete knowledge of its state, resources, and concerns, we have now a better acquaintance with it than we had before. Mr. Finlayson was an attentive observer of the people and their manners, and his accounts have an air of fidelity and accuracy. He was connected with the mission as surgeon and naturalist; but his health was so seriously impaired in the progress of his exploration, that he died as he was returning to Europe.

"That the Siamese (says our author) are one of the numerous tribes which constitute that great family of the human race

known generally by the appellation of Mongols, will appear to most persons sufficiently obvious. If they do not possess, in the most acute degree, the peculiar features of the original, they are at least stamped with traits sufficiently just to entitle them to be considered as copies. There is, however, one general and well-marked form common to all the tribes lying between China and Hindostan. Under this head are comprehended the inhabitants of Ava, Pegu, Siam, Cambodia, and even of Cochin-China, though those of the latter country more resemble the Chinese than the others. This distinctive character is so strongly blended with the Mongol features, that we have no hesitation in considering these nations as deriving their origin from that source. To this source also we ought to refer the Malays, who cannot be said to possess national characters, at least of physiognomy and physical form, sufficiently distinct and obvious to entitle them to be considered as a distinct race. Where there is a difference between the Malays and the tribes mentioned, it is more to be referred to the condition of the mental faculty, than to that of bodily form; to the state of manners, habits of life, language; in short, to circumstances altogether, or in great part, produced by mind. In other respects, they would appear to differ little from the tribes mentioned above. Traces of a much ruder people are to be met with in the mountainous districts of these kingdoms, particularly in the peninsula of Malacca. Our knowledge of these is much too scanty to enable us to trace their filiation. Though generally asserted, there are no records to prove that they are the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, at least of any other part of it than the wilds and impenetrable forests which they continue to occupy. The woolly-headed race, and another resembling the Indian, are not uncommon. Their origin will probably ever remain uncertain."

Of his introduction to the Siamese he thus speaks:—"We found the people remarkably civil, and even obliging. They received us with smiles, and seemed anxious to entertain us. The women were not less forward than the men on these occasions. They collected round us, talked, laughed, and expressed not the least apprehension. We found the houses dirty, and lumbered with billets of wood, with little provision for ease. Yet the people appeared to live in toler-

nable comfort, though their means of subsistence, if we except that which they derive from the river and the sea, were not very evident. There appeared a great paucity even of fish. Rice they seemed to have in abundance. They were well fed, and stout, but rather below the middle stature. They cut the hair close to the head, leaving a short tuft on the forehead, which they comb backward. There is no difference in this respect between the men and the women, both cutting the hair off short. Europeans are not more attentive to render their teeth white, than the Siamese are to make them black. Amongst them black teeth only are considered beautiful, and it must be allowed that they succeed perfectly well in this species of ornament. This, together with the coarse red painting of the mouth and lips, which they derive from the constant eating of betel, catechu, and lime together, gives to them a disgusting appearance. The Siamese face is remarkably large, the forehead very broad, prominent on each side, and covered with the hairy scalp in greater proportion than I have observed in any other people. In some, it descends to within an inch or even less of the eyebrows, covers the whole of the temples, and stretches forwards to within nearly the same distance of the outer angle of the eye. The cheek-bones are large, wide, and prominent. A principal peculiarity in the configuration of the countenance is the great size of the back part of the lower jaw. The coronal process here projects outwards, so as to give to this part of the face an uncommon breadth. One would imagine, on a careless inspection, that they were all affected with a slight degree of *goitre*, or swelling of the parotid gland. A similar appearance is often observable in the Malays. The people generally go naked from the waist upwards, sometimes throwing a piece of cloth over the shoulders. Old women in general expose the bosom; but the young and the middle-aged wrap a short piece of cloth round the chest, of sufficient length to form a single knot in front, thus leaving the shoulders and arms bare. From the loins to the knee, they wrap a piece of blue or other colored cloth, over which the better sort wear a piece of Chinese crape, or a shawl.

"The bazaar, if a few scattered huts along a path may deserve that name, was extremely meagre. A few plantains,

pumpkins, betel, tobacco, and jagory, were almost the only articles it afforded, by the sale of which a few old women contrived to gain a subsistence.

* * * * *

"The most singular feature in the busy scene was the appearance of the houses floating on the water, in rows about eight, ten, or more, in depth, from the bank. This novel appearance was peculiarly neat and striking. The houses were built of boards, of a neat oblong form, and towards the river provided with a covered platform, on which were displayed numerous articles of merchandise, fruit, rice, meat, &c. This was, in fact, a floating bazaar, in which all the various products of China and of the country were exposed for sale. At either end the houses were bound to long bamboos driven into the river; and the inhabitants are thus enabled to move from place to place according as convenience may demand. Every house is furnished with a small canoe, in which they visit, and go from one place to another to transact business. Almost all those collected in this quarter seemed to be occupied by merchants, many of them very petty, no doubt, and by tradespeople, as shoemakers, tailors, &c. The latter occupations are followed almost exclusively by the Chinese. The houses are in general very small, consisting of a principal centre room, and one or two small ones, the centre being open in front for the display of their wares. The houses are from twenty to thirty feet in length, and about half that space in breadth. They consist of a single stage, the floor raised above the water about a foot, and the roof thatched with palm leaves. At low water, when the stream is rapid, there appears to be but little business done in these shops. Their proprietors are then to be seen lolling or sleeping in front of their warehouses, or otherwise enjoying themselves at their ease. At all hours of the day, however, many boats are passing and repassing. They are so light and sharp in their form, that they mount rapidly against the stream. They are rowed with paddles, of which the long canoes have often eight or ten on each side. The number of Chinese appears to be very considerable; they display the same activity and industry here that they do wherever they are to be found. Their boats are generally larger, and rowed by longer paddles. They have a sort of cabin, made of basket-work, in

the centre, which serves to contain their effects, and answers the purpose of a house.

"The river at Bangkok is about a quarter of a mile in breadth, without including the space occupied on each side by floating houses. It carries down a large body of water, and contains a large proportion of soft mud; its depth, even close to the bank, generally varies from six to ten fathoms, whilst its rapidity is about three miles an hour. As far as we could judge, we suspected that the far greater part of the population lived on the water, in floating moveable houses. The inconveniences of a city built in this manner must be numerous."

The Siamese have a religious establishment which commands respect.—
"The accommodations for the priests are excellent; their houses are well raised, the floors and walls are made of boards. They received us with great cheerfulness, and, at our request, readily admitted us into the interior of a temple. Here, raised to about the middle height of the edifice, on a broad platform or altar, we discovered about fifty gilded images of Buddha, all in the sitting posture. The principal image, considerably above the human stature, was placed behind, and over him was a sort of arched canopy of carved and gilded wood. The others were ranged close before him. On each corner of the altar, with their faces turned toward the images, clothed in the usual costume of their order, and in the attitude of devotion, stood two priests. The general form of the figure of Buddha was not essentially different from that worshiped by the natives of Ceylon. The hair is short and curled; the head surmounted by a flame or glory; the countenance placid, benign, and contemplative. They have given somewhat of a Siamese, or rather a Tartar expression to the features, by rather prolonging the eyebrows, and giving an obliquity to the eye; the nose is more sharp, and the lips very thick. The Buddha of the natives of Ceylon, on the contrary, is a complete model of the ancient Egyptian or Ethiopian countenance, from which their images never deviate in the slightest degree. There can be no question, however, that both nations intend to represent one and the same personage."

Even the most enlightened nations connect superstitious practices with their religion; and therefore we need not be surprised when we are informed that—"the Siamese cultivate a lock of hair on

the forehead, and preserve it from birth to the age of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen, untouched. At the expiration of this period, they institute a great feast, and the occasion is rendered one of great joy. The Brahman then, sprinkling a little water on the head, and repeating certain prayers, cuts the lock. When the children of the king undergo this process, an artificial hill is constructed, on which the Brahman performs the ceremony.

"This ceremony is attended with great festivity and show. The friends of the family make presents according to the extent of their ability; the priests are frequently assembled to say prayers; are fed and presented with new robes of yellow cloth, that being the only color they are permitted to wear. Different bands of national music are assembled, and the festivities are kept up with unceasing attention for five days."

"The Siamese year commences with the first moon in December; and at the close of the year there is a grand festival, called the feast of the souls of the dead. At this period also they propitiate the elements. Water is the favorite element. Rivers claim the greatest share in this festival. Rice and fruits are thrown into the stream; a thousand fantastic toys are set afloat on the water; thousands of floating lamps cast a flickering light upon the scene, and the approach of evening is hailed as the season of innocent amusement, as well as of religious duty.

"The belief in the agency of evil spirits is universal, and, though disclaimed by the religion of Buddha, they are more frequently worshiped than that divine being. Nor will the darker periods of German necromancy and pretended divination be found to exceed, in point of the incredible and the horrible, what is to be observed amongst the Siamese of the present day."

The origin, progress, and present state of the capital, are thus noticed:—"Bangkok owes its distinction chiefly to its having been rendered the seat of government by the Chinese king Pia-tac. Previous to his time, the place was of little importance, and noted chiefly for the excellence of its fruits, which were sent in great abundance to Yuthia, at that time the capital. The capture and plunder of the ancient city by the Burmans, with the disastrous events which followed, induced many of the inhabit-

ants to abandon the place. Pia-tac, collecting the scattered remains of the dispirited people around him, was soon in a condition to establish a new city. The site of Bangkok offered several advantages over that of Yuthia. He constructed a fort on the right bank of the river, the walls of which, as well as his palace, if a building of such wretched appearance can deserve that name, are still to be seen. The successes of Pia-tac, in his wars against the Burmans, enabled him to realize his views with regard to Bangkok. Since this time it has constantly been on the increase. The palace of the present king is situated on the left bank of the river, upon an island from two to three miles in length, though of inconsiderable breadth. It is surrounded by a wall, here and there furnished with indifferent-looking bastions, and provided with numerous gates both toward the river and on each side. Both the king and several of his ministers reside within this space. The persons attached to the court are very numerous, and also reside here, in wretched huts made of palm-leaves. There is, in fact, little distinction between this place and other parts of the town, except it be that you see few Chinese there, and that the shops are of inferior quality. The greater part, however, of the space included by the wall, consists of waste ground, swamps, and fruit-gardens.

“The city is continuous with the palace, extending on both sides of the river to the distance of three or four miles. The houses of the people are built of wood, the palaces of the king, the temples, and the houses of a few chiefs, being alone constructed of brick or mud walls. The mildness of the climate, the cheapness of the materials used in building, and the few effects which the natives possess, render them indifferent to the destructive ravages of fire. The ruin occasioned by this element they regard with perfect indifference. From the great length which the city occupies along the banks of the river, it might be supposed to be a place of vast extent; this, however, is not the case. The Siamese may be said to be aquatic in their disposition. The houses rarely extend more than one or two hundred yards from the river, and the greater number of them are floating on bamboo rafts secured close to the bank. The houses that are not so floated are built on posts driven into the mud and raised above the bank,

a precaution rendered necessary both by the diurnal flow of the tides and the annual inundations to which the country is subject. It has been said that there are but few roads or even pathways. To every house, floating or not, there is attached a boat, generally very small, for the use of the family. There is little traveling but what is performed by water, and hence the arms both of the women and men acquire a large size from the constant habit of rowing.

“The few streets that Bangkok boasts are passable on foot only in dry weather: the principal shops, however, and the most valuable merchandise, are found along the river in the floating houses. These floating houses are chiefly occupied by Chinese, who are not only the principal merchants, but the only artificers in the place. The most common trades are those of tin-smith, black-smith, and currier. The manufacture of tin vessels is very considerable; and the utensils, being polished, and often of very handsome forms, give an air of extreme neatness to the shops in which they are displayed. Were it not for the very extraordinary junction of the trade of currier, such places might readily be mistaken for silversmiths' shops. The preparation of leather is carried on to a great extent, not for the purpose of making shoes, which are scarcely used, but for covering mattresses and pillows, and for exportation to China. After tanning, the leather is dyed red with the bark, I believe, of a species of mimosa. The hides used are principally those of the deer, which are to be had in the greatest abundance. Beside these, they use those of the ox and buffalo. Leopards' and tigers' skins, &c. are preserved with the fur on, and exported to China. There are some manufactories of shallow cast-iron pots, also conducted by Chinese: the process is extremely simple, and the articles are sold remarkably cheap. From the practice of these and other trades, the Chinese derive a very handsome livelihood; they are consequently enabled to procure more generous food than the natives. It is even a common boast with the labourers of this class, that they live better than the first chiefs of the country. Their food, however, is gross and rich to excess; pork is their principal and favorite diet, oil is reckoned scarce less savoury, and their vegetables are invariably brought to table floating in a sea of fat. A Chi-

nese thus expends more money on eating, in one week, than a Siamese in two or three months, and his superior industry will enable him to do so.

"The food of the Siamese consists chiefly of rice, which is eaten with a substance called *balachang*, a strange compound of things savoury and loathsome, but in such general use, that no one thinks of eating without some portion of it. Religion offers but a feeble barrier against the desire to eat animal food, and the Siamese easily satisfy their conscience on this score. They conceive that they have obeyed the injunction of the law, when they themselves have not killed the animals. They do not hesitate to purchase fish, fowls, &c. alive in the market, desiring the seller to slay them before he delivers them over, well contented that the crime must remain attached to the latter. Their devotion, at times, goes the length of inducing them to purchase numbers of living fish for the purpose of turning them loose again, and the king has often in this manner given liberty to all the fish caught on a particular day. Yet the privilege of fishing is sold by the king to the highest bidder, and from this source he derives a very considerable annual revenue. The Siamese, however, are more choice in their food, and less indulgent of their appetites than the Chinese.

"The town derives little architectural ornament from the state of its public buildings, if we except the sacred edifice called *Pra-cha-di*. The palaces are buildings of inconsiderable size individually, in the Chinese style, covered with a diminishing series of three or four tiled roofs, sometimes terminated by a small spire, and more remarkable for singularity than for beauty. The palace of the king is covered with tin tiles. Many of the temples cover a large extent of ground; they are placed in the most elevated and the best situations, surrounded by brick walls or bamboo hedges, and the enclosure contains numerous rows of buildings, disposed in straight lines. They consist of one spacious, and in general lofty hall, with narrow but numerous doors and windows. Both the exterior and interior are studded over with a profusion of minute and singular ornaments of the most varied description. It is on the ends, and not on the sides, of the exterior of the building, that the greatest care has been bestowed in the disposition of the ornaments. A profusion of gilding,

bits of looking-glass, China basins of various colors, stuck into the plaster, are amongst the most common materials. The floor of the temple is elevated several feet above the ground, and generally boarded or paved, and covered with coarse mats.

"The fabulous stories of Hindu theology figure in all the absurdity that gave them birth, upon the interior walls. The wildest imagination would seem to have guided the artist's hand; yet here and there he has portrayed, by accident, perhaps, more than by design, human passions with a degree of spirit and of truth worthy of better subjects. Notwithstanding the great demand there is for painting in this way, the circumstance is singular and remarkable, that this divine art should not only continue in its infancy among them, but that their performances should not even indicate a capacity of attaining to greater flights. If, as some believe, Asia has given birth to the arts, the experience of ages has proved that she is quite incapable of carrying them to perfection."

The mission was not religious but commercial. Its result was unsatisfactory; for, though the king of Siam condescended to admit Mr. Crawford and his companions to an audience, he was not inclined to treat with particular respect one who, instead of being the ambassador of a powerful monarch, was merely the envoy of the governor of Bengal.

"The king addressed some questions to the agent of the governor-general. He spoke in a firm though not a loud voice; in his person he was remarkably stout, but apparently not bloated or unwieldy. He appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. His words were repeated by the person who had read the list of presents, and from him they were conveyed in whispers by several individuals, till they reached the *Moorman*, *Kochai-Sahac*, who, prostrate like the rest on the ground, whispered them to the agent. The answers to the throne were passed on in the same way. The questions were of a very general nature, and not particularly interesting. While these questions were passing, betel was introduced in handsome silver vessels and gold cups. The audience having lasted about twenty minutes, the king rose from his seat, and turning round to depart, the curtain was immediately drawn in front of the throne. On this

all the people raised a loud shout, and, turning on their knees, performed numerous salutations, touching the earth and their foreheads alternately, with both hands united. We left the hall of audience without farther ceremony. A heavy shower of rain had fallen during the interview, and the roads leading to different parts of the palace, at no time noted for cleanliness, were now covered with water and converted into a dirty puddle; we therefore requested to have our shoes, but in vain, for no notice whatever was taken of our request. On leaving the door of the audience-hall, a paltry Chinese umbrella, which might be purchased in the bazaar for a rupee, was given to each of us. Not knowing with what view it was presented, I was about to reject it, when I was told that it was meant as a present from the king.

"As we were leaving the palace, several of the chiefs were returning home at the same time, and afforded us an opportunity of observing that they used vehicles more respectable and more comfortable than those they had assigned for the use of the agent. We now procured our slung hammocks, and were carried back to our boats. Sweetmeats in abundance were sent home after us; and, in the course of the afternoon, the chief, Suriwong, paid the agent a visit, and said that he had been desired to entertain us with a dinner. Roasted pork, goats' flesh, ducks, fowls, &c. were then brought by his servants, and laid on the table, with a couple of decanters of a wine nearly as strong and fiery as brandy. He remained a spectator of the entertainment, but would not eat or drink with us. He conversed with more ease with us than he had hitherto done. He said we had been highly honored, and seemed to be quite pleased with the transactions of the day. He asked many questions, and wished to be thought easy and free, but his manner was coarse and unpolite to a degree quite unusual in an Asiatic."

The king of Cochin-China was less polite than even his Siamese majesty; for he refused to grant to the agent the honor of an audience. He ordered his ministers, however, to entertain the strangers, not only with banquets, but also with combats between wild animals, and dramatic performances. The last were so unmeaning and tiresome, as to be unworthy of description, and the music also was abominable.

Hué, the Cochin-Chinese capital, made a strong impression upon the party by the magnitude of its fortifications and the abundant stock of its spacious arsenal: but the town itself (says Mr. Finlayson) "is rather paltry; the greater part of the ground appears to be laid out in ill-cultivated gardens, attached to miserable, but probably only temporary, huts. The bazaars have an appearance of poverty, yet the regularity of the streets gives an air of neatness to the place; and the view both of the country and town, as seen from the rampart, must be considered very fine. After passing for more than a mile along the rampart, we were conducted to the public granaries, consisting of a vast number of well-built, substantial store-houses. The palace is surrounded by handsome and well-built rows of barracks. These were uncommonly clean, and very complete in their structure. The arm-racks, the arms of the men, the platforms on which they sleep, the apartments for officers, were all disposed with the greatest neatness and regularity. The men, though not armed, were disposed with regularity in the verandahs, and all of them were in uniform. Of some regiments the uniform is blue, with red sleeves; of others, white with red. The officers are distinguished by a circular patch of embroidery in front of each shoulder. These barracks would lose little in comparison with the best we have in England."

A curious account is given of the people who inhabit the maritime parts.

"Numerous fields are observed to occupy the sides of the hills; and some of the islands along the coast are cultivated. Indian corn, the smaller kinds of grain, some species of pulse, yams, sweet potatoes, and capsicum, are all that such soils can be expected to produce; and, with an abundant supply of fish, would appear to constitute the food of the inhabitants of this part of the coast. Their boats, of which they have an amazing number, are in shape similar to those of the Malays, but are differently rigged, having a large square-shaped sail in the middle, and one at each end. At a distance they looked like small ships. Several hundreds of them are sometimes in sight, all under sail. Such numerous fleets of boats naturally suggest scenes of industry, social happiness, and domestic comfort. We imagine that their owners cannot but acquire wealth themselves, while they at the

same time enrich the state. How different the picture which a more close inspection portrays! With scarce a rag of clothes to cover them; without either house or home, other than that which their frail bark, covered with a sorry matting, affords; with a scanty supply of poor and, perhaps, unwholesome food; in this way does a numerous population lead a life of misery. The more barbarous of the Orang Laut are not more squalid, or more wretched, than many of the fishing tribes that occupy the coasts of Cochin-China. The facility with which their subsistence, though a miserable one, is to be procured in this occupation, will account for the great numbers that are engaged in fishing. It requires no funds, and little industry, to put a family in the way of providing for itself. Hence every boat is for the most part the residence of a single family, and as the source from which they derive their subsistence is inexhaustible, there appears to be no limit to the increase of marriages amongst them. A man of ordinary industry is capable of constructing with his own hands the machinery and materials necessary for the existence of himself and family. Of these, the boat is the principal and an indispensable part, and here we observe a much cheaper and easier mode of constructing it than is

generally adopted throughout these seas. The practice of hollowing out single trees must be painful, tedious, and difficult. The Cochin-Chinese have substituted, in its stead, a sort of basket-work of very close texture, of which they form both the bottom and the greater part of the sides of the boat. This basket-work or matting is made of split rattans, and being stretched upon the frame, is well covered with pitch. The upper work is, however, formed of one or two planks, and the boat is farther strengthened by a deck of the same materials. In the centre there is a small space covered with matting, the sole accommodation of the occupiers; bamboos serve for masts; the bark of trees is made into tackling; a few mats, sewed together, are the only sails, all of which, as well as nets and lines, are made by every man for his own use. Thus equipped, they launch into the deep, carry with them all that they possess, and wander from bay to bay in quest of a subsistence. Though for the most part under the shelter of a bold and rocky coast, they are to be found at times far out at sea. The night and their idle time are invariably spent under the shade of trees, or on some sandy beach. Here they indolently saunter away their time till necessity again calls for exertion."

SCANDAL.

BANE of all excellence! Malicious fiend!
 Scandal! I hate thee. Shrin'd in little minds,
 Thou gnawest, like a canker-worm, their peace,
 And pourest gall and bitterness on all.
 Thine is a jaundic'd eye, and *will not see*,
 As others see, beauty, and love, and truth.
 The distant village, or the country town,
 Chiefly thou hauntest; and the tattling grouse,
 Assembled o'er the ev'ning beverage,
 Thou teachest still to murder reputations;
 Some gentle maiden, fairer than all those
 Who sit and sip their coffee, forms the theme.
 Perchance, poor suff'rer, she has fall'n; if not,
They think she has, and that does quite as well;
 Piecemeal each action of her life is torn,
 And all is blacken'd o'er by Scandal's tongue,
 Till, doom'd to degradation by the throng,
 Not one will speak to or e'en look at her:
 Nor will they calmly pause, and ascertain
 If truth or falsehood wing'd the venom'd tale,
 But swallow all, like the foul-feeding beast,
 And gloat, and revel o'er the lovely ruin!
 Nor only does the one poor victim feel;
 All, all that appertain to her, feel too
 The sad effect; and they must fly the place,

Endear'd to them perhaps by many ties,
 Or lead a life of constant wretchedness ;
 For few can brook the world's dark frown of scorn,
 Where manliness is stamp'd upon the brow ;
 How then should gentler woman bear the storm
 Of undeserv'd reproach, of cruel hate !
 For e'en the pity which from Scandal flows,
 Is hatred, wrapp'd in feeling's borrow'd garb.
 Too often Beauty pines beneath the blow,
 Hides her meek head, and dies in solitude*.
 And this is Scandal's triumph ! E'en the grave,
 Which hides the suff'rer and her sorrows too,
 Can scarce escape ; for, when to church they go,
 (And who so constant as the scandal tribe ?)
 You 'll see Scorn's finger pointed at the tomb,
 And hear some rude remark, some pious taunt,
 Of one, whom kindlier charity would deem
 A blest inhabitant of that bright heav'n,
 Which wilful scandal scarce can hope to find !

J. M. LACEY.

 LOVE'S TREACHERY.

STAY, little Cupid, oh ! tarry awhile,
 And let me delight in thy beautiful smile ;
 Oh ! let me survey thy fine eyes softly beaming,
 And kiss thy sweet locks which thus loosely are streaming.

Behold rosy Bacchus, how gaily he's laughing,
 As deep from the juice of the vine he is quaffing !
 But thou art too gentle thy time to employ
 In drinking with Bacchus, that reveling boy.

See ! See ! how the grapes he is eagerly pressing,
 And views each bright drop as his heart's dearest blessing ;
 While you, lovely Cupid, your passions control,
 And spread your soft wings to fly far from the bowl.

Ah ! Emma, trust not to that beautiful boy,
 Nor seek, fairest maiden, thy peace to destroy.
 'Tis *Love* thou would'st cherish, and soon in thy breast
 He will fix his sharp arrow, and rob thee of rest.

But Emma's too pleas'd with a child so endearing,
 To give to dame Reason one short moment's hearing ;
 With rapture she gazed once again on his charms,
 And clasp'd the too dangerous boy in her arms.

He then bent his bow, and, with dexterous force,
 Sent an arrow which to her fair breast took its course ;
 And, laughing, he left her fast bound in his chains,
 To smile at love's pleasures, and weep at its pains.

MARY JANE COULTART.

* We have permitted our correspondent to state his own sentiments ; but, while we fully concur with him in his detestation of scandal, we cannot refrain from thinking that he has over-rated its effects.—EDIT.

MIRANDA'S SONG,

written for The Tempest, by Miss Costello.

YE elves! when spangled star-light gleams,
 That flit beneath the ray,
 Till Morning darts her magic beams,
 And pale Night hies away!
 Ye know where springs each flow'ret rare;
 The sweetest seek for me:
 I'll weave a chaplet rich and fair—
 My father! 'tis for thee!

The flowers, the trees, the birds appear
 To wait but on my call;
 But he whose power has plac'd them here
 Is dearer far than all:
 My thoughts with tender pleasure rest
 On each delight I see;
 But all the love that swells my breast,
 My father, is for thee.

MR. COLLETT'S LIST OF SWEETHEARTS *.

SWEET Rosa was the first, not handsome—what of that?
 The man who could not love her must be at best a flat;
 A maid genteel was she, modest, virtuous withal,
 And my young romantic heart headlong in love did fall;
 I used to think how blest life pass'd with her must be;
 But, alas! my pretty Rosa turn'd up her nose at me.

Then in despair I left her; Eliza met my view,
 She taller was than I, perhaps by a head or two;
 But she loved me for all that, and said, enchanting thing!
 From me she would most willingly accept the bridal ring:
 Yet my fickle heart soon waver'd, while she remain'd the same,
 And off I bounded, sportsmanlike, in quest of other game.

Next Matilda joy'd my sight, amid pleasure's eager throng,
 As through the mazy dance she tripp'd it gracefully along;
 A pretty dark-hair'd girl was she, and I can tell you this,
 That each young man who eyed her, straight long'd to snatch a kiss:
 We soon became acquainted, and soon, alas! I found
 Her spirit was too high to brook control or bound;
 She never would concession make, whatever cause might be;
 We parted, I displeased with her, and she displeased with me.

Then came pretty little Marianne; resistance was but vain,
 My poor weak heart was captured, I fell in love again;
 My fair was plump and rosy, and just about my size,
 And so I thought at last I had gain'd the wish'd-for prize;
 But she had two strings to her bow, and sorry I'm to say,
 I found there was a rival swain enamour'd in the way;
 Yes, while I thought of Chalk-farm duel, or a broken head,
 The little rogue, deceiving me, far, far away had fled:
 My rival did prevail, though ungraced by any charms,
 And bore the pretty Marianne from Jeminy Collett's arms.

* We do not think highly of the merit of this piece; but even a stern critic will allow that it is amusing.—EDR.

Well, I was rather mortified, till Ellen came at last,
 And in her charming company I soon forgot the past ;
 She older was than I, by some six or seven years,
 But she'd many a little taking way—her smiles dispell'd my fears ;
 And ah ! I shame to tell it, I left her in the lurch,
 After every thing was done by me but leading her to church.

Then Lucy, little Lucy, came forth with siren art,
 And soon did she entangle the poet's willing heart ;
 But if I must tell you why fair Lucy I resign'd,
 It was because I found her too complying and too kind.

Next Mary, pretty Mary, enchain'd my heart awhile,
 And for a fickle season I lived but in her smile ;
 But soon, alas ! we both grew cool, I cannot tell you why,
 We parted ere two months were gone, and neither heaved a sigh.

And then came fair Sophia, and pleased my heart full well ;
 From all, but lovely Rosa, Sophia bore the bell :
 Well pleased, she listen'd to my suit, her bright eyes seem'd to say,
 " Our courtship yet has scarce begun—I'll say Yes some other day."
 But floating rumours were abroad against my loved one's fame,
 And many unpleasing words were said, that I don't care to name :
 So fearing rumour might speak truth, I left my fair forlorn ;
 I walk'd off while my shoes were good, ere yet too far I'd gone.

But last, though not least, for she stood five feet five,
 'Twas Nancy, dear Nancy, I wanted to wive ;
 She play'd the piano, and prettily sung,
 And the gay Holborn beaux made sad havock among :
 I soon gave up my suit, yet I longer had tarried,
 But she seem'd in such monstrous haste to get married.

Since that I've sigh'd for Emma, a young and guileless maid,
 And though she sweetly charms me, to speak I'm quite afraid :
 Dear gentle Emma ! take my word, I love thee very dearly,
 And would to Heaven thou would'st love the poet as sincerely !

But ah ! first love surpasses all ; the heart which erst I gave,
 Will beat for thee, my Rosa dear, till cold 'tis in the grave ;
 And though thou wed, my only love,—though I take other bride,—
 Till life's last hour I'll love thee more than all the world beside.

And now my catalogue must end, and you I'm sure will say,
 That little Cupid rules my heart with most tyrannic sway ;
 Had Gall or Spurzheim known me, they'd both at once have said,
 The organ of amateness is the plainest on his head.

ILLUSTRATION OF AN ADMIRER'S SONG.

THE late Mr. Charles Wolfe, having both a literary and a musical turn, occasionally employed himself in adapting words to national melodies, and in writing characteristic introductions to popular songs. Being fond of the "Last Rose of Summer," he composed the following tale for its illustration.

"This is the grave of Dermid:—He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius, and of the most tremulous and yet the most impe-

tuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but, if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into a dance, with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it:—with all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the

chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid; and the song and dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in and told us that he saw our minstrel approaching at a distance. Instantly, the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriest of his collection; the ring was formed; all looked eagerly toward the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments: his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burthen to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments; then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends:—he first looked up sharply in our faces, next down upon his harp; then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it.—Again we paused:—then knowing well that, if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part: it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion, by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had gotten in their stead that

one dreary, single melody; it was about a lonely rose that had outlived all its companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village: he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave."

LETTERS FROM THE EAST,

by *John Carne, Esq. of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1826.*

THERE is considerable attraction in the name of the *East*. We are taught to expect, from a volume which bears that denomination, descriptions of picturesque and romantic spots, of remarkable customs, and of manners very different from our own. Such a recital may, without great difficulty, be rendered agreeable to the generality of readers, when the writer is not destitute of talent and of learning.

Passing over Mr. Carne's survey of continental Greece, we shall only take notice, at present, of his accounts of two important islands. Adverting to the visible effects of the war in which the Greeks are still involved, he says, "It was sad to see the large and beautiful island of Cyprus so desolate and ravaged; *chateaux* and their rich gardens laid waste and deserted, and their surviving possessors dependent on others for shelter and support; women, bred up in luxury, deprived of their husbands and parents; and the sons of nobles imploring refuge from strangers. Large domains could be bought for a trifle; and a chateau with a garden, a small village, and an extensive tract of land, were offered for a few hundred pounds."

Advancing into the interior of the island, Mr. Carne and his associates saw with joy the rich and deep groves of Cytherea. "We proceeded," he says, "to the house of a Greek priest, and, ascending a long flight of steps, entered the garden into which the dwelling opened. It was a sweet and retired place, full of orange and lemon-trees; the fruit of the latter hung in quantities, and of an enormous size. The father seemed well pleased with our visit, and killed, not a

fatted calf or kid, but a goat, which, being made into soup, and two or three sorts of dishes, was served up in the corridor. This good man had a wife and family, and seemed to live in much comfort.

“The village of Cytherea consists of detached cottages, each having its garden and rivulet; for so great is the abundance of streams around this spot, that they appear to flow close to every dwelling. The groves are chiefly of mulberry, orange, and lemon-trees, and a quantity of silk is produced here. Next to the gardens, the chief attraction around this spot is the picturesque and irregular chain of mountains rising above and around it, the waving and rocky outline of which is beautiful. Not far from the father’s was the handsome dwelling of a Greek boyar, the coolness of whose garden and rushing stream almost invited us to become purchasers, and settle in this place, where the climate is healthy, and free from the scorching heats of the coast. The possessor of this mansion had been beheaded a short time before, and it was left desolate; the Turks would have sold it for a trifle, and an Englishman might have enjoyed it in perfect safety.

“In the evening we visited the greater part of the scattered village: one seldom sees a more inviting and attractive spot; and we ascended, about sunset, one of the mountains to the west. The light was nearly faded when we had gained the top; yet we had a fine view of the sea, the coast beneath, and the high shores of Caramania on the opposite side, but it soon became indistinct, and we had to find our way back nearly in darkness. The descent over the rocks was very annoying, and we regained the priest’s home with no little pleasure, and, being parched with heat, had the table placed in the garden beneath the orange and lemon-trees, and, plucking the fresh fruit, drank insatiably of excellent lemonade. To lie down to sleep beneath the deep foliage was a luxury; and the perfume was wafted by the cool night-breeze around us. We took leave of our host next morning, who, if subsequent accounts are correct, possessed not his sweet garden and cottage much longer, but was soon after numbered with his murdered countrymen.”

While the beauties of nature and art at Nicosia attracted his attention, his feelings were wounded by details of outrage

and cruelty.—“When we had sent a letter of introduction to the Greek archbishop of the island, he immediately provided an excellent house and garden for our residence, and after dark honoured us with a visit. Cyprian, so cruelly murdered not long after our departure, was a fine and dignified-looking man. He came to accompany us to supper at his palace, for which we soon after set out, lighted by a number of torches. The archbishop walked at the head, and his priests followed in order, according to their dignity. His table was sumptuously spread, and the cookery exquisite. Every morning he sent us breakfast in the English style, which was served by his domestics; at mid-day we dined at the palace; and every evening he came to converse for an hour, and then conducted us to his home, in procession, as before, to sup and spend the evening.”

“The palace stands in the great square, in the midst of which is a beautiful fountain: it was here that the cruel execution took place of the Greek nobles and merchants. The governor sent to inform them that he had just received despatches from Constantinople, which not only assured them of protection and safety, but granted them some additional privileges; and he invited them, from different parts, to attend at his palace on a certain day, to hear these documents read. Too credulously trusting to the governor’s professions, the principal Greeks in the island assembled, and were admitted into the chamber of audience, from which they were almost instantly conducted by a passage, one after the other, into the square without, where the sight of a strong guard, and the executioner with his naked sabre in his hand, revealed at once the base treachery practised on them. The latter, who was a Slavonian soldier, boasted to us of his dexterity in the execution, for he had struck off every one of their heads with a single blow of the sabre. The unhappy men bore their fate with remarkable resignation, and submitted their necks to the blow without a murmur or complaint. Their houses and effects, lands and villages, were instantly seized and confiscated, and their families rendered desolate! It is not easy to estimate the misery occasioned by this sudden and cold-blooded cruelty.

“It was not long afterwards that the perfidious governor invited Cyprian to summon his chief ecclesiastics, saying

that he wished to impart to them some intelligence which particularly concerned their safety and welfare, and requesting an immediate interview. All the clergy who were summoned to attend, were filled with suspicion of some treacherous design; but all hope of escape, or of avoiding this assembly, was vain, as the island was filled with the troops of the pasha of Egypt. But these unfortunate ecclesiastics hoped, that, by offering all that remained of their property, they might satisfy the rapacity and appease the fury of the governor. The next day, the prelate and his devoted flock were assembled in the Turkish palace, when the governor, having placed guards at the gates and in all the passages, ordered the massacre to begin. Cyprian, in this trying moment, behaved with uncommon courage and dignity: he demanded of the governor what crime these ill-fated men were guilty of, that they should suffer so dreadful a fate; recounted the spoliations and insults they had already endured, declared their entire innocence, and that, if nothing but blood would satisfy the governor's cruelty, he was ready to shed his own rather than they should perish. The Turk returned a short and brutal reply; and the bishop's self-devotion only accelerated his own destruction. Many insulting questions were put to him; but he declared he had always served the sultan with perfect integrity, who, he now found, had deserted him, and given him up to the malice of his enemies. He requested a few moments to spend in prayer. By this time, his beloved people lay murdered around him, and he knelt down amidst their dead bodies, and commended his spirit into the hands of God. His head was then struck off, and he died without a murmur, evincing the same serenity and exalted piety, which through life had endeared him to all his people. Filled with horror at the death of their revered prelate, many of the wretched Greeks of both sexes took refuge in the churches; but these retreats were soon violated by the infuriated Turks, and the pavement streamed with blood. The altar itself did not protect those who clung to it from violation; and the dreadful scenes of Scio, although to a smaller extent, were acted over again on those fatal days of Nicosia!"

The personal charms of the Cyprian females seemed to him to be more imaginary than real. "The often-boasted

beauty of the women of Cyprus has long ceased to exist: they are now a plain race; the Grecian cast of features in some measure survives, but the form of symmetry, slender and elegant, is looked for in vain. It is, perhaps, doubtful how far the women of ancient Greece were a generally handsome race; the statues which survive might be the *beau ideal* of the sculptor, or rather an assemblage of the beauties of various women, than the possession of any single one. Whenever this exquisite beauty really existed, it became the theme of the poet, and the subject of the painter, who lavished all their powers in the description, which would hardly have been the case if beauty was the common or frequent gift. Immured as they were in the seclusions of their own walls, their lives and minds in general insipid and uncultivated, their society must have been, in some degree, regarded with a similar esteem and respect by the intellectual Greeks, as the Ottoman ladies are by the Turkish lords of the present day. Another circumstance, unfavorable to the growth or preservation of beauty in the Greeks, was, that they confined their connexions chiefly to their own country, and did not generally intermarry with other nations. It is evident that the personal advantages the Turks possess over other nations are exclusively owing to their taking wives from all countries; Arab, Grecian, and Persian blood, all flow in the veins of an Ottoman, and conspire to make him the handsomest of human beings."

The island of Rhodes, which formerly belonged to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, is also entitled to our consideration.—"The walls of the capital are flanked by a number of towers, some of which are in a ruinous condition; but the Turks trust entirely to the defences themselves, which are not manned or mounted with any cannon. The remains of the palace of the grand master possess some magnificence, and prove how luxuriously and splendidly the knights lived in this seat of their empire. The church of St. John is now a spacious mosque, and has rather a naked appearance. The gates and portals of the walls of the city are of great thickness and strength, and the faithful may, without any great difficulty, imagine the place invulnerable to any foe likely at present to come against them. Some pillars and ancient marbles, which have, however,

little beauty, yet remain in the government-house, or, more properly, the ruins of it.

"The small harbour or basin is very fine and convenient; the rocks approach so near on each side, that scarcely more than one ship can enter at a time: the water within is only deep enough for merchant-vessels. The houses stand close to the water's edge, round part of this harbour; and the quays, on which grow some fine trees, afford an agreeable promenade. Tradition says, the Colossus stood at the entrance of this basin, with its feet on the rocks on each side. But one of the chief charms of Rhodes is its superb climate. The air is pure and healthy, and few diseases are known; the heat of the weather is seldom oppressive, being cooled by the westerly winds, which blow during the greater part of the year. It is an old saying, that the sun shines at Rhodes every day in the year; and there is scarcely ever known a day so cloudy or cheerless, that the sun does not clear the heavens, and bless the isle with his rays for some hours at least. The high mountains on the coast of Caramania, only a few leagues distant, add to the scenery. The town rises gradually from the shore, in a kind of amphitheatre; and the walk on its massive walls is very commanding.

"The country-houses of the Turks are mostly without the walls of the town, situated on declivities which shelve down to the water's edge. They are surrounded by gardens of various sorts of fruit-trees, among which there are always fountains, gushing with a luxurious and lulling sound. The houses, from their elevated site, command a delightful view of the bay, and are the favorite and constant retreats of the richer Turks. They extend for two or three miles along the sides of the hills, which rise gently from the water.

"Much of the scenery in the interior of the island is of the most romantic kind. Wild and lonely valleys, where the rose and myrtle spring in profusion, open into the sea, and are enclosed by steep mountains. But the greater part of the island is uncultivated; and there are few villages in the interior. Pomegranate and fig-trees abound here, as well as peach-trees, but the fruit they produce is very inferior in flavor to those of Europe. The island is supposed to contain 30,000 inhabitants (two-thirds of whom are Turks), and is near forty

leagues in circumference; but, from indolence and neglect, it scarcely yields a sufficiency of corn for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Wine is the only other produce of the soil of any consequence, and of this very little is exported."

A CONTEST WITH A CAYMAN, OR AMERICAN CROCODILE.

A GENTLEMAN who has been wandering in South-America, seems fond of the wonderful, and, in the following narrative, he has made himself, like baron Munchausen, the hero of his own story. Let our readers judge of his veracity: his narrative is at least entertaining.

"We found (says Mr. Waterton) a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of a rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales: *hoc opus, hic labor*. Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrank back, begging that I would be cautious and not get myself worried, and apologising for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sand-bank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright; for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunder-storm. *Hoc res summa loco—Scinditur in contraria vulgus*. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist.

I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"'Brave squad!' said I to myself, '*Audax omnia perpeti*, now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger.' I then mustered all hands. We were, four South-American savages, two negroes, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire;—in fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, address, and language. Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trowsers: it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep. I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came,—*monstrum horrendum, informe*. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seised his fore-legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now

seemed to have recovered from his surprise; and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of the reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen farther inland. I was apprehensive that the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going under water with the cayman. The men now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked, how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer,—I hunted some years with lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

"After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and, by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. There I cut his throat."

TRADITIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS, DOMESTIC, CLERICAL, AND LITERARY,

by the Rev. Richard Polwhele.

2 vols. 1826.

LIKE Mr. Cradock, Mr. Polwhele is a literary veteran, whose connexions have been respectable and extensive, and whose recollections reach to a distant period; and a resemblance is also observable in the garrulity of each gentleman, and in the occasional admixture of insignificant communications. There is much, however, that we are glad to peruse, and in our progress we are gratified with variety of entertainment.

Mr. Polwhele was born at Truro in the year 1760, and in 1782 he became a

divine of the church of England. While he was preparing himself for the sacred profession by the requisite studies, he met with a *profane* friend in the person of John Wolcot, *alias* Peter Pindar, who, finding that he had a talent for poetry, encouraged him in this pursuit, and thus wrote to him on the receipt of some manuscript verses.—“ I congratulate you on your progress in our delightful art. I have told you again and again that you were too *epithetish*, and I am glad you have taken my advice, by sending epithets to poetasters. You will acquire nerve every hour, if you get rid entirely of those damned epithets—go on and conquer! You will descend to posterity with honour if you write like this.”

A pleasant account is given of the commencement of our author's acquaintance with Opie.—“ We were much entertained by that unlicked cub of a carpenter Opie, who was now most ludicrously exhibited by his keeper, Wolcot—a wild animal of St. Agnes, caught among the tin-works. An incidental touch of his character, as staring in wonderment at the old family portrait, hath already suggested to my readers an idea of his clownishness, which indeed was so *unique*, as to defy all description. Not to pick his teeth with a fork at dinner-time, nor at breakfast to ‘clap his vingers’ into the sugar-basin, &c. were instructions of Wolcot, at a subsequent stage (I might say) of Opie's life, when breakfast-rooms and saloons and drawing-rooms were thrown open to his excellence. At the moment of which I now speak, the manners of every servants' hall in Cornwall were infinitely superior to Opie's. The strongest indications of his genius first appeared at Mithian (Mr. Nankivell's mansion-house at St. Agnes), as Mr. N. himself informed me. At Mithian (where his sister lived in service) he would frequently introduce himself on some pretence or other, where he was observed to take a sly peep upon a farming-piece, and then go hastily away. It was a crowded picture; I knew it well. But, after three or four such glances to refresh his memory, he had made a correct sketch of the whole. He then drew an exact likeness of old Mrs. Nankivell's cat. Dr. Wolcot was desired to notice the boy's movements and manners; and had no sooner seen the cat, than he cried out in rapture, *εὐρηκα* *! foretold the

future destinies of the lad with all the enthusiasm of a prophet, and from that instant afforded him every possible assistance. Opie's father was glad to part with him. He said ‘the boy was good for nothing—could never make a wheelbarrow—was always gazing upon cats, and staring folks in the face.’ The young limner's onset was most auspicious. At his first setting out at Falmouth (where it was Wolcot's pride to exhibit him) he collected upwards of thirty guineas; and Wolcot was one day surprised to see him rolling about upon the floor, where a quantity of money lay scattered. ‘See here (says Opie), here be I, wolving in gould.’ It was then that Wolcot brought the boy to me, and prevailed on me to sit to him for a portrait—a picture now before my eyes, valuable, unquestionably, as one of the first efforts of genius. Opie was a guest of our servants: and it was the task of a faithful servant (who died not many years since, about the age of ninety) to entertain him. In his progress through the county, passing from one gentleman's seat to another, he was, of course, hospitably treated; but he made cruel havoc with female beauty. Dexterous as a Turk ‘in taking off’ a head, or a head and shoulders, and in representing features, and (with the lower orders) even their cast and character, he could not catch a trait of feminine grace or delicacy. To a lady of our party, on whom he first tried his hand,—‘Shaant I draa ye, as ye be?’ was a question not soon to be forgotten. He had hit her likeness, but had lost all the fine expression of her countenance.”

Of Mr. Foote, who was his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Polwhele thus speaks:—“ I well remember his person—about the middle size; rather clumsily made, with a broad fleshy face, and a certain archness in his eye, which at once proclaimed him the genuine humourist. There are several prints of him, both in his dramatic and private character; the most perfect of which is the French print published immediately after one of his trips from Paris, and which is prefixed to Cook's Memoirs. Though Foote seldom favored his native town with a visit, yet there are still many in Truro, who have a perfect recollection of him, and one or two, I believe, who were laughing witnesses to his jokes. Those, however, are gone, who used in his presence to mix trembling with their mirth. Conscious of some oddnesses in their appear-

* I have found him out!—that is, I have discovered his talent.

ance or character, they shrunk from his sly observation. They knew that every civility, every hospitable attention, could not save them from his satire; and, after such experience, they naturally avoided his company, instead of courting it. This argued in Foote a disingenuousness, of which Dr. Wolcot was never guilty. Foote, indeed, had no restraint upon himself, with respect either to his conversation or his conduct. He was, in every sense of the word, a libertine, a very unamiable character."

The following anecdote is given of a celebrated poet:—"Gray's effeminacy was the means of making him a perpetual subject of ridicule among the young men of the university. He once took it into his head, as a friend of mine informed me, to let his whiskers grow, in order to counteract the idea of his being less masculine than befitted the character of the sublime author of the Bard. A wag of the same college bribed one of the scouts to let his whiskers grow likewise. As he was a large, black-looking fellow, he very soon exceeded Gray in the dimensions of his mustachios; and when a vulgar joke from a bed-maker was superadded to this piece of ridicule, the poor poet was obliged to give up to the wits this only proof of his manhood."

A letter from sir Walter Scott will not, we trust, be deemed uninteresting. It is dated from Merton-house, December 30th, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was very late this season before I got to Edinburgh, and consequently before I had the pleasure of receiving your valuable present, on which I have been making my Christmas cheer ever since, until an ancient and hereditary engagement brought me here to spend my holidays with my chief, the laird of Norden. I should be very ungrateful indeed if I longer delayed the acknowledgement of the pleasure I have received from the re-perusal of the 'Local Attachment' and the 'Old English Gentleman,' which, I take great credit to my taste in boasting, have been long favorites of mine, as well as from reading the other curious and interesting volumes with which I had yet to form an acquaintance. I have never had the good fortune to see topographical labors conducted at once with the accuracy of the antiquary and the elegance of the muse of general literature, until you were so kind as to send me your County

Histories, which, under a title not very inviting beyond the bounds of the provinces described, contain so much interesting to the general reader, and essential to the purpose of the English historian. You have furnished a folio and an octavo shelf, in my little book-room, with treasures which I shall often resort to with double pleasure, as pledges of the kindness of the ingenious author.

"Our Northern Antiquities, as we have ventured to christen a quarto, undertaken by Mr. Weber and Mr. R. Jamieson, both friends of mine, are to contain a great deal of Teutonic lore. Much of the first volume is occupied by an account of the Heldenbach, a series of romances referring to the history of Attila and Theodoric, and therefore very curious. Theodoric was to the Germans what king Arthur was to the English, and Charlemagne to the French romancers, a leading king and champion, who assembled at his court a body of chivalrous knights, whose various adventures furnish the theme of the various cantos of this very curious work. This is executed by Henry Weber, who is chin-deep in all that respects ancient Teutonic poetry; and it is perfectly new to the English antiquary. Jamieson gives some translations from a collection of heroic ballads, published in Denmark about the end of the sixteenth century. Their curiosity consists, in a great measure, in the relation they bear to the popular ballads of England and Scotland. I have promised to translate some Swiss war songs, and other scraps of poetry. In short, our plan is entirely miscellaneous; and if, my good friend, you have any thing lying by you, which you would intrust to this motley caravan, we shall be much honored. I hope soon to send you the first volume. Perhaps you may like to review it for the Quarterly. Believe me, my dear sir, with the best wishes of this season, your obliged humble servant, WALTER SCOTT."

A letter from Gibbon the historian, not addressed to our author, but to Mr. Whitaker the antiquary, is both literary and political:

"Though the hurry of a thousand avocations will not allow me to make you a very long epistolary visit, they shall not prevent me from making a short inquiry into the present state of your health, your business, and your intentions, with regard to London, for the

ensuing winter. For my own part, about February next, I intend to oppress the public with a quarto of about five or six hundred pages, and am only concerned that the happy choice of the subject will leave no excuse for the feebleness of the execution. I do not say this from any false modesty, but from a real consciousness that I am below my own ideas of historical merit. In a few days our political campaign will open, and we shall find ourselves engaged in carrying on the most serious business, perhaps, that the empire has ever known*. A dark cloud still hangs over it, and though it may be necessary to proceed, the contest will be difficult, the event doubtful, and the consequence destruction. Your municipal glory is, however, secure, and Mancunium, in sounding the alarm, has displayed the zeal which generally succeeds a sincere and recent conversion. With regard to your old friend Ossian, the dogmatic language of Johnson, and the acquiescence or indifference of the Scotch, particularly of Macpherson, seem to have given the bard a dangerous, if not a mortal wound. It appears, at least, to be the prevailing opinion, that truth and falsehood, the Highland ballads, and the fancy of the translator, are blended together in such a manner, that, unless he himself should condescend to give the clue, there is no power of criticism capable of untwisting them."

An epistle of a different kind will serve to vary our extracts. It was written by Edmund Rack, a worthy and ingenious member of the Society of Friends.

"My silence to several of thine and thy brother's letters has not proceeded from intentional neglect, but from an incapacity of writing, occasioned by near a month's indisposition. My complaint is the jaundice, in a high degree, and of an obstinate kind. I have tried many things, but find them all ineffectual. My apothecary fears it's a lost case. He thinks the liver has ceased to perform its office, and to make its natural secretions; if so, my time in this world will probably be short. I have long thought the 'silver cord would soon be broken.' Be this as it may, the prospect is *solemn*, although I hope I may say with truth *not dreadful*. To leave this world and all its comforts, to be separated from

every thing of which we can form any idea, to have every connexion dissolved, and the most sacred ties of friendship broken for ever, and to enter into a new and untried state of being, is a change of such magnitude, that it is too much for the mind to contemplate, with that calmness and precision which become Christian fortitude and resignation. Perhaps the frequent intimations I have received of a transition from this state of being to another may have been in some degree profitable; I wish they had been still more so, by exciting a more invariable attention through life to those things which, in the awful hour of dissolution, will appear of unspeakable importance.

"The friendship which has subsisted between us leads me to wish that, if my disorder should continue to increase, I might see thee here to take one long, long farewell. But perhaps I may yet find help. My case, though very dangerous, is not absolutely desperate; and, bad as this world is, there are a few in it whom I wish not hastily to leave."

Among the traditional parts of the work, we find an account of a singular character:

"Daniel Gum was born in the parish of Linkinhorne, in Cornwall, about the commencement of the last century, and was bred a stone-cutter. In the early part of his life he was remarkable for his love of reading, and a degree of reserve, even exceeding what is observable in persons of studious habits. By close application, he acquired, even in his youth, a considerable stock of mathematical knowledge; and, in consequence, became celebrated throughout the adjoining parishes. Called by his occupation to hew blocks of granite on the neighbouring commons, and especially in the vicinity of that great natural curiosity, called the Cheese-wring, he discovered near this spot an immense block, whose upper surface was an inclined plane. This, it struck him, might be made the roof of a habitation such as he desired; sufficiently secluded from the busy haunts of men to enable him to pursue his studies without interruption, whilst it was very near to the scene of his daily labor. Immediately he went to work, and cautiously excavating the earth, nearly to the extent of the stone above, he obtained a habitation which he thought sufficiently commodious. The sides he lined with stone, cemented with lime, whilst a chimney was made, by perforating the earth at

* He alludes to the war with the American colonies.

one side of the roof. From the elevated spot on which stood this extraordinary dwelling, could be seen Dartmoor and Exmoor on the east, Hartland on the north, the sea and the port of Plymouth on the south, and St. Austell and Roach hills on the west, with all the intermediate beautiful scenery. The top of the rock which roofed his house served Daniel for an observatory, where, at every opportunity, he watched the motions of the heavenly bodies; and on the surface of which, with his chisel, he carved a variety of diagrams, illustrative of the most difficult problems in Euclid, &c. These he left behind him, as evidences of the patience and ingenuity with which he surmounted the obstacles that his station in life had placed in the way of his mental improvement. But the choice of his house, and the mode in which he pursued his studies, were not his only eccentricities. His house became his chapel also; and he was never known to descend from the craggy mountain on which it stood, to attend his parish church or any other place of worship.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE USE OF HISTORY,

being part of an Essay found among the Papers of the late Mrs. Barbauld.

WHAT is a man's country? To the unlettered peasant who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and consequently all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing with himself upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendor of its capital. All the great and good characters he is acquainted with swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view through past ages! How much more has the man to love; how much more to interest him in his country, in whom her image is identified with the virtues of an Alfred, the exploits of the Henries and Edwards, the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons who have illustrated her annals! Like a man of noble

birth who walks up and down in a long gallery of portraits, and is able to say, "This my progenitor was admiral in such a fight; that my great-uncle was general in such an engagement; he on the right hand held the seals in such a reign; that lady in so singular a costume was a celebrated beauty two hundred years ago; this little man in the black cap and peaked beard was one of the luminaries of his age, and suffered for his religion;"—he learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and feels himself interested for the honor and prosperity of a whole line of descendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot who had never heard of William Tell? or a Hollander, who should be unacquainted with the glorious struggles which freed his nation from the tyranny of the duke of Alva?

The Englishman conversant in history has been long acquainted with his country. He knew her in the infancy of her greatness; has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts and slender canoes in which Cæsar discovered her; has watched her rising fortunes, trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared with honest pride triumphs that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement through many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of her liberty and law, to the fullness of her prosperity and the amplitude of her fame.

Or should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence; should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance, ready to close again over the bright horizon: should liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him;—even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful mirror would tell him how high the tide had once risen; he would not tread unconsciously the ground where the Muses and the arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva. Even the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him. He will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate with ten-

derness and respect the decaying age of his once illustrious parent.

DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

THIS (says Mr. J. P. Thomas) is a question, the solution of which is so generally applicable to human conduct, as to render it exceedingly important. I apprehend that the cause of virtue must justify every thing; and there are many cases in which a truly good end is to be attained only by means which are not in themselves unobjectionable. Shall we therefore sink the noble qualities of human nature in the slough of indecision? is it not more prudent, out of evil to produce good? Eventual utility must, at last, be the criterion of human conduct. In cases which are indifferent, no reflecting man would use means apparently improper: but there are many instances, in which a little evil is an engine of great good; and should not that, which is eventually preferable, always prevail? Neither maxims nor principles should be too broadly applied; and even the observance of the rules which generally contribute to human happiness must be surrendered in those few cases, in which the very end of such observance, namely, the happiness of mankind, is endangered. There appears to me to be nothing paradoxical or romantic in this argument. It is consistent in itself. Let us for a moment consider the evil which would arise, if the negative of the proposition which is my subject were true. Men would be often compelled to tell the truth on occasions, on which to tell it is most unreasonable. Is a man bound to divulge to an assassin, or to a robber, those facts, the knowledge of which alone places him in a situation to commit his intended crime? Am I bound to disclose the truth to a madman, when I know that it will be used as a dangerous or deadly engine to myself, to my friends, or to society? If a debtor attempt, by the entangling ingenuity of legal chicanery, to rob me of a just and previously-admitted debt, and I can, with equal ingenuity, fortunately decoy him, in his web of special pleading, to a point in which I am enabled to defeat him, will any honest man condemn me for using such means, where the end is notoriously just? Some author (Rutherford, I think), instances, as an illustration of natural law, a case in which

two men are by wreck forced to take refuge on a plank in the water, and both or one of them must therefore inevitably perish. Are both these individuals quietly to suffer death? or is not one justified upon the principle of justice, ay, and even of benevolence, in forcing the other into the sea, in order to save his own life? And yet, if the general rule of "thou shalt not kill" is to be universally pursued, both must die. We should greatly ridicule a surgeon, who declined amputating the limb of a patient, without which mortification would be likely to ensue, merely on account of the pain which the patient would suffer in the operation. I will adduce another illustration. Slave captivity is most odious to the free-thinking part of mankind. And yet how few admit the propriety of an immediate and complete abolition! It is the general opinion that a gradual change from slavery to freedom would be productive of immensely greater advantages, than a sudden enlargement of men who know not how to use, much less how to enjoy, their liberty. This is a case in which the partial permission of slavery, by freemen, is justified by the end of prudence which is secured by it. It will be argued, probably, that I have put extreme cases. I have, I admit, alleged some instances not of very frequent occurrence, and I allow that it is only in cases of infrequency that the affirmative of the question can be admitted. Men should never compromise sound and useful principles, for the sake of merely possible good. It is always dangerous to speculate in morals. But if a case should occur in which the interests of humanity, mercy, justice, or virtue, might be deeply interested, and in which, taking all circumstances into consideration, the end would be clearly and indisputably justifiable and beneficial, why should I oppose the real happiness of mankind, by a prudish quarrel with the means, through which the excellent end is attainable, unless those means be absolutely criminal?

* We answer this interrogatory in the negative. The act is inconsistent with *justice*, because no one has a right, even on the plea of self-preservation, to inflict an irreparable injury; and it is still more repugnant to *benevolence*, because this quality implies good-will toward a fellow-creature. Indeed, the violence which the author seems to defend ought rather to be condemned as an act of selfish policy.—
EDIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You will probably consider the complaint which I am going to make as rather uncommon at the present time; but I can assure you that it is founded in truth. An honorable gentleman made his first addresses to me in what Mrs. Rowe very justly terms the impious strains of adoration: he called me *angel*, *goddess*, vowed eternal devotion, and said many fine things which are as far above a fine woman's deserts, as below a wise man's consideration. I was young, inexperienced, a stranger to flattery; and like a thoughtless, giddy girl, entered upon a state of persecution with my loving tormentor, when I was only in the sixteenth year of my age.

My husband is of a jealous temper, and some will probably say that his jealousy is a strong proof of his love. The very first time we appeared in public after our marriage, he noticed, with some signs of alarm, all the pretty fellows, whose eyes, he said, were fixed directly upon me; then, making a short pause, he added, with a smothered sigh, "You are certainly very handsome," and passed the rest of the evening in pensive silence.

This unhappy temper renders my situation extremely uncomfortable. We never quarrel; indeed good-breeding prevents that; and, besides, my husband is so immoderately fond, that he seems desirous of checking his jealousy through fear of giving me pain; yet, for the life of him, he cannot conceal his anxious concern for my character and reputation.

When I go to see a play, if a gentleman bows to me, if an acquaintance greets me with a smile,—in short, if I go out, with him or without him, I can perceive an uneasiness in his countenance; and, when one of his friends happened to touch my hand by accident, he turned as pale as a corpse, and I really thought it would have thrown him into convulsions.

A young lady who is related to me came to request my company, in May last, for a day or two at her house; but, as a careful parent, when his boy inadvertently sings on Sunday, desires him to remember what day it is, so my *dear*, *loving*—what shall I call him?—tender husband, hinted that she ought to recollect what month it was, and to consider that a lady should not be trusted abroad in the month of May; that his opinion in this point was grounded upon the *Spectator's* authority, and that he would

send her (my relation) back by a trusty old servant, because it was dangerous, he said, for a young lady to walk alone in the fields.

When I lie in, he never quits the room till I am able to stir abroad, and may as properly be said to lie in as I. His fondness carried him to that length when I was lately confined, that he lost a hundred pounds, because he would not leave me to attend the recovery of it, though a little absence, I should think, would serve to increase love. I must confess I have so much of my dear husband's company, that I may truly say it is surfeiting.

Too much of any thing, I find by melancholy experience, is good for nothing; and though I cannot but love him in return for his kindness, yet one may be choked with a honey-comb. Besides, his fondness leads him into great improprieties, and renders him the jest of his acquaintance. He will rise up suddenly in the club to which he belongs, and tell the astonished members that he must go and rejoin his dear Betsy at home: some of them burst into a loud laugh, while others, before he is well out of the room, are calling him a fond fool for his unseasonable anxiety. I am sorry to have him ridiculed on my account, and should be glad if he would remain with his friends, and not think of me.

I was employed the other day upon some fine needle-work, and complaining of a pain in my eyes; and the consequence was, that my kind husband purchased an elegant pair of spectacles, which he affectionately obliges me to wear, though I can hardly see how to take a stitch in them; but they are, he tells me, calculated to preserve my eyes, and so I am to see poorly now, that I may see better when I am an old woman. I must not be refractory, you know; for then he will say that I wish to have my own way in every thing. He follows me up and down from one room to another, and is as constant a companion as my pincushion. When I am about my jellies and preserves, he creeps softly behind me, peeps over my shoulder, and frights me almost into hysterics. Indeed, the good-natured but troublesome creature is always in my way. I could better endure his folly, if he had a fund of agreeable conversation; but in that respect he is exceedingly dull, and I never heard any thing from him more significant than the tattle of my own sex. I believe he is not quite destitute of

sense; but he has read in some play or other, that "women are fools," and so talks nonsense with a view to be agreeable.

In short, sir, he is so ridiculously fond, that he cannot forbear playing his monkey-tricks with me before the best company; ruffling one's handkerchief, snatching kisses by surprise, &c. and appears in public like a lover toying with his mistress. Such a behaviour was disagreeable to me while I was unmarried, but is insupportable now that I am a wife. I am out of countenance for him every time we go upon a visit, and am afraid of joining in any scheme of pleasure, from an apprehension that it may eventually be productive of pain.

HORTENSIA.

THE OXFORD DECAMERON, NO. X.

THE TWO SISTERS.

I AM inclined to think, said the tenth speaker, that, although the ties of sisterhood are among the most strong and endearing which can be felt in domestic life, Pope was in the right when he considered it a proof of no small virtue in a young woman

—————"to hear
A sister's praises with unwounded ear;"

for I have certainly witnessed considerable suffering experienced by a most amiable and well-principled girl from this cause. I therefore offer you a history, the incidents of which, though they may have been frequently paralleled in real life, have not often been embodied in a particular narrative.

Amelia Forest was an acknowledged beauty from her very birth; and her gay father, who lived up to his estate, which was entailed on his son, was disposed to consider her charms as the means of saving the money which might be expected for her dowry. "That girl's face (he would say) is worth a couple of thousands—that bosom is so much money in my pocket—who will ask for fortune with such a shape as that?"

As time advanced, she was taught, on the same principle, to look so high for the situation which a creature so lovely and accomplished ought to fill, that, even whilst in her teens, she refused all the rural beaux around, together with the sons of wealthy traders from the neighbouring town, and dashing officers who resided at the barracks in its vi-

cinity. All bowed to her as a kind of divinity; but their incense was accepted as a right, or permitted as an amusement. She saw no merit in the man of enlightened mind, no charm in one whose manners or person attracted all others. The heart that is armed with vanity and ambition seldom yields to the power of love, and her father's efforts were soon seconded by her own.

Her mother was an amiable but meek woman, who, with a sounder judgement than her husband possessed, yet habitually submitted to his dictates, and, finding that Amelia's vanity was too much inflated for her counsels to be attended to, forbore to press them, and turned her attention to Emma, the younger daughter, who was never beheld by her father in any other point of view than as an encumbrance on the estate, which he knew not how to get rid of in any other form but that of a superior nurse-maid to the future progeny of his darling.

"One old maid," he said, "is good in a family; my poor Emma there was born for one; she is all patience and perseverance, doing some good thing or other from morning to night;—in fact, she is a family-drudge. Well, well, she is as God made her, and when Amelia marries a man of rank, as most probably she will, Emma will make an excellent house-keeper or companion for her." This idea was so fondly cherished by the poor man, that at length nothing would serve him but taking his beauty to the London market; but, as that is not exactly open to the second order of Yorkshire 'squires (in which predicament he stood), it was found that even a very great beauty, who is too genteel for an improper offer, yet too little endowed with money or fashion for a justifiable one,—who has no introduction, yet much pride,—may dress and undress in public places to very little purpose. A performer on the stage, indeed, has a much better chance than one in the boxes of the theatres.

The fair Amelia returned with new dresses, but not a new name. There was, however, no need to despair; for she was not yet of age; and the person of each sister was of that description which improves by time; for both were tall and thin, with faces of the Siddonian cast. When parted, they were thought much alike; but, when together, the charms of the elder so utterly eclipsed those of the younger, as to give the im-

pression of her being a plain girl, which was far from being the case.

Emma was thinner than her sister; therefore she was too thin for the contour required by her height, and her Roman nose derived from the same source an air of sharpness:—her eyes were pleasingly soft, but they lacked the brilliancy of Amelia's; her complexion was fair, but pale, while that of her sister was luxurious in its rich yet delicate bloom. She was also too timid to display those graces and accomplishments which she possessed equally with the beautiful Amelia. She had been so accustomed to live in the shade of obscurity, that she dared not venture into that light which would have shown her to advantage as an amiable and well-informed girl.

Both the sisters were blessed with good tempers. In the elder this appeared to be the result of pleasure arising from continued indulgence: in the younger, it evidently arose from higher motives, since it was known to all their friends, that her every wish had been rendered subservient from childhood to Amelia's inclinations. She was therefore esteemed for her virtues, where the other was only admired for her person. Emma was not sensible of this: she loved her sister; enjoyed the fame she possessed; considered that, as the younger and the inferior, it was only right that she should take her pleasures and her gowns from her sister's bounty; and was in every respect as happy as she was amiable. If her father was cross, her mother was kind; her brother loved her as well as he did Amelia: of what then could she complain?

During the period, when Amelia and her father were in town pursuing their fruitless speculation, a young gentleman made his appearance in Yorkshire, intending to take possession of an estate left to him by his uncle. He was accompanied by his mother, who had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Forest in early life. The acquaintance was now gladly renewed, and so many invitations passed in the vicinity (for the new comer was a very engaging and worthy young man), that Emma was in the habit of meeting him frequently in parties; and he always treated her with marked attention.

For the first time in her life, Emma felt that she was not the non-entity her sister's superior claims had hitherto made her. The respect shown to her by the fashionable and attractive stranger was

followed by the politeness of others; for the men thought it right to follow his example, and the young women pressed round her, that they might be seen by him. A sense of increased importance had only the effect of increasing the cheerful and benevolent feelings of her heart; but, as her good sense showed her to whom she was obliged, gratitude to Mr. Sancroft was also excited; and to a very young woman this amiable and virtuous propensity is somewhat dangerous.

Mrs. Forest perceived the state of her daughter's heart, and wisely guarded her from an evil to which she was peculiarly exposed from the situation in which she stood. Her cares were however rendered needless by the return of Amelia, in the full blaze of beauty and fashion, and by the evident passion with which she inspired young Sancroft on the first day of his introduction.

Alas, poor Emma! how short had been the glimpse of pleasure allowed to one so unassuming, thankful, and interesting! yet how difficult was it to return to the lowly station once held without pain, but now rendered mortifying by contrast. It was evident that Emma sunk below her level, because Amelia rose above it,—not because she was unworthy or insignificant, since she had been absolutely a leader in her circle during her sister's absence. She had little ambition in her nature; and all that she had pointed to the affections of her fellow-creatures. She wished for the good-will of others, and, like all young and artless persons who are themselves honest and warm-hearted, she believed that the more than civility, the apparent friendship and eager courteousness so lately extended to her, proceeded from a sincere regard for her. Her feelings therefore were wounded, when she found that the frozen bosoms which she had so lately thawed into communicativeness or kindness resumed their coldness, and that only averted looks and hasty greetings were now accorded to her, as one moving necessarily round the orbit of that planet which attracted them.

When a young beauty is surrounded by rivals, some one or other will always be found the patronizer and friend of the less favored, whom she will make important as far as she is able; but it was evident at this period that Amelia Forest was not only the beauty *par excellence*,

but the star of fashion, from whom rival *belles* borrowed their ideas on dress and manners, content to shine by reflected splendor, and willing to offer incense whilst within her sphere, that they might be enabled to demand it when placed in another. With such temptations to vanity, such excuses for caprice, it was not surprising that Amelia's naturally good disposition gave way, or that she became haughty, petulant, and repulsive, when the voice of flattery was not sounding in her ears, and that the sweet smiles which rendered her countenance not less attractive than her form and features, were put off with her morning riding-habit, when she ceased to strike the eye and 'witch the world with noble horsemanship,' or with the dress of the ball-room, where she had looked a goddess and moved a queen. As Emma bore the brunt of these sallies of ill-temper and airs of superiority, while she suffered from the recollection of the carelessness with which she had been treated by the women and the neglect of the men, sometimes her mind sunk into despondency very unnatural at her age, and sometimes she was roused for a moment to anger, but never did invective sully her tongue or unkindness lurk in her heart. The first conciliatory word or even look from the beauty rendered Emma not only as affectionate as before, but as ready as ever to rejoice in her sister's triumphs, and to anticipate her expectations; and, while she wondered that Amelia could not be *content* with that which was offered, she was yet pleased with the brighter prospects on which the ambitious beauty delighted to dwell.

Far different emotions affected her bosom when she found that Mr. Sancroft had requested permission from her father to pay his addresses to Amelia. The permission had been granted as due to a man of private worth and good property; but the entire disclaiming of all power over his daughter in affairs of the heart, argued in Mr. Forest's case (as Emma well knew) no great anxiety on the subject of his young neighbour's acceptance, or rather a desire for his rejection.—“Yet,” said Emma to herself, “it is certain Amelia will love Mr. Sancroft when she knows more of him, and my mother will try to bend her mind to it.”—“Yes! she will marry him, for he is different from all the suitors she has ever had—in my opinion very far superior. I hope she will love him truly, and

make him happy; if she does not, it will be impossible for me to love her. I can forgive all her little airs to me, but I cannot pardon any to him.”

But could Emma wish this marriage to take place? Alas! the more Mr. Sancroft came about the house, the less this desire seemed likely to arise: yet, as he became evidently more and more captivated, it seemed more necessary for her happiness to coincide with his wishes. The wise and pious mother saw the struggle she endured, but would not wound her delicacy by naming it, or open for her that power of even conversing on the subject, which might have been a source of dangerous indulgence. She therefore led her mind into a general consideration of the practice of Christian duties, as they regard the regulation of the temper and the affections, and took especial care to keep her much employed on subjects of utility and benevolence, whilst she accustomed her to consider the future union of her sister with young Sancroft as inevitable.

In truth Mrs. Forest would have rejoiced to see the modest virtues of her unpretending Emma flourish beneath the protection of this young man, for whom she had the highest esteem, and whose situation in life was equal to her wishes; but, since she dared not hope for this union, she now desired to see Amelia his wife, trusting that the guidance of such a man would render her as estimable as she was lovely. Besides, she had little doubt that Emma would do well in life, when her showy sister was removed; and she trusted that, when the object of his pride and solicitude was provided for, Mr. Forest would contract his expenses, and save something for both his daughters, so that every circumstance tended to make the marriage desirable. Nor were the friends and visitants of the family less anxious to see it completed; for many mothers and daughters began to think there was little chance for them till the beauty was disposed of, although they saw that some of their acquaintance did very well in despite of her too fascinating influence.

The truly lover-like caution of Mr. Sancroft, who was so deeply smitten as to exhibit all the timidity of a trembling suitor, conscious of the transcendent powers of a mistress whose eyes had laid so many low, was very favorable to his wishes. Amelia liked submissive adoration—admired superior manners, and

especially approved a dangler so handsome and agreeable, as to offer something piquant in the shape of rivalry to a beau of higher pretensions. Besides, she was fond of displaying her musical talents, and he was a fine judge and no mean performer; so that various circumstances combined to render him a most desirable companion, either at home, where people in the country must be sometimes alone, or in the neighbouring parties and assemblies, so that no person could be less desirous than Amelia of hastening an *eclaircissement* which might deprive her of his services. There were moments when she was nearly determined to marry him rather than lose him; but the recollection of his bounded circumstances, more especially as he kept only *one* pair of horses for his carriage, settled the business, as she determined to have *two*, together with every other suitable concomitant.

An adept in those manners which may be termed the repellent and the consolatory, Amelia held the spirits of her lover in a barometer subject to great variation; and, since he dared not complain or exult to her, he became in the habit of doing it to Emma, who was therefore in her turn subjected to severe changes. One day she trembled with grief at witnessing his sorrow; the next day his hope proved equally distressing. Relying on the gentle sympathy of her nature, and never suspecting the state of her heart, when Sancroft saw the blush mantle on her cheek or the tear suffuse her eye, he would warmly thank her for the "regard with which she honored him, and the success he saw she wished him." Often would he lament that Amelia had not been nurtured like her in a love for domestic happiness and simple pleasures, and that she had not, like her, tastes similar to his own; but he would add, that he must bend to the demands of a being so lovely, should she once honor him by making them—"Ah! would that hour arrive?"

At these moments, Emma dreaded to think of the future fate of one who was thus immersed in a passion which, either in its success or disappointment, was likely to render him miserable. She knew that her sister would ask that which he ought not to grant, perhaps could not grant, but by forfeiting happiness and principle: yet this she could not even hint at; for sisterly affection, family pride, and above all her conscious preference for him, alike sealed her lips. There

were times when the struggle of her heart affected her whole frame, when Sancroft would exclaim, "Dear Emma, you are pale and unwell: I have wearied you till you are ill."—"No, no, I am not ill indeed."—"You are never weary of hearing me praise Amelia; that is impossible; but my eulogies are so mixed up with my fears, my irresolution, my eternal suspension of the decisive question, that I make you quite nervous. Well! well! we shall both be better when it is over."

So thought poor Emma, but she had not the power to urge this resolution to its proper issue, or to spare herself by declining to witness those attentions to her sister which perforce awakened pain, for which she suffered self-reproach also. But, if Sancroft engaged her for the two second dances, she must go to the ball, nor could she refuse to sing when his air of melancholy required soothing, even if she were herself overpowered by the words she uttered. As Amelia could not sing with any person but Emma, whose ear was more correct and whose voice was more full and mellifluous than her own, and who had been taught from infancy to give her every advantage, she was generally angry at these interruptions; at which moments, even the lover forgot his allegiance. He could not persuade himself to see, that

———"scorn look'd beautiful
In the disdain and anger of her eye,"

when it reproved one so gentle and unoffending, so obedient to her wishes, and in days past so fluent in her praises. Every word he uttered on these occasions unhappily became indelibly impressed on the memory and heart of Emma, and her gratitude was only another name for that love which was now nourished by every incident, yet constantly struggled with, and prayed against, with sincerity and fervor.

The appearance of a dashing baronet in the neighbourhood, on a sporting excursion, by alarming the fears of Mr. Sancroft, awakened the hopes of Amelia. She believed that her lover knew more of the baronet's intentions than had yet reached her own ear, and the hopes of a title and a splendid equipage decided the question against virtue, talents, good-breeding, and genteel competency. Poor Sancroft's pretensions were respectfully but positively rejected, yet with earnest entreaties "that he would not cease to visit the family."

Mrs. Forest sincerely regretted this termination of an affair which had been so near her heart. Her husband spread the news in all directions, in order that the sporting baronet might learn his own power of being drawn into the meshes. Emma was angry, but could not be sorrowful. She told herself that this arose from her sense of the unfitness of the parties for each other; and, as this was really the case, most probably for some time she succeeded in believing that which reason sanctioned. But when it was found that Mr. Sancroft had left his house for an indefinite time, and that he was not expected to return before Miss Forest's marriage or his own, Emma felt a wretchedness which she had never known before, and fancied that, if she could have seen him and conversed with him daily, even in the most humble capacity, she might have been happy. Scarcely could she (in despite of her accustomed meekness and humility) forbear to reproach her sister bitterly for having inflicted so much sorrow and mortification on one whose hopes she had nourished and mis-led; but Amelia was too much engaged, and in fact herself too anxious, to attend to her reproaches. She felt that she "had flung a pearl away," and that, if she did not catch the jewel floating before her mind's eye and dazzling it by a superior splendor, she might justly become a laughing-stock to all around her.

Mr. Forest was a renowned shot; of course it was not difficult for him to make a speedy acquaintance at the lodge, taken for a couple of months by Sir Harry Harebrain, who soon was prevailed upon to take first a dinner and next a bed at the manor-house (Mr. Forest's residence). The baronet was a gay Irishman with little thought, much good-humor, and great hilarity, and one to whom company had long been as necessary as meat and drink; and therefore, after living a fortnight alone, it was no wonder that he entered into that sort of society which was offered by his new neighbour with eagerness and thankfulness, and (as the praises of the beauty had already met his ear) with the gallantry of his country he was prepared to enter on the very part desired from him, and to run away with her from all competitors. It so happened, however, that Amelia, from a consciousness of her own intention to be charming, was incapable of playing the agreeable with her usual ef-

fect, and that, in her endeavours to be striking as a woman of fashion, she had so much over-dressed herself as to appear palpably aiming at a certain purpose, since no country gentleman's daughter was likely to be so caught on a chance visit, and the baronet's first *entrée* was made such apparently. Emma, commanded to dress so as to appear as a foil, and in her present state of spirits utterly careless on the subject, attracted attention by the contrast she exhibited, and her blushes (produced by the baronet's regards, which were certainly Hibernian, and shot too from singularly-fine eyes) continued that attraction, in consequence of which the poor girl retreated as much as possible from his gaze.

Amelia changed her plan of attack; and, as Sir Harry grew more familiar at the house, he had opportunities of seeing her in every variety of costume, and even of occupation; for, since it appeared to be his whim to admire simple girls and rural employments, the beauty could stoop to conquer as a dairy-maid, or charm as a ballad-singer; but, with a constancy by which his country is not distinguished, and which his manners and character rendered very improbable, he actually continued to distinguish Emma, and at length astonished and almost terrified her, by pouncing upon her with a violent offer of his hand and fortune; "his heart being no longer in his power, as she had held the poor thing in prison a good month, to say the least of it."—

"I don't know what my father will say, but I"—"Oh! don't think of your father at all, my dear, for to my mind he thinks little of you; and for your sister the beauty"—

"Oh, Sir Harry, you are very good, and I thank you sincerely, but indeed I cannot—no, I *cannot*—love you as I ought."

Emma was exceedingly agitated as she spoke these words; and the sincerity which they evinced, and the kind feelings awakened toward one who had so distinguished her, were so visible in her countenance, that Sir Harry, who knew something of hearts, as well as of hares, saw how matters stood with her.—

"You cannot love *me*, Emma—and, what's more, you can love another."—"Oh! sir, I did not say that."—"True; but I'll venture to say it for you, and I'm sorry from my soul it can be said."

You would have saved me, and made a man of me, Emma; and perhaps you may wait long ere you meet a fonder lover or a better husband."

As the baronet uttered the last words, he shook his head, to send away two round drops that were falling on his cheek: with the action he rallied his spirits, and calling upon God to bless her, with a hasty kiss on her unresisting hand, withdrew, saying at the same time, "Since it is to be so, the dear girl shall at least have the glory of having refused me. I'll just tell all the neighbourhood, and then set off for Paris in the style of the other lover."

Great was the astonishment on all sides when the refusal of Emma was known, and the anger excited in Mr. Forest's bosom raged for a short time frightfully, but Amelia anxiously endeavoured to mitigate it, being undoubtedly glad that any circumstance saved her from the mortification of seeing Emma placed so much above her. The mother rejoiced that she had refused a man, who, however generous he might be, was thoughtless, improvident, and ill calculated to lead a young wife into a tempting world. It was also evident that the *eclat* of the affair gave to Emma some importance in the eyes of those who were acquainted with her: they now began to discover that she really was a sweet creature with a lovely figure, growing almost as handsome as her beautiful sister. But no society now offered to her the charm which it had once possessed. Her spirits were a little relieved, and her person was unquestionably much improved in the following year; and, about the end of it, there was a rumor that Mr. Sancroft was returning, which again quickened the pulsation of her heart, and awakened transient roses on her cheek. On his arrival, he did not avoid intercourse with the family, or hold himself aloof, even from the beauty. Many believed that he would renew his addresses, and Amelia herself seemed to think so, from her pointed rejection of a gay colonel's advances. It was noticed that he received and visited the family; but it might be purely to oblige his mother, who had returned with him; and it was certain that he paid little attention to any lady at the manor-house except its mistress, whom he frequently questioned on the report he had heard of the baronet's offer to Emma. He was yet evidently never happy when he was out

of the house, and the master of it lost no opportunity of inviting him thither. "The colonel was gone, and times were a little changed; the beauty was two years and a half older than her sister; she was, it is true, handsomer than ever, but yet she had been a long time before the world in that capacity; and, since Sancroft was his father's eldest son, he would be rich enough to keep her in great style some time or other;"—so argued the father.

But Sancroft showed no symptom of love beyond that of deep thought; and this sometimes amounted to a degree of melancholy, which Amelia herself could no longer relieve, even when she condescended to sing his favorite songs and praise his favorite authors. It was pretty evident that her influence was gone; but, since it might be awakened by the appearance of a new lover, and Doncaster races were at hand, which had hitherto annually produced one or more, much was expected from this experiment.

As Mr. Sancroft had agreed to meet his lady at Doncaster in order to conduct her to town, this gay period was fixed upon as the time, and the two families went thither together; for Emma was now thought worthy of filling a place in all parties. She had by no means her best looks at this time: for she was in a state of incessant solicitude;—she could not understand either her sister or Sancroft; and it was the business of her life to school her heart into that obedience which circumstances might demand from her. She was determined, as far as she could, to be gay, because she believed it to be a duty required from her as the means of banishing from her mind the object which engrossed her, and whom she found it impossible to forget for a moment in the solitude of the country.

The first person, of whom mention was made on their arrival, was Sir Harry Harebrain. Emma looked pleased, for her remembrances of him were pleasurable, while Amelia observed that he would probably appear at the ball, and added sarcastically, "Emma ought to meet her *one* lover gratefully."—At this moment Sancroft looked frowningly, yet with solicitude of no common character, on both the sisters; but both these expressions faded from his countenance when Emma said, "I *am* grateful to sir Harry for his good opinion, though he is a man I could not and would not

marry, even if I liked him ever so well; but I would rather not see him again, so I will stay at home to-night.”—“ Ridiculous! he has forgotten the whole affair: it is a year and a half ago now;—a man forgets his strongest attachments in less time than that,” said Amelia, with an oblique glance at Sancroft.—“ A man may forget every thing,” said Emma simply; “ for he lives in the world and has much to think of: but a woman cannot, and I would rather not be made to remember what—” “ What a fool you were?” said the father in a questioning tone, adding, “ I believe you; and to the ball you shall go, Miss, whatever may be your sentimentalities and nonsense.”

During the whole evening Sancroft did not leave Emma for a moment without betraying uneasiness; but it was late before circumstances threw sir Harry in their way. He was remarkably handsome, and his frank yet elegant manners so evidently pointed him out as a man formed to captivate the fair, that Sancroft could not avoid believing that Emma had once loved him, and had sacrificed her passion to those principles which were infused by her excellent mother; and on this decision he highly complimented her the first moment they were alone together.—“ I do not merit your praise,” said Emma, as her cheek reddened, and she averted her face from his eyes.—“ Sir Harry said, I should save him from the consequence of his errors; and if I had loved him, most probably I should have been tempted to try. Alas! I have nothing to boast of.”—“ Yes, Emma, you have every thing to boast of which can adorn your sex, and among the rest that humility which forbids not only boasting but self-approbation. My heart and my understanding always did you the justice to see this; but I was dazzled, deluded, as I may say, by your sister’s beauty. My fault, I fear, though unconnected with moral depravity or imprudent prodigality, may render you as little inclined to accept me as the baronet; but tell me with your accustomed ingenuousness, will time, assiduity, increasing admiration and esteem, be likely to dispose you to listen to me?”—“ Is it *my* esteem you seek? *my—my* affection? do I hear you rightly, Mr. Sancroft?”—“ Surely you do, Emma. You cannot doubt how high a value I have long set upon it, since I conquered my natural repugnance to that society where I had

been mortified by refusal, in order to obtain it?”

It is unnecessary to pursue an *éclaircissement* so interesting to both parties. Explanation only served to show that many hopes and fears might have been spared to each. In a very short time Emma became the happy and excellent wife of the only man whom she had ever loved, and who now returned abundant interest for the time in which he had robbed her of those affections he felt to have been due to tenderness and unassuming worth, exposed perpetually to bitter disappointment and corroding silent sorrow.

When Emma had been married long enough to be the mother of three lovely children, Amelia met at her house a gentleman who had a very splendid equipage, was a handsome man of about fifty years of age, and was so captivated by her person and manners, as to be induced to offer his hand. She gladly accepted the offer; and, as she lolled in her elegant carriage, and tried (but in vain) to console herself by gazing on the beauty of her four bays, she reflected on the empty state of her purse, the daily mortifications to which it subjected her, the arrogance to which she was compelled to bend, and the little power her beauty actually procured her, when it was united with matrimonial rights and haughty requisitions. When she contrasted her situation with that of the once lowly Emma, she was ready to fancy that the wand of a necromancer had passed over them both to reverse their former fate, and, in the course of a few years, the time has arrived, when others are ready to draw the same conclusion; for Emma has in her person improved so much as greatly to resemble what Amelia was at the time of her marriage, whereas the beauty has sunk suddenly into the scar and blighted autumn of life. She who was once dressed not only with taste but magnificence, is now inelegant and unfashionable, her tall form is spare to leanness, and her fine features are sharp and harsh, being marked at once with the discontent which is inevitable to her situation, and the pride which seeks to disguise it. Yet, with all her assumed hauteur, poor Amelia has more of heart about her than she ever had in her life; for the children of Emma have awakened those maternal feelings not required in her own grand but cheerless abode; and deeply does she lament that vanity and

ambition blunted those feelings and perverted that taste which nature and virtue would have inspired. Often does she recall the memory of her former lovers with regret, and think how weakly she suffered her chance of happiness to be lost, while she was pursuing a phantom; but it is some consolation to her amended heart to know, that, of all her discarded lovers, the most deserving is the husband of that inestimable sister and friend, whose pure sympathy and generous regard constitute the only consolation of her stately but comfortless existence.

B.

THE DISTRESS OF THE LADY EVELINE,
REPRESENTED IN AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.

IN a conflict between the English and the Welsh, Berenger, a gallant knight, had fallen (as it was then and is still said) "on the bed of honor;" and, during a cessation of hostilities, "the calmness of all around seemed to press like a weight on the bosom of his daughter, the unhappy Eveline, and filled her with a deeper sense of present grief, and a keener fear of future horrors, than had reigned there during the bustle, blood, and confusion of the preceding day. She rose up—she sat down—she moved to and fro on the platform—she remained fixed like a statue to a single spot; as if she were trying by variety of posture to divert her internal sense of fear and sorrow.

"At length, looking at the monk and the Fleming as they slept soundly under the shade of the battlement, she could no longer forbear breaking silence. "Men are happy," she said, "my beloved Rose; their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds and death; but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and, in the gnawing sense of present ill and fear of future misery, a living death, more cruel than that which ends our woes at once."

"Do not be thus downcast, my noble lady," said Rose; "be rather what you were yesterday, caring for the wounded, for the aged, for every one but yourself—exposing even your dear life among the showers of the Welsh arrows, when doing so could give courage to others; while I—shame on me—could but

tremble, sob, and weep, and needed all the little wit I have to prevent my shouting with the wild cries of the Welsh, or screaming and groaning with those of our friends who fell around me."

"Alas! Rose," answered her mistress, "you may at pleasure indulge your fears to the verge of distraction yourself—you have a father to fight and watch for you. Mine—my kind, noble, and honored parent, lies dead on yonder field, and all which remains for me is to act as may best become his memory. But this moment is at least mine, to think upon and mourn for him."

So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sank down on the banquette which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, "He is gone for ever!" abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and served, at the same time, to prop her forehead, while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat down beside the mourner, and, possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow; now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, and, amid these tokens of the most devoted and humble sympathy, waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that, as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to show a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. At a little distance, the gleaming corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrate on the stone steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.

"After a deep agony of many minutes, it seemed that the sorrows of Eveline were assuming a more composed character; her convulsive sobs were changed for long, low, profound sighs,

and the course of her tears, though they still flowed, was milder and less violent. Her kind attendant, availing herself of these gentler symptoms, tried softly to win the spear from her lady's grasp. "Let me be sentinel for a while," she said, "my sweet lady,—I will at least scream louder than you, if any danger should approach." She ventured to kiss her cheek and throw her arms round Eveline's neck while she spoke; but a mute caress, which expressed her sense of the faithful girl's kind intentions to minister, if possible, to her repose, was the only answer returned. They remained for many minutes silent and in the same posture,—Eveline, like an upright and slender poplar,—Rose, who encircled her lady in her arms, like the woodbine which twines around it."

NOUREDDIN AND MARIA, OR THE ARTFUL FRANK;

from the New Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

A CHRISTIAN princess, being taken by a Mohammedan corsair, is purchased as a slave by Noureddin, the son of an Egyptian merchant. With him she lives for some time in the endearments of mutual affection; but a discovery is at length made, which terminates in the separation of the lovers.

"Noureddin (says the Arabian storyteller), when he awoke one night, found Maria by his side, bathed in tears.—'What ails you, mistress of beauty?' asked he.—'I weep,' said she, 'on account of the separation with which we are threatened.—'Who threatens us with it?' asked Noureddin; 'we love each other cordially, and nothing in the world will ever have power to part us.'—'Ah!' said she, 'you know as yet nothing of the world. You enjoy the fair days, without ever thinking of the foul ones which fate has in store for you. Beware, my dear Noureddin, of an old Frank, who squints with his right eye, halts with his left leg, and has a swarthy complexion and a long beard: he is the man whom we have to fear. I saw him yesterday evening prowling about the city, and am convinced that he is come solely in search of me.'—'Only let me meet with him,' said Noureddin; 'I'll throttle him, or play him such a trick as he shall not forget while he lives.'—'Give up,' rejoined Maria, "the idea of taking

his life, but beware of entering into any conversation or intercourse with him. May God protect us from his consummate villany!"

"The next morning, when he had left home to go about the city, he sat down before a shop, and was overtaken by sleep. The old Frank, attended by seven others of his nation, chanced to pass by, and no sooner did he observe the handkerchief which Noureddin had wrapped round his head, (which had been worn by the princess,) than he sat down by him to examine it more closely. When the young merchant awoke and perceived the Frank by his side, he gave a loud shriek. 'Why do you shriek thus?' said the Frank; 'have we robbed you of something?'—'If you had robbed me, wretch,' replied Noureddin, 'I would bring you to justice.'—'Moslem,' said the Frank, 'I conjure you by your faith, tell me how you came by this handkerchief?'—'It is the work of my mother,' answered Noureddin.—'Sell it to me,' said the old man.—'I will not sell it,' replied Noureddin.—'Sell it to me,' repeated the Frank; 'I will give you five hundred dinars in hard cash for it; with that money your mother can make you another.'—'I will not sell it, hobbling wretch!' was Noureddin's only answer. The Frank would not take a refusal, but continued to increase his offer, until he got to a thousand dinars. Noureddin persisted in his first answer, that he would not sell it. The merchants who were present then remonstrated with him, and said,—'What obstinacy it is to refuse to sell for a thousand dinars a handkerchief that is scarcely worth a hundred? Why should you let slip the opportunity of doing so meritorious an act as it would be to fleece this cursed Frank of nine hundred dinars?' Noureddin at length yielded, out of shame and want of firmness; he delivered the handkerchief, and, after he had received the money, was about to retire, when the Frank, turning to the merchants, said, 'Let not Noureddin leave us; I invite the whole company to sup with me; we will pass the night in drinking and in conversation.'—Noureddin did all he could to get excused, but the company would not listen to his reasons, and dragged him along to the residence of the Frank, who produced a fatted lamb, and broached a cask of Cretan wine. It was not long before Noureddin was intoxicated. All this time the Frank kept

close by his side, and never ceased talking to him. 'Sell me,' he at length said, 'the slave whom you bought in the presence of these merchants for one thousand dinars: I will give you five thousand for her.' Noureddin refused, though but feebly, for his head was quite dizzy. Raising his offer a thousand dinars at a time, the Frank at length got to ten thousand, and Noureddin said, 'You shall have her at that price.' The Frank called the whole company to witness the bargain, and they continued to push the wine about. Toward the morning the Frank cried out to his slaves, 'Ho, there! bring me the ten thousand dinars which I am to pay Noureddin as the price of his slave.'—'Infamous liar!' exclaimed the merchant, 'I have sold thee nothing; and, besides, I have no slave.'—'These Moslems are my witnesses,' replied the Frank. The company thereupon bore witness agreeably to the truth, at the same time making various observations on the folly of Noureddin, in objecting to sell for ten thousand dinars a slave who had cost him but one thousand. At length, overpowered by their attestations and arguments, he was forced to accept the ten thousand dinars, and the contract of sale was drawn up by the judge and subscribed by the witnesses."

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Devotional Verses, by Bernard Barton.—THE simplicity and grace, the sentimental turn, and the occasional force of Mr. Barton's poetical mind, seem to qualify him for religious effusions. He appears to feel the pure influence of devotion, and to be moved by the spirit of unaffected piety. He states, as his reason for writing verses on the foundation of Scripture, that, "in the many afflicting and striking incidents recorded in holy writ, in the numerous glimpses afforded in its earlier pages of pastoral and patriarchal life, in the imposing pictures so graphically painted in its historical parts of events as sublime as marvellous, in the gorgeous splendors of the Jewish ritual, as well as in the simple touching beauty of the narrative portion of the New Testament, may be found themes inexhaustible for poetry of the highest order."

We do not say that Mr. Barton's poetry is of the *highest order*; but it is, in general, pleasing and impressive.

The Messiah of Klopstock, translated from the German into English Verse, by G. H. C. Eggestorff.—This is a correct version with regard to the meaning and construction; but it is not sufficiently poetical. Indeed, it does not so nearly assimilate to the original as Mrs. Collyer's translation of the Death of Abel resembles the work of Gessner, though that lady traced it, not from the German language, but from a French medium.

Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton, Versione Italiana, di Guido Sorelli, Fiorentino.—Sorelli is a tolerable poet, and not a contemptible translator. A version of the Paradise Lost is a difficult task, and therefore great allowance ought to be made for any failure in its execution. Many parts must be expected to be very inferior to the original, and few passages, except those which occur in the dullest parts of the poem, can be thought to equal the efforts of the English bard; yet Sorelli, wherever we have compared his verses with those of Milton, appears to have a good conception of the sense; his style is neat, and his versification frequently harmonious.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in 1636. 3 vols.—As the reader will naturally inquire who are these pilgrims, and what are their characters and views, we beg leave to state that they were emigrants from England, who left that country for the purpose of securing religious freedom. Their story is well told, and their adventures have an air of interest. The hero of the tale is major Atherton, a man of courage, talent, and worth, who joins a party of his countrymen, and, on his arrival in New-England, enters with zeal into the politics and wars of the country. He also amuses himself with love, and, at the end of his active career, becomes the fond husband of a handsome Puritan, whose character is pleasingly delineated by the novelist.

The Highest Castle and the Lowest Cave, by Rebecca Edridge. 3 vols.—This is far from being so good a novel as we were induced to expect from the authoress of the *Scrinium*: there was in that work a degree of merit which we in vain seek when we attempt to explore the *castle* and the *cave*. We fully coincide with the lady in her assertion, that the "good will not be led astray, nor the

wicked confirmed in vice, by what she has written :” but we are sorry to observe, that she has not, on this occasion, made her recommendation of virtue, or her dissuasions from vice, sufficiently striking to reward the reader’s attention. The style is tolerable; but the incidents are hackneyed, and few, we think, will either be enlivened or interested by the performance.

Matilda, a Tale of the Day.—This novel, which is the production of Lord Normanby, is agreeable and interesting: There is no intricacy or complexity in the plot. A young lady, being taught to believe that her lover is faithless, is prevailed upon to give her hand to one whom she does not love. She afterwards meets the object of her early affection, and is induced to elope with him. They do not, in a state of guilt, live so happily as the lady perhaps expected; and, at a time when her health is in a precarious and critical state, she dies in a fright, having seen a boat sink in which she supposed her paramour to be returning after an occasional absence. With the high-bred personages of the tale, some vulgar members of society are mingled; but the author does not shine in the description of such characters, being more at home in the display of fashionable life.

Il Decamerone di Boccaccio. 3 vols. 8vo.—This is a correct and embellished edition of ten celebrated tales, introduced to the tasteful reader by a critical dissertation on the author’s genius. The ornamental appendages consist of ten engravings, executed by Fox from the beautiful designs of Stothard. Among these, the crowning of Pampinea as queen of the story-tellers for the day,—the representation of the party seated in a shady glade,—and the banquet-scene in the garden,—are the most attractive and striking pieces.

Leonard and Gertrude, translated from the German of Pestalozzi.—This is called “a book for the people,” being calculated to promote that object at which many respectable and distinguished persons now particularly aim,—the diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes. Important truths are here communicated by the medium of a tale, and instruction assumes the form of amusement.

The Juvenile Sketch-Book, or Pictures of Youth.—These pictures consist of tales, composed in the language of simplicity and truth. The author (seemingly a fair one) has “endeavoured to delineate the probable effects of causes which exist in the minds of most young people, and to represent the ultimate consequences of feelings and dispositions, which must either be encouraged or suppressed, as they lean to virtue, or approach to vice.” The tales are sufficiently interesting to please youthful readers, and, in point of morality, are unobjectionable.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS, EFFUSIONS OF PLEASANTRY, &c.

Madame Clairon, the Actress.—WHEN this lady was performing at Paris the part of Ariadne, being very ill, and fearing she should not be able to get through the character, she had ordered a couch to be placed on the stage, to relieve her if she should be overcome with fatigue. Toward the conclusion of the fifth act, her strength failed when she was to express her despair at the flight of Phædra and Theseus, and she fell lifeless on the couch. The quick perception of Mademoiselle Brilland, who played the character of the *confidante*, suggested to her the idea of occupying the scene by a *jeu de theatre* the most interesting. She fell at her feet, and took one of her hands, which she bathed with her tears: her words, slowly articulated, interrupted by sighs, gave Clairon time to revive; her looks, her motions, affected her; and, rising, she threw herself into the arms of her *confidante*. The public, in tears, acknowledged this mutual intelligence by the greatest applause.

In Madame Clairon’s *suite*, among fools and voluptuaries, was M. S——, son of a merchant of Bretagne, who was about thirty years of age, and had received an excellent education, but whose reserve and timidity prevented him from explaining what his desires dictated. He was, however, distinguished by Clairon among the others, and allowed to enjoy the honor of her friendship, according to her own phrase; whilst, by patience and assiduity, he hoped and languished for a more tender sentiment. But, whilst he was thus engaged, his affairs became involved, and a melancholy dislike toward the world ensued; and he sought,

by all possible means, to abstract his mistress from society, in order to possess her alone himself. Such a vain hope, under such circumstances, was of course extinguished: Clairon saw the necessity of immediately destroying the only consolation which rendered life desirable to him. In consequence of this, he became ill: her refusal increased his malady. At this period he recovered some property, but soon died after his letters and visits had been rejected. His last request was, that his mistress would indulge him once more with the pleasure of seeing her: her engagements, however, prevented her.

Fuseli, the Artist.—When he was dining at a friend's house, a gentleman called out to him from the other end of the room, "Mr. Fuseli, I lately purchased a picture of yours." Mr. F. "Did you? what is the subject?" Gent. "I really don't know." Mr. F. "That's odd enough; you must be a strange fellow, to buy a picture without knowing the subject!" Gent. (a little nettled) "I don't know what the devil it is." Mr. F. "Perhaps it is the *devil*: I have often painted him." Gent. "Perhaps it is." Mr. F. "Well! you have *him* now; take care that he does not one day have *you*!"

Very rarely has a greater testimony been given to the effect of any picture than was involuntarily paid to Fuseli's representation of the ghost-scene in Hamlet by a celebrated metaphysician now living. As a matter of favor, this gentleman was admitted to an inspection of the gallery some time before it was opened to the public. He began his scrutiny with the pictures on the side of the room opposite to that where Fuseli's Hamlet hung; but on suddenly turning his head in that direction, he caught a sight of the phantom, and exclaimed, in an accent of terror, "Lord have mercy upon me!"

Fuseli had a great dislike to commonplace observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during the "disjointed chat" of some idle visitants, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed,—"*We had pork for dinner to-day.*"—"Dear! (said one of the party) what an odd remark!"—"Why, it is as good as any thing that you have been saying for the last hour."

Lord Erskine.—This popular orator, having made a brilliant speech on some occasion at the Crown and Anchor, was met the next day by a learned brother, who, after complimenting him on his success, observed, that, though he was delighted, enraptured, by the speech when listening to it, yet, strange to say, he had not carried off a single idea, and could not even recollect what it was about. Erskine, throwing himself into an attitude expressive of admiration, replied, "Nor, to tell you the truth, do I retain a trace of it; it was the fragrance of the rose, lost as soon as shed."

Lord Byron's Opinions respecting the Orators of his Time.—I have never heard any one who fulfilled my idea of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard; Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which, to me, seems as different from an orator as an *improvisatore* or a versifier from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did—it seemed sad sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Lord Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity; lord Lansdown good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and, I think, the greatest favorite in Pandemonium—at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and they ran down from Bellamy's when he was on his legs.

I heard bishop Marsh make his second speech. It made no impression. I like Ward (now viscount Dudley and Ward): studied—but clear, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school and form fellow (we sat within two of each other) strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but, from what I remember of him at Harrow, he is, or should be, amongst the best of them. Now I do not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking. It is nothing but a flow of words—words, words alone. I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence properly so called. Lord Chatham and Burke made the nearest approaches to oratory in England. I don't know what

Erskine may have been at the bar; but in the house I wish him at the bar once

Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute. But, amongst all these good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious and as tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit—he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length.” *Mr. Murray’s Representative.*

A Charge against a well-known Author.—In the king’s presence, a critic declared that Moore had murdered his friend. “You are too severe,” said his majesty; “I cannot admit that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life.”

Theatrical Criticism.—Sir John Hill went into the green room of Covent-Garden Theatre, and, addressing himself to Mrs. Woffington, asked her whether she had seen *The Inspector* of that day? She answered in the negative. He then said, “If you had, you would have seen my opinion of your performance, last night, in the character of Calista.”—“I am much obliged to you, sir,” replied the lady, “for your kind intentions toward me; but unfortunately, the play of that evening was obliged to be changed to the *Provoked Husband*, in which I played the part of Lady Townly.”

Politeness of a French Courtier.—Marie Antoinette said to M. de Breteuil, “Baron, I have a favor to ask of you.”—“Let me know what it is, Madame: if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done.”

Buffon’s Son.—“What is your opinion of my son?” said the naturalist to his friend Rivarol. The reply was not very flattering to the youth.—“I think he is the poorest chapter of your *natural history*.”

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LITERARY AND GENERAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON;

WITH A PORTRAIT.

GENIUS has been a rare quality in all ages of the world; but *talents* are frequently found, although the generality

VOL. VII.

of mankind can only pretend to the possession of common sense, which, indeed, may be thought sufficient for the conduct of ordinary life. Judgement may exert itself to advantage, and talent may shine; but it is genius alone that can electrify the feelings. This quality has been attributed, by general assent, to the late lord Byron; but whether he made a proper use of the splendid endowment, may justly be doubted.

His infancy, and more particularly his youth, afforded promise of intellectual eminence; and, at the same time, there was an eccentricity about him, which prognosticated the occasional aberrations of genius. At school he was averse to application, and disdainful of control. He exhibited strong symptoms of the proud and unyielding spirit of a genuine sprig of aristocracy, and did not altogether dismiss those feelings when he espoused the popular cause in his political career.

When he became a poet, he betrayed all the irritability which has been ascribed with strict truth to literary men. An attack upon his muse produced a soreness which fretted and galled him; and he revenged it by an indiscriminate hostility, exercised against those poets and critics who had not insulted or offended him. Yet his disposition was not radically malignant, and he was not estranged from the feelings of humanity and benevolence.

His poetry is of a high order. He paints with a glowing pencil, gives the true coloring of nature, delineates with force all the workings of passion; alternately rouses strong emotions and excites gentle sensations; and, without being so fanciful or imaginative as Spenser, so elegant or so moral as Pope, displays the variety of Chaucer and the vigor of Dryden. The gloom of discontent too frequently breaks out; but it is compensated by occasional sallies of wit and humor. It has been said that many parts of his poems are dull; but is not the *Paradise Lost* subject to the same imputation, and did not Homer sometimes nod?

With regard to the irreligious spirit of the noble bard, we neither ought nor wish to defend it; and for the gross licentiousness of his *Don Juan* we have no excuse to offer. We know that he was a free-thinker and a votary of pleasure; but let us throw a veil over his failings, while we admire his genius.

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Fine Arts.

The British Institution.—On a second survey of this interesting exhibition, we are induced to take notice of various pictures which deserve attentive inspection.

Mary Stuart's Farewell to France, by Mr. Leahy, is a piece which excites interest by its subject, and pleases by its execution. If the spectators were not previously in possession of the represented fact,—the profound regret of a woman of high rank and great beauty, on her departure from a favorite country, they would at once here see these circumstances; for the feeling artist has done justice to that personal loveliness which, with her misfortunes, gave celebrity to the mother of a race of British kings; and her princely rank is as clearly seen, not from the state in which she sits, or the evidently elevated condition of some of the attendants, but from her more noble air, produced by the consciousness of her royal dignity. Her concern at leaving the shore is touchingly expressed in her wistful and fixed look at it, and the sympathising and respectful stillness of the reading prelate, her women, &c. The coloring is in general clear and strong, and the mechanism of painting is exercised with skill; but the artist does not appear to have given the requisite finish to his work.

Mr. Richardson's Marmion is also worthy of commendation. The hero and his friend are supposed to be viewing the Scottish camp from Blackford-hill, and Edinburgh is seen in the distance. In this instance, the splendors of chivalry are heightened by the characteristic expression of the principal figures; and the haze and mist which envelope the retiring parts of the representation, contribute to render the scene more solemn and awful. There are several other pieces by the same gentleman which promise well for his fame—more particularly the Trout Fisher, and the Sun dispelling a Mist.

Two pieces on religious subjects are striking, but not excellent: One is the Entombment of Christ, by J. and G. Foggo; the other, by Mr. Northcote,

represents the divine personage falling under the weight of his cross. The former evinces some improvement, while the latter, as might be expected from the great age of the artist, exhibits symptoms of decline.

Contemplation, by Mrs. Browning, is a beautiful figure; the expression is characteristic, and the coloring good.—Edmonstone's Italian Boy seems almost to start from the canvas; juvenile ease and cheerfulness are well displayed in the pleasing and animated countenance: but we are not equally pleased with his Groupe of Boys of the same country.—The Love-Letter, by Mr. J. P. Davis, exhibits a well-composed groupe, in which a female peasant, dictating to a scribe, is a prominent figure.

Mr. Stephanoff's Ghost Laid is not so amusing as some of his former pieces; but it has humor and comicality. His representation of the Children of Charles I. restored to him shows mechanical skill, but is defective in the expression of dignity and tenderness.—In Mr. Singleton's Black Dwarf the spectral effect is striking; and his Dressing after the Bath is an attractive little piece.—Mr. Farrier's Simple Simon has the silly and unmeaning aspect which belongs to the character; and his Mistletoe, in all probability, will not displease the fair observers of the appropriate ceremony of kissing, so archly represented by the ingenious artist.

The Diorama.—Two new views have been lately produced by Daguerre and Bouton, which promise to be as attractive as any of their former displays. The city and environs of Rouen form one subject, and the Chapel of Roslyn Abbey is the other. The illusion or deception, in one case, is not so skilfully managed as in the other; and the difference perhaps arises in a great measure from the less fortunate choice of the subject. There is a considerable portion of landscape in the view of Rouen, and that does not admit so decided a contrast of light and shade as the interiors of buildings. Some

parts, however, are very well represented, particularly the appearance and course of the Seine.

The view of the chapel, we think, will please almost every spectator. The ma-

jestic ruins seem to excite religious awe; the roof and the broken pavement have an air of reality; and the light, gleaming through the door and the window, has a fine effect.

Music.

IN the progress of the oratorios at Covent-Garden theatre, a new piece of that description was produced, consisting almost entirely of passages of Scripture, put together with little regard to propriety of arrangement. As a musical composition, it reflected great credit on Sir John Stevenson, and proved that he was capable of a higher flight, in the career of harmony, than he had previously attempted. This praise, however, cannot be extended to all parts of the

performance. One defect was noticed by many,—that is, the want of some striking solos. With the exception of the *Snares of Death*, a fine air, sung by Mr. Philips, there was little that excited great attention in that class of pieces; but the concertos and choruses were generally admired. The opening recitative, also, was grand, and one which Miss Paton gave was delivered with much spirit and expression.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER the public had long called for a new opera, one which was at least a novelty in this country was brought forward (on the 4th inst.) under the title of *Teobaldo e Isolina*. Velluti was the hero, and Madame Bonini the heroine. The former imparted much interest to the music; and his *Notte tremenda* is one of the most beautiful things we ever heard. Bonini had not much in which she could shine, yet she performed the allotted part in a praiseworthy manner. Madame Castelli sang well: though she has not a very powerful voice, some of her tones are exceedingly sweet. A part of the music is fine, and other portions are pleasing; but the overture is the least striking. The accompaniment to the duet *Che fa egli* does all but speak; and altogether the opera is gotten up in a manner that does credit to the theatre, with beautiful scenery, handsome dresses, and excellent choruses.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The manager of this establishment has not been able to re-appear as an actor, being still enfeebled by his long indisposition; but he can superintend and direct the operations of the theatrical campaign. At his recommendation, an afterpiece called *John Brown* has been

performed more than once; but we do not think that it will live long upon the stage, though it is preferable to some farces which have established themselves. The story turns on some *equivokes*, arising from a sameness of appellation and a consequent confusion of persons. An annuity on the life of John Brown has been granted by Project, and is payable to Mrs. Foresight. By neither of these speculating persons has he been seen; and as he has not been heard of for a long time, Mrs. Foresight inserts an advertisement in a newspaper, inviting him to Hampton-Wick, where he will hear of 'something to his advantage.' This advertisement falls into the hands of another John Brown, and hence arise the embarrassments and perplexities of the farce; to heighten which, a love affair is introduced between John Brown 'the gentleman,' and the daughter of Project. Mrs. Foresight and Project endeavour to obtain possession of Brown, one in order to procure payment of the annuity by showing that he is alive, and the other, to avoid paying it by concealing him. The lady invites him to breakfast, but he walks by mistake into Project's house, and is employed by him in a powder-mill; it is announced that the mill has been blown up, and John Brown thrown into Mrs. Foresight's garden.

In the second act, John Brown, Esq. arrives to pay his court to Project and his daughter under a feigned name, and gains the favor of the father, by producing numerous plans for speculations and joint stock companies, while he discloses to the daughter his real object. Affairs are brought to a crisis by the entrance of bailiffs to arrest the genteel Mr. Brown, and by the arrival of intelligence, announcing that a large fortune has devolved to him. He instantly throws off his disguise, and the farce terminates in the ordinary mode. It did not give general satisfaction, though the acting of Mr. Harley in the character of the inferior Brown, of Mr. Wallack as the gentleman, and of Mrs. Yates as the daughter of the old schemer, elicited considerable applause.

A more important piece than John Brown is *Benyowsky*, styled an "operatic play," the authorship of which, or rather its alteration from a well-known play of Kotzebue, is ascribed to Mr. Kenny. The Polish count Benyowsky, being made prisoner by the Russians, is exiled to Kamtschatka, where he heads a conspiracy of persons similarly situated, to master their guard, and escape from their dreary thralldom. Being a man of talent and education, he is selected by the governor to instruct his daughters; and the heart of Athanasia, the elder, is captivated by his address. The interest of the piece turns chiefly upon the anger and jealousy of a rival, also an exile, who, in the madness of his passion for Athanasia, is induced to betray his associates. This character is drawn with some force, and keeps up a lasting interest by his rapid repentance, display of latent magnanimity, and ultimate preservation of his successful rival. The conclusion is very lame; for the governor, with a view of securing the union at which Benyowsky aims, is persuaded into a sort of rebellion against his imperial mistress Catharine; and we know not but that, on the fall of the curtain, an expedition against Petersburg will take place. This is altogether absurd. There is also another defect. The hero does very little; he scarcely even makes love, which is however manufactured very prettily, and in great profusion, by Athanasia. The jealous Stephanoff, in fact, takes the entire lead in dramatic importance; and thus the conflicting situations of Benyowsky and Athanasia are rendered subservient to an incident with

which they have no direct connexion. The greater part of the music, which was all selected, fell very powerlessly; and unfortunately Miss Foote attempted more in this way than she can cleverly perform. Her mode of dancing was also out of character; but the devotedness of attachment, which forms the great point of the love-sick Athanasia, was very gracefully given, and she *looked* nearly every thing that could be wished. Bennet's Benyowsky was as good as the character will allow. Stephanoff is precisely the character for Wallack, being seriously melo-dramatic. In some of his jealous conflicts he displayed considerable energy. The mirth of the piece rests upon Harley, whose representation of one Mr. Timothy Stark, exiled to Siberia for fathering an epigram upon a statesman, borrowed from an English newspaper, displayed all his characteristic whimsicality. The puns and jokes of this eccentric personage were not unamusing; his allusion to his library, containing *all* the Russian poets, which he had concealed behind the window-shutter, in particular, was highly relished. Upon the whole, the play met with a favorable reception; but we cannot answer for its permanent success.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Among the revivals at this house we are bound to take notice of Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, which, though it never was so popular as "*She stoops to Conquer*," is humorous and characteristic. Warde performed the part of Honeywood in a respectable, if not striking manner, and Jones played Mr. Lofty with amusing pleasantry; but the greatest degree of praise is due to Mr. Farren, whose *Croaker* was admirable. The two bailiffs, on former occasions, were considerable personages in this play; but they had very poor representatives on its revival.

The recent appearance of Carl Maria von Weber at this house filled it to its utmost extent. A selection from his own music was the principal entertainment of the evening; and the spirit of this celebrated composer seemed to actuate and animate the whole orchestra. An opera is in preparation, for which he has already furnished the whole music. It is borrowed from Wieland's romantic poem of *Oberon*, and we need not say that it excites the highest expectations.

fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

OVER a white satin slip, a dress of tulle, richly ornamented with satin at the border, the ornaments having crape intermingled with the satin next the feet: a bias flounce doubled, of tulle, caught up partially in festoons above, which elegant ornament is *en limaçons*, formed of crape and satin; each shell divided by a rosette of satin. The corsage made *en gerbe*, and the sleeves short and full, of tulle, with rouleaux of satin across, in scallops. A lace tucker is plaited in the middle. The hair arranged in a great number of very full curls, and crowned with a handsome plume of white ostrich feathers. A necklace of pearls in several rows, ornamented at equal distances with cameos. Ear-pendants of pear-pearls. Chinese fan of white oriental shell, or carved ivory.

HOME COSTUME.

A round dress of levantine, the color of the Persian lilac: a layer of satin, the color of the dress, finishes the border of the skirt: this ornament is jagged at the edges *en scie*, and has each point trimmed round with a rouleau of a shade visibly darker than the dress, of lilac: an embossed but delicate foliage of the same dark tint runs along the centre of this novel kind of trimming. The corsage is ornamented across the bust with narrow rouleaux of *gros de Naples*. The sleeves are long and full, and are fastened at the wrists by gold antique bracelets with a coral brooch set in a square of gold. The head-dress is an elegant *fichu* of URLING'S LACE, put on with great taste, being disposed in front like a turban, and on the hair lies a half wreath of full-blown roses, and the caul has also a row of roses across the centre. The ends of this head-dress are left loose, being too short to be confined under the chin.

We are indebted to the elegant taste of Miss Pierrepont for these dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The renovating spring quarter has now begun; and the slight alteration in dress which took place about the latter end of March was attractive by its tasteful style, and that happy kind of fancy that caused our females to adopt a medium between the attire suitable to the cold of winter, and the commencement of a more cheering temperature. We must say, we have witnessed some economy in this change, and have seen, in very splendid carriages in Hyde Park, a few bonnets that we recollected, in all their freshness, last autumn. However, those we shall not describe, as we have already done them ample justice: we hasten to speak of those novelties which peculiarly struck us by the new and classical features they exhibited.

Pelisses of dark-colored *gros de Naples*, very simply ornamented down the skirts, but the bust and wrists elegantly finished in the most ingenious manner with embossed flowers and foliage, promise to be favorite articles in out-door

costume, till the summer brings with it more light and gayer hues: at present, that long-favored mantle yet retains its station; for visiting, for the theatres, nothing can be more elegant and convenient; but we must ever deprecate them for the promenade: there, however, they are worn, though just now the Cashmere shawl seems to have the preference, especially for the morning walk. Pelisses of fur are yet worn over high dresses, particularly in carriages: and we have seen, on two very elegant young ladies spencers of *gros de Naples*, of a Canary yellow. We regret to see this out-door covering, so convenient for walking, so little in favor.

Velvet hats, though not entirely laid aside, are very visibly on the decline, and those of lighter materials adopted, such as satin and *gros de Naples*: the fine straw and the large Leghorn hat have already made their appearance; and we saw a lady at one of our most fashionable morning lounges, in a new chip bonnet, crowned with primroses: as the lady came in a carriage, embla-

zoned with an earl's coronet and supporters, we have reason to imagine her of high distinction: several ladies also at the same place of amusement had silk shawls of rich colors, and the most superb patterns. Bonnets of colored satin have been seen in Hyde Park, trimmed with striped ribands, a mixture of black and lilac. On black satin bonnets, ribands and ornaments of pink satin are very prevalent; and hats of white watered *gros de Naples* are much in favor for the carriage. Large plain black satin hats, or black satin bonnets, crowned with a few short black feathers, are reckoned most genteel for walking costume; very few hats or bonnets, even in the promenade, are tied under the chin, but have broad ribands for strings, floating loose: this is very well for the carriage, but we do not admire it for walking, when the dress of a genteel female cannot be too retired.

The rage for glaring colors is not yet gone by; we still see the bright scarlet dress, the rose-colored satin, and the Andalusian geranium, striped with gay green: we saw a beautiful gown of the latter for half dress, made partially low, with long sleeves: it was trimmed at the border with three flounces, formed of doubled bias folds of geranium-colored Italian net, set on in festoons. The bright scarlet dress we saw on a lady of distinction, eminent for her taste in dress, and the beauty of her form; though she was in evening costume, her dress was not quite low, and the bust was elegantly ornamented *en brandenbourgs*, with straps edged with narrow rouleaux. Shawl dresses are much worn in morning excursions, shopping, and in home costume; the borders being very broad, they do not add either to the height or gracefulness of the figure: they are of various colors, pink, light blue, shawl-color, or scarlet; and the borders contain every hue of the rainbow. White satin dresses trimmed in various ways, form a favorite costume for evening parties: young people wear those of tulle or gauze on the same occasion, as also at balls. Chinese crape also, both white and colored, is in high favor: the ball-dresses are very high and simple in their trimming, but truly elegant and appropriate; a few flowers sparingly scattered, bows of satin among slight puckerings, or festoons of blond, constitute, on different dresses, all the ornament.

With such dresses, a wreath of flowers alone adorns the hair. We cannot approve of the present fashion of stiff ringlets worn in such prodigious quantities, and which have so decidedly false an appearance, that though many young ladies have not called in the aid of the *peruquier*, no one will believe them. Coronet combs of finely wrought gold, in flowers formed of the most beautiful filigree, are now favorite ornaments on the summit of the head at evening parties. Turbans of gold and geranium gauze intermingled, form a favorite evening head dress with our matrons, while the elegant fichu of blond, on ladies who have fine hair, is yet seen triumphant in favor on its exalted station: there is an improvement in this attractive head-dress which is worthy of admiration: it is made open at the top, through which aperture is seen the brilliant diadem comb, and on the hair over each temple lies a full-blown rose, while long ends descend as low as the hips, from this charming head-dress, which is of the finest and richest blond. Dress hats, and small caps of blond, the former surmounted by feathers, and the latter tastefully adorned with flowers, form the other evening and dinner party head-dress. Cornettes of fine lace, with puffs of colored sarcenet, are worn in the morning, and sometimes through the day, in home costume.

The most favorite colors for turbans, ribands, and trimmings, are bright geranium, ethereal-blue, violet, and jonquil. For pelisses, dresses, mantles, and spencers, Canary-yellow, stone-color, drake's neck-green, gold-color, puce, amber, and geranium of Andalusia.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Pelisses of white satin have been seen at the Tuileries, trimmed with chinchilla; but though fur is yet partially worn, the purveyors for the toilette have prepared some very elegant canecons and pelerines of a more summer kind to be in readiness whenever the mild weather shall have a more settled appearance. At present shawls and scarf-shawls, either of silk or Cachemire with the above, form all that is now remarkable in out-door costume.

Of whatever material hats may be made, they are always ornamented by a very large bow, placed on the left side, at the edge of the brim. Sometimes this bow corresponds with another at the top

of the crown : at others it is upheld by a loop of riband, with two rosettes, one placed at the summit, the other in front of the crown, with another behind.

Hats of sulphur-yellow crape gauze have the brims puckered, and are ornamented with three bouquets of pink hyacinths and palm-blossoms placed on in bias, and fastened by rosettes of white satin or pink riband. The first bouquet is placed on the summit of the crown, the second at its base, and the third at the border of the brim. A round hat of white watered *gros de Naples* is ornamented with a star on the top of the crown, the points of which descend as low as to the bottom of it. Hats of raymond-blue, bound with bright rose-color, are much in favor : this rose-color is often used in the fabrication of bonnets, and in the trimming, when the bonnet is either of saffron-color, or of camel's hair-brown.

Chinese crape of an auricula-brown is a favorite dress, when trimmed with handsome flounces of white blond. Ball-dresses are chiefly white, though there are some of colored crape. Their trimming consists of three or five broad ribands, which descend from the waist to the border of the dress, where a rosette,

with long ends, fastens up a bouquet of flowers. Cherry-colored dresses predominate over all others, in general wear : next in favor is what is called bishops' purple. Poplin dresses have long sleeves of white gauze ; the bodies are square, and almost straight across the front. Evening dresses for elderly ladies are of white satin.

The hair is arranged with much simplicity ; two bows of hair are supported by a diamond comb ; and the curls on each side are parted by a row of fine pearls fixed in front of the forehead by a medallion in diamonds. It is impossible to give any description of the different kinds of berets, turbans, and toques, which form the general head-dresses. The simplest and prettiest beret is of white satin placed much on one side, and on the side of the hair that is discovered are a number of very small flat feathers of cherry-color, which fall over the brim of the beret in a very graceful manner.

The most approved colors for hats, turbans, and toques, are jonquil-blue, bright rose-color, camel's hair brown, and sulphur-yellow. For gowns and mantles, cherry-color, lavender-grey, Hayti-blue, pink, lilac, and auricula-brown.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

SONS to the marchioness of Tweeddale and the lady of sir E. Stanhope, the ladies Cuyler and Poore, and to the wives of Mr. T. Grant, Mr. Mac-intosh (vice-consul in France), Dr. Herbert Jenner, the civilian, Mr. Astley Cooper, Mr. E. Wodehouse, and sir H. Floyd.

Daughters to the ladies Granville Somerset and Georgiana Neville, to the wives of the dean of Windsor and the hon. Mr. Fraser.

MARRIAGES.

At the cathedral of Calcutta, captain Murray Greville, to Miss Pearson, daughter of the advocate-general of Bengal.

Lord Kirkwall, to the second daughter of lord Boston.

The only son of lord Ribblesdale, to Miss Lister, of Armitage-Park.

Lord Dunally, to the hon. Emily Maude.

Lord Southampton, to the hon. Miss Stanhope, grand-daughter to the earl of Harrington.

Mr. Gilbert Stuart Bruce, of Trinity-square, to Miss Shortridge, of Glasgow.

Lord Strathaven, to lady Elizabeth Conyngham.

Mr. Henry Stephenson, a barrister, to the second surviving daughter of the earl of Albemarle.

Mr. R. Ladell, of Pentonville, to Miss Wykes.

At Tottenham, Mr. Rivaz, to Miss Wilhelmina Burnand.

The younger Mr. Caldecot, of Cambridgeshire, to the daughter of the rev. Mr. Fiske.

At Morton-in-Marsh, Mr. R. Pitman, to Miss Johnson, a deaf and dumb lady.

DEATHS.

On the 10th, John VI. king of Portugal, in the 59th year of his age.

In his 93d year, Dr. Shute Barrington, bishop of Durham.

At the age of 87 years, lord Carleton.

The relict of sir William Welby.

The dowager countess Harcourt.

In her 63d year, the lady of sir Thomas Whichcote.

Lady Gormanston, relict of lieutenant-general Jeaffreson.

Mrs. Harrison, widow of the improver of chronometers.

Mr. Stutfield, a Middlesex magistrate.

Mr. John Pinkerton, the historian and geographer.

Dr. Noehden, of the British Museum.

Near York, in his 81st year, Mr. Lindley Murray, the grammarian.

Near Taunton, Mr. Tyrwhit.

In his 86th year, sir John Aubry.

Mrs. Torin, of Englefield-green.

At the age of 52 years, Mr. E. Knight, a comedian of considerable talent.

At Norwich, Mrs. Mary Seaman, in her 101st year.

Mr. J. Manners Sutton, brother to the archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Henry Smith, of Drapers' hall.

Mr. Moses Lousada, a stock-broker.

In consequence (as is supposed) of the shock of pecuniary embarrassments, Mr. Goldschmidt.

Mr. Maund, a member of the common-council for the ward of Cornhill.

By a fall into the Thames, in passing from one vessel to another, Caroline Green, a dress-maker.

By self-violence, inflicted in a fit of insanity arising from a disappointment in love, John Holmes, a cabinet-maker.

Absalom Smith, called, by the people of Nottingham, king of the gypsies.

Found drowned, near Clonmell, lieutenant Close and Miss Grubb.—There was something mysterious in their disappearance; but it is presumed that their deaths were accidental.

Mr. Samuel Fenning, one of the directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company.

Mr. Christopher Papendick, an old and faithful servant to queen Charlotte.

Mr. Pastorelli, a manufacturer of thermometers.

The widow of lord Bulkeley.

At the age of 82 years, the viscount Netterville.

At Chelsea, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, surgeon.

At Camberwell, Mr. Robert Rolleston.

At Dover, Mr. George Blake.

At Cork, Mr. Pike, the banker.

Mr. Goldie, editor of the Paisley Advertiser, only in his 28th year.

Lord Downes, who presided for a long period in the Irish court of King's-bench.

Admiral Wilson.

The hon. colonel John Lindsay.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE odes and other pieces sent by M. N., Laura, and Sappho, are so feeble, dull, and incorrect, that we reject them without hesitation.

A "Woman's Love" is tolerable in some parts; but the author must retouch it before we can gratify, by its insertion, the ladies who requested him to write for our miscellany. The latter part, in its present state, is little better than nonsense. What he ridiculously calls a *lover's love* is (he says)

"the very height of bliss,
which breathes of mortal happiness,
a soul-consuming love."

No happiness, we think, can arise from any thing which consumes the soul. What can we say of a piece which terminates in self-contradiction?

The remarks of a gentleman of Leith are founded in error and misconception; and we cannot accept his offers of literary aid. When we pay for a communication, we expect something *valuable* in return; and that is apparently more than he can afford us.

A "Farewell to a Friend" is under consideration. At present, we do not absolutely say *Farewell* to the writer.



TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

(Vide Page 233)

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE



OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

APRIL 30, 1826.

MODERN ILLUMINATION.

ALTHOUGH we live in an enlightened age, we must not conclude that we have reached the *acme* of illumination. The stream of opinion runs so strongly in the direction of perfectibility, that we should be deemed heretics, if we should presume to doubt the progressive course of mankind to ultimate orthodoxy and consummate wisdom. "We every day grow wiser," says an old song; and we ought not to controvert so high an authority.

A late writer has endeavoured to promote this approach to the full purity of reason (if we can conjecture his motives amidst the obscurity of his language), by drawing our attention to the "universal analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds." Where he has discovered this analogy, we cannot conceive. What can he know of the spiritual world? The most attentive readers of the Scriptures do not pretend to know any thing correctly on that subject; they know that we now "see through a glass darkly;" but this gentleman pretends to be fully acquainted with both worlds, and kindly offers to guide us into the way of truth. He would throw light upon our progress, if he could; but, as he does not seem to know his own meaning, we apprehend that he will prove only a blind guide. He directs our course to the "orbit or circle of reason, judgement, truth, and justice;" and this is unquestionably the best course that we can pursue. He illustrates divine truth by comparing it with the most luminous of all natural bodies, affirming

that it is "parallel to the sun's axis and equator." He draws an additional illustration from the planet Jupiter, "whose conditions, in part at least, appear to make a nearer approach to squareness and coincidence with those of the sun, than any other hitherto discovered in the system." He seems to have a particular regard for Jupiter. That personage (he says) "changes not his seasons like the other planets, whose judgement and practice differ so widely, sometimes hot and sometimes cold;"—he, on the contrary, always preserves the just equilibrium of temperance.—"The four moons of Jupiter (he adds) seem to be probably types of the human senses, natural, moral, and intellectual. It is nevertheless certain, and will be here most naturally objected to my analogy, that man has five senses, and therefore that Jupiter should have five moons. To this I would reply,—We must remember that one of these senses is feeling, or actual contact, an internal sense, and therefore it is perhaps impossible to display or represent this internal sense properly by a moon detached from the planet, and revolving about it. The most extensive natural sense is that of sight, and it answers to the intellectual demonstration of the light of truth. I suppose, therefore, that the remotest of Jupiter's moons may typify this sense."

He treats astronomically of the seven ages described by Shakspeare. For instance, he compares the "small and rapid course of innocence, and ignorance of good and evil, in infancy, to the orbit of

Mercury in our solar system.—Then (he says) comes the orbit of puerile instruction, which has this analogy to the planet Venus, that reason, the axis of the soul, begins to rise superior."—If this idea be correct, there is no analogy between this planet and the Venus of the Greeks and Romans, whose influence too frequently supersedes reason.

His third orbit, that of love, is so imperfectly traced, that he bewilders himself in a labyrinth of his own creation; and, after some confused remarks, he is content to "leave the case open for farther consideration." Proceeding to other orbits, he neither enlightens himself nor his readers. He has no idea of ratiocination: he loses sight of common sense, and wanders in the paths of eccentricity, without the aid of the polar star of reason.

What do our readers now think of this pretended illuminator? Do they not smile at his vagaries, and deride his idle and unsupported pretences? Let him urge, with eloquence and force, the propriety of subduing the passions, and purifying the heart; let him inculcate the expediency of cultivating the rational powers with the utmost diligence, and fixing with precision the boundaries between virtue and vice; let him point out, in intelligible terms, the obligations of probity and honor, and convince the world, by rational arguments,

"That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know."

He will then act the part of a man of sense and a good citizen; he will then throw light upon the state and the concerns of society, and do more good than can be effected by astronomical comparisons and metaphysical subtilties,—certainly much more than can be achieved by such dreams and phantasies as now haunt his brain and disorder his imagination.

C. C.

VARIETIES OF LITERATURE,

being, principally, Selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, Esq. arranged and adapted for Publication by his Son.

THESE collections do not possess that variety which the reader, from the title, might be induced to expect: yet they are amusing and in some degree interesting; for, if Mr. Brady's remarks and conclusions are not always correct, he

has at least thrown light upon old proverbs, customs, and traditions. The *Clavis Calendaria* attests his diligence in curious researches, and is a work to which you may pleasantly and usefully refer.

"*As fine as a Horse.*—Mrs. Pilkington and a friend took places in a waggon for Chester, and quitted London early on May-morning; and, it being the custom in this month for persons to give the waggoner, at every inn, a riband to adorn his team, they soon discovered the origin of the proverb, 'as fine as a horse;' for, before they got to the end of their journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry, party-colored, flowing honors of their heads.

"*As cunning as Crowder.*—This saying originated from the following story:—One Samuel Crowder, a carrier, was desired to buy some tobacco for a neighbour: accordingly, he purchased a pound, and packed it up in the mouth of a sack of salt. As the weather was wet, the salt, being moist, broke through the paper which contained the tobacco. Next day, therefore, when he and his wife were unpacking, they found, to their great surprise, some of the tobacco and salt mixed together. Mary made great lamentations, to have so much tobacco and salt spoiled, and certainly to be paid for by them; but Samuel, wondering at his wife's simplicity, told her he had thought of a method of separating them immediately, and ordered her to fetch a pail of water, which was done; he then emptied the tobacco and salt into the water. 'Now (said he to his wife,) there is a quick thought of mine, you fool; you see all the tobacco swims at the top, and all the salt falls to the bottom.' So, when any persons do not act quite so smartly as they should, they are said to be *as cunning as Crowder*.

"*Buridan's Ass.*—A school-divine supposed a hungry ass, or an ass equally hungry and thirsty, placed between two bushels of oats, or a bushel of oats and a vessel of water, each being equi-distant from him: he then inquired what the ass would do. If it was said, that he would remain there till starved to death, it occasioned a laugh, since that evidently appeared to be absurd. If it was answered, that the ass would both eat and

drink in that situation, 'then,' cried he, 'the ass has free will; or, of two attractions apparently equal, one is greater than the other.' Hence Buridan's ass became famous among the schoolmen, and at length proverbial."

This is a specimen of the frivolous and ludicrous mode of disputation prevalent in the middle ages, among the followers of Thomas Aquinas and other pretended logicians, who did not attend to good sense in their reasoning.

"*Touch not the cat but a glove.*—This is a motto belonging to the family of Mac-Intosh, who have for their crest a wild cat; and it directly alludes to the crest. The word *but*, in the Scottish dialect, means *without*; so that the meaning is, 'Touch not the cat without a glove;' or, in other words, 'meddle not with a vicious or noxious animal, without being secure against its efforts to hurt you.'

"*Dine with Duke Humphry.*—This proverb is said to have arisen from the accidental circumstance of a wit in the last century being shut up, in St. Alban's abbey, where the remains of duke Humphry (the good duke regent) are yet to be seen, while a party of his friends were feasting at a neighbouring inn.

"*Another Account.*—The Bodleian library was originally founded by duke Humphry: when a student continued in the library during the hour of dinner, at which time it was usual to shut it up, he was said to '*dine with duke Humphry.*'"

This reminds us of the serious danger to which a student was exposed, who, neither thinking of the time, nor attending to the signal of retreat, given by the under-librarian to those who are absorbed in their studies, remained in his recess, and did not rouse himself from his abstraction before the continued silence assured him of the departure of all who had been employed in temporary study, except his inadvertent self. He started with an air of alarm, rushed to the door, and found that it was closed. His consternation may be easily conceived, when the reader is informed that it was Saturday, and consequently the library would not be re-opened before Monday morning. The interval was certainly too long to subsist on such poor fare as duke Humphry could afford, and there was an appalling risk of perishing in

the mean time by famine, or, at least, of being nearly reduced to a state of exhaustion. The deserted student endeavoured to make his case known by bellowing from the Gothic windows, which, however, were too high to allow his voice to be heard by the few stragglers who were passing through the great quadrangle of the schools. What could be done in this case? Patience seemed to be the only remedy. There was one chance of rescue; and that was the faint probability of the arrival of strangers to visit the picture-gallery, which (fortunately for the forlorn guest of duke Humphry) was situated over the library, and could only be approached by the same stair-case. For several hours, no steps were heard; but at length the pleasing sound of the human voice greeted the almost despairing academic, and he thundered at the door, earnestly desiring that he might be released from his irksome and hazardous confinement. The *Cicerone* of the place (if an old woman may be so called), ready to assist a fellow-creature in distress, gladly promised to go to the librarian for the key: she soon returned and gave him free egress; and he was on the point of embracing her as his kind deliverer, but contented himself with rewarding her in a more modest (that is, a pecuniary) way, for the relief which she had so opportunely afforded him.

We do not give this as an interesting anecdote; but it serves to illustrate the proverb in question, and we may add, that the incident occurred to one of our friends.

THE TWO PICTURES;
by the *Writer who assumes the appellation of Gilbert Earle.*

WHEN I was at Florence, I was walking in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau-ideal* of female beauty, when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which at once riveted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady, about twenty years of age. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-colored velvet, without lace or tucker of

any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the bodice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness which it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fullness in the upper part, their delicate gradation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture, inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair, which in falling had crowded to cover it. The color of the hair, and general complexion of the face, were by no means Italian, though from the name, both of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratta d'Agatha Lanzi*, and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian. The piece, indeed, had all the richness of coloring of that celebrated school. The brows and eye-lashes were of a deeper tint of the same color, and the latter were, or from their length appeared to be, darker than the former. From the action and position of the figure, as well as from the corner of a toilette-table which the artist had introduced, it seemed to me that the moment represented was just after she had retired to her chamber for the night, and that the withdrawing of the golden bodkin from the hair was the first act of beginning to undress. The figure was standing, and apparently, from the direction of the eyes, before a mirror; but this was not represented in the picture.

As the hair showered down in the luxuriance of its brilliant beauty, the face was lighted with a radiant smile, as if of conscious triumph in the pride and pro-

fusion of loveliness, which added to that very loveliness, of which it was at once the effect and the indication. It showed, indeed, infinite taste on the part of the painter to have chosen such a moment and action, and to have rendered them to such advantage, and yet with so much truth. The fine form blooming into the ripeness of womanly beauty;—the dress relieving the perfect and admirable expression of which I have spoken, the smile which showed the eye more bright, and the rich lips parting like a bursting rose under its influence; the arms raised and bent; the falling waves of hair; all served to present each beauty to the greatest advantage, and yet combined into a whole so exquisite, that one would have thought that every merit of detail must have been sacrificed to procure it.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture, that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from it. Day after day, I used to repair to the gallery, and, passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it, sometimes for hours. Yet it was not as a painting (that is, as a work of art), that it gave me such extreme delight, but as the personification of the most lovely of created things—a truly beautiful woman. But this picture acquired, from subsequent circumstances, additional interest in my eyes. After I had been about a week in the daily habit of passing some time in the contemplation of this enchanting object, I perceived that I had a companion in my observations, a painter who was copying the picture. I was pleased that he should have had the good taste to single out my favorite for the exercise of his talents, and I used to take pleasure in watching the progress of his work. I soon perceived, however, that he was not merely copying the original. His canvas was quite of a different shape, being oblong, and large enough to contain more figures if necessary. It seemed, indeed, that it did contain them, or something else; for, the figure of Agatha being drawn at one end of the canvas, above one-half of it was covered with a cloth, as though to conceal from the sight of loungers, like myself, what was represented upon it. Neither was the figure of Agatha in the same position as in the original picture. Her right hand, indeed, still held the bodkin, but it was firmly clutched; and the arm was uplifted, as

though in the act to strike. The left arm was extended before her, at about the length of the shoulder, in an attitude of caution. The hair still flowed down the back; but it was plainly parted on the brow, and tied together immediately upon the neck behind. This was all that I could at the moment discover of the intentions of the artist; for the figure was only sketched in, all the fitting-up was yet to be added.

If I was curious as to the cause of this singular discrepancy from the original picture, as well as to what the cloth might conceal, the painter appeared to be nearly as much so with regard to my perseverance in coming to gaze so frequently upon the same object, and the evident interest I took in every thing concerning it. One day he entered into conversation with me. After a few observations of a general nature, he said he supposed I was a great connoisseur of the arts, by the frequency of my visits to the gallery, and the surprising interest I appeared to take in painting. I answered, as was perfectly true, that I had no knowledge whatever of painting, as an art, and that I took interest in it more from its results, in the beauties both of form and color to which it was capable of giving life and permanence, than from any knowledge of its principles, or skill in tracing them in its productions. "For instance," I continued, "I come here every day to gaze upon that picture, not from admiration of it as a work of art, though, I believe it to possess great merit as such, but simply because it is a vivid and life-like representation of as dignified and exquisite female beauty as my eye ever rested upon. It is as such that I admire it, as such that I remain for hours in this gallery with my eyes fixed intensely upon it. I admire all beauty, and female beauty more especially; and I admire painting for the sake of the charms it is enabled to embody. I say that I believe that portrait to possess merit as a work of art; and my reasons are these: it appears to me to be a perfect representation of a most lovely woman; I do not know the means by which that perfection has been attained; but I know that it is there. I know that nature has been naturally rendered. If there were any fault in the drawing, or the coloring, unless it were very glaring indeed, I should scarcely be able to point out what and where it was; but I should know that there was something there which

rendered the portraiture less real and perfect: I should have to apply to you, sir, or to one of your brethren, to point out to me the real cause; but I should equally see and feel the effect without being conscious of it."

The artist replied, that, from whatever principles or impressions I had judged, I was correct in my deduction; the portrait I had been speaking of, was a very noble and exquisite painting. "It is also," he continued, "the portrait of a most lovely creature, and I do not wonder, sir, that, an admirer of beauty as you describe yourself to be, you should be struck with it even to the degree you have mentioned. Agatha was indeed a very remarkable woman: may I inquire, sir, what character you would be inclined to give to those very lovely features and that exquisite form?"—"By your asking me the question," I replied, "I conclude that her history is a remarkable one; but, to judge from the picture alone, I should say that the individual there portrayed was a woman conscious of her beauty, but whose pride outweighed her vanity so far, as to cause her to scorn the application of its power to any but lofty issues, and persons worthy of her and it. For the rest, I should conjecture that she was a woman of strong passions, who, when she had found a man worthy of her love, would lavish it upon him with a fervor, fondness, and intensity, very rarely united, and almost as seldom possessed separately. I think she would not love any man who was unworthy of her love; her pride would preserve her from this. I conceive she had talents as well as passions,—talents of wit as well as of a graver and more exalted description. I think she was a warm and affectionate friend; and farther than this my practical knowledge of the art of physiognomy does not enable me to form an opinion."

"In some of your suppositions," rejoined the painter, "you are undoubtedly correct. In others I have no means of ascertaining how the fact was; but on an important trait of character, as it respects that picture, you have pronounced no opinion at all, although, to speak the truth, I can scarcely wonder at your omission. When my picture is finished, you may give me your judgement upon it; and you shall then be made acquainted with as much as has transpired of the history of Agatha Lanzi."

The painter, who wanted only to take

the likeness of Agatha from this portrait, did not pursue his avocation much longer in the gallery. When he had obtained all he wanted, he took his piece home to finish. About a month afterwards he sent me word that it was completed, and requested me, if I had not forgotten our conversation in the gallery some weeks before, to come and breakfast with him the next day, that I might look at it. I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment. He possessed a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim: he had some literary cultivation, and strong literary taste. After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting-room. The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side-table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognised in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a riband between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked, the slipper which had covered it having fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeve of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed that exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been peculiarly successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution, and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper, and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of

girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture, and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fullness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more; so soon initiated into all the sorrows, and stormy and tempestuous passions of human life,—into its deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to the painter for his explanation. “I can give you the best,” said he—“Agatha’s own account of her conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is, indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and, as I recognised the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernised the Italian for you;—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner.” Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation:—

“Convent of ———, 1535.

“My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year, have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may thereby take warning from my fate.

“Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgement of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

“It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi, and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of

avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have loosed, and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas, it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I adored, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

"The count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn: and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public, and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that this heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted—but not for ever. Before we separated, we took an oath, that, if ever I should become free, we would wed each other, and that neither of us would marry, unless with one another; and we invoked Heaven, and all the saints, to give ear to our oath; and our hearts bore witness to it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

"About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend; and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father. The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses, save at the dead of night, when the pest carts went round to gather together the corpses of those who had died during the day; and the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets, and the bells, that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out

with a loud voice, 'bring out your dead;' and then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to pits without the city, prepared for their reception. The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

"In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours, where it was prayed for. Yes! I prayed for—I dared to breathe to Heaven this prayer of hell! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die. But time waned, and he was still untouched; and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

"One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes, and fears, and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. 'Would, oh, would that it were!' I ejaculated; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me, in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and, whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilette, where I had placed it when I undressed. 'It is but one blow,' repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the count,—knelt upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye. He gave one groan, and strove to rise; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—I struck again;—he fell back, and, in a few seconds, he was dead.

"Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him; I thrust back his offered kindnesses with every mark of loathing and contempt; and now I had murdered him! I knelt and prayed for succour and support; but I recollected what my last prayer had

been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers; but blood had spirted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and Heaven!'

"To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood;—covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger; and, when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced toward him since our marriage.

"I announced that he grew worse, and toward the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body,—covered it completely with a shroud; and all this I did to the stale and bloody corse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder. Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of 'bring out your dead;' and the count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces; and he was placed among the dead,—and I was free.—Yes, free! for detection did not reach me; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

"In six months I was Laurentio's bride! But ah! how different were my feelings from what they would have been, had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt,—the guilt of blood,—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead; its heat was as fire. When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as count Braschi's wife. He strove by all the means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas! the wound was deep, hidden from the leech's eye. How, then, could he heal it? yet he often probed it to the quick. One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship. He said

he had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it; he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much, and changed the conversation. About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my escritoire open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discolored to the head with the indelible stain of human blood. A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain;—he rushed to me, he questioned me, and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep, a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle. I am still here; but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter, turning to me as he closed the last leaf of the manuscript, "she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; and hatred was included in the number!"

CHARACTERS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN,
sketched by a Lady.

AT Brescia (says the writer of the *Diary of an Ennuyée*) we met our acquaintance L. I remember that in London I used to think him not remarkable for wisdom; and his travels have infinitely improved him—in folly! He boasted to us triumphantly, that he had run over sixteen thousand miles in sixteen months; that he had bowed at the levée of the emperor Alexander, been slapped on the shoulder by the archduke Constantine, shaken hands with a Lapland witch, and been presented in full volunteer uniform at every court between Stockholm and Milan. Yet is he not one particle wiser than if he had spent the same time in walking up and down the Strand. He has contrived, however, to pick up on his tour strange odds and

ends of foreign follies, which stick upon the coarse-grained materials of his original character, like tin-foil upon sack-cloth; so that I see little difference between what he was and what he is, except that from a simple goose he has become a compound one. With all this, he is not unbearable; not yet, at least. He amuses others as a butt, and me as a specimen of a new genus of fools; for his folly is not like any thing one usually meets with: it is not, *par exemple*, the folly of stupidity, for he talks much; nor of dullness, for he laughs much; nor of ignorance, for he has seen much; nor of wrong-headedness, for he can be guided right; nor of bad-heartedness, for he is good-natured; nor of thoughtlessness, for he is prudent; nor of extravagance, for he can calculate even to the value of half a lira:—but it is an essence of folly peculiar to himself, ‘compounded of many simples extracted from various objects, and the sundry contemplation of his travels.’

Count Bubna (the actual but not the ostensible viceroy of Lombardy) is a heavy, gross-looking man, a victim to the gout, and with nothing martial or captivating in his exterior. He has talents, however, and those not merely of a military cast. He was generally employed to arrange the affairs of the emperor of Austria with Napoleon. His loyalty to his own sovereign, and the soldier-like frankness and integrity of his character, gained him the esteem of the French emperor, who, when any difficulties occurred in their arguments, used to say impatiently, ‘*Envoyez moi donc Bubna!*’ He had nearly ruined himself by gambling, when Francis advised him, or, in other words, commanded him to marry the daughter of a rich Jew who had been baptised. The lady whose hand he thus obtained is an elegant, accomplished, and has the character of being also an amiable woman. At Milan she is a person of the first consequence, the wife of the archduke alone taking precedence of her. *A-propos* to the viceroy: when on the corso to-day with the countess, we met him with the vice-queen, walking in public. The archduke has not (as the countess observed) *la plus jolie tournure du monde*: his appearance was heavy, awkward, and slovenly, with more than the usual Austrian stupidity of countenance: a complete *testa Tedesca*. His beautiful wife

held his arm, and, as she moved a little in front, seemed to drag him after her like a mere appendage of her state. I gazed after them, amused by the contrast: he looking like a dull, stiff, old bachelor, the very figure of Moody in the comedy of the Country Girl; she, an elegant, sprightly, captivating creature, with decision in her step, laughter on her lips, and pride, intelligence, and mischief in her brilliant eyes.

A boatman (on the Lake of Geneva) pointed out, among the beautiful villas which adorn the banks on either side, that in which the empress Josephine had resided for six months, not long before her death. When he spoke of her, he rested upon his oars to descant upon her virtues, her generosity, her affability, her goodness to the poor, and his countenance became quite animated with enthusiasm. In France, whenever the name of Josephine is mentioned, there seems to exist but one feeling, one opinion of her beneficence and *amabilité* of character. Our boatman had also rowed Marie Louise across the lake, on her way to Paris; he gave us no very captivating picture of her. He described her as ‘*grande, blonde, bien faite, et extrêmement fière.*’ The day being rainy and gloomy, her attendants begged of her to defer the passage for a short time, till the fogs had cleared away, and discovered all the beauty of the surrounding shores. She replied haughtily and angrily, ‘*Je veux faire ce que je veux — allez toujours.*’

At Venice we found a solitary gentleman, who was sauntering up and down with his hands in his pockets, and a look at once stupid and disconsolate. Sometimes he paused, looked vacantly over the waters, whistled, yawned, and turned away to resume his solemn walk. On a trifling remark addressed to him by one of our party, he entered into conversation with all the eagerness of a man whose tongue had long been kept in most unnatural bondage. He congratulated himself on having met with some one who could speak English; adding, contemptuously, that ‘he understood none of the outlandish tongues the people spoke hereabout:’ he inquired what was to be seen here; for, though he had been four days in Venice, he had spent every day merely in walking up and down the public gardens. We told him that Venice

was famous for fine buildings and pictures; he knew nothing of *them* things;—and that it contained also ‘some fine statues and antiques’—he cared *nothing* about them *neither*—he should set off for Florence the next morning, and begged to know what was to be seen there. Mr. R—— told him with enthusiasm, ‘the most splendid gallery of pictures and statues in the world!’ He looked very blank and disappointed. ‘Nothing else?’ then he should certainly not waste his time at Florence, he should go direct to Rome; he had put down the name of that *town* in his pocket-book, for he understood it was a very *convenient* place: he should therefore stay there a week; thence he should go to Naples, a place he had also heard of, where he should stay another week: then he should go to Algiers, where he should stay three weeks, and thence to Tunis, where he expected to be very comfortable, and should probably make a long stay; then he should return home, having seen every thing worth seeing. He scarcely seemed to know how or by what route he had reached Venice; but he assured us he had come ‘fast enough;’—he remembered no place he had passed through, except Paris. In that city, he told us, a female lodged in the same hotel with himself, who, by his description, appears to have been a single lady of rank and fashion, traveling with her own carriages and a suite of servants. He had never seen her: but learning, through the domestics, that she was traveling the same route, he sat down and wrote her a long letter, beginning, ‘Dear Madam,’ and proposing they should join company, ‘for the sake of good fellowship, and the *bit of chat* they might have on their way.’ Of course she took no notice of this strange billet, ‘from which (added he with ludicrous simplicity) I supposed she would rather travel alone.’

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At Naples we met with an old man, a native of Cento, who gains his livelihood by a curious exhibition of his peculiar talents. He is blind, and plays well on the violin: he can recite the whole of the Gerusalemme without missing a word: he can repeat any given stanza, or number of the stanzas, either forwards or backwards: if you give him the first word and the last, he can name immediately the particular line, stanza, and book, and he can tell instantly the exact number of words contained in any given stanza.

This exhibition was at first amusing; but, as I soon found that the man’s head was a mere machine, that he was destitute of imagination, and that, far from feeling the beauty of the poet, he did not even understand the lines he thus repeated, it soon ceased to interest me, after the first sensations of surprise and curiosity were over.

MISSION TO THE EAST COAST OF SUMATRA,

by John Anderson, Esq. 1826.

A DESIRE of obtaining an intimate acquaintance either with a distant dependency, or a country which is rendered important by commercial intercourse, is now very prevalent among the rulers of states; and this curiosity is prudent and politic, because its advantageous tendency is evident. For the attainment of an object of this kind, Mr. Anderson visited the extensive and valuable island of Sumatra, being both privately impelled and publicly commissioned. His inquiries and researches were well conducted, and the volume contains a great variety of information.

Soon after he had landed on the island, he proceeded to the court of one of the native princes, then engaged in a war with some chieftains. In his progress to the place of audience,—“the absence of almost all the males, and the superabundance of women, gave too plain indications of the war that was raging; and we saw a poor wretch who had been wounded, brought to his family from the field of battle. Several of these unfortunate persons had received dangerous gun-shot wounds. The balls which they use inflict a most severe wound, being made of tin, with pieces of broken plate inside, the points of which generally project, so that it is extremely difficult to extract them. The most common wounds, however, were from sharp-pointed splinters of bamboos, which were stuck in the pathways around the enemy’s fortifications. The inhabitants, wherever I passed, were hospitable, and expressed their belief that my arrival would tend to restore peace to the country. As I passed their houses, they presented me with cocoa-nuts. Each house has its cocoa-nut plantation, which is a principal article of subsistence in this quarter, as in most Malayan countries. The houses are large, commodious, and substantially built, with large square posts, raised from the ground about six or seven feet; and

these posts are supported upon large square stones or blocks of wood. The sides are generally plank, and the roofs covered with broad leaves. They have all windows in the roof, which render them very cool and comfortable; and from these the women look at the strangers passing. Under each house there are two large round baskets, made of split bamboos, in which the paddy and pepper are deposited. These villages were well provided with poultry, goats, &c. and every where exhibited the pleasing appearances of comfort and abundance.

“On coming within two hundred yards of the sultan’s fort, I halted and saluted him with a discharge of five rounds of musketry from the whole party of soldiers, which was returned with swivels and blunderbusses, about treble the number. He was ready to receive us, surrounded by all his chiefs and warriors, in a small hut, stockaded with trunks of trees fixed into the ground, of which there was a treble row. He had made all the preparations he could for our reception, met me at the entrance of his fort, and received with due honor the letter with which I was charged. On opening it, he evinced considerable anxiety; but, when the contents were explained to him, a ray of joy illumined his countenance, and he expressed his wish to encourage the resort of traders to his country.

“The trees on the banks of the Delli river were covered with monkeys—black, brown, and grey. The birds too swarmed upon the branches, some of exceedingly rich and varied plumage and melodious notes. We observed numerous tracks of the elephant and rhinoceros on the sides of the river. The natives do not understand the method of catching these animals. The sultan begged I would endeavour to persuade some of the Queda people, who had been accustomed to catch elephants, to go over to Delli, where there is no doubt that an immense quantity of ivory might be collected.

“The Delli people are very delicate in respect to their women. As we approached the bathing-houses on the banks of the river, the man at the stem of the canoe called out with a Stentorian voice, ‘boah,’ which was a signal for the females to move off. The sugar-cane was growing luxuriantly in many places we passed, particularly at Mabur Bajuntei. This is a well-cultivated spot, covered with large plantations of plan-

tains. Here is a remarkable old tree, like an umbrella, the top being broken, and the whole tree decayed except a branch, which shoots out near the top, and overspreads the trunk. Here is also a curious plant, with a large broad leaf, which grows on the stems and branches of large trees, used for packing tobacco in, to keep it soft and moist. It grows in abundance. Nature indeed seems bountifully to have supplied this country with every necessary tree and herb, without the labour and trouble of cultivation. The bubua, a tree somewhat resembling the teak, is found in plenty. Of the daun ibas, the natives make baskets and mats, while several species of rattans furnish them with ropes, &c.

“Descending the river, we passed two small churches, where there was a large concourse of children reciting the koran. Other parties were amusing themselves in the houses, some playing upon the violin, others beating the gong and drum, singing, &c. In the morning, one of the king’s men recited with a loud voice, in a circle of about two hundred people, from a book containing the history of the exploits of Alexander the Great, translated from the Arabic, which was intended to impress the sultan’s warriors with heroic notions, and excite their courage and emulation.”

“We were accompanied on our return by Che Laut, an eccentric old woman, more like a man in her habits. She is a most intelligent old creature, and gave me a vast deal of interesting information relative to the country, and the different places along the coast, most of which she had visited. She applied for a Malay Testament, (of which I had several for distribution,) which I gave to her, and she expressed her intention of studying it. She is fond of traveling, and has a great desire to see different countries. She is a poet and historian; and, as she sat in the boat, composed extemporary verses with astonishing fluency on any given subject, as fast as I could write them down. She knows the name of every river, and almost every chief, from Palembang on the east coast, to Soosoo on the west coast of Sumatra. She dyes, weaves, and embroiders. Her memory is astonishingly retentive; and she answers questions on almost any subject with wonderful fluency. She is in fact a prodigy of learning; but she has no beauty to boast of, being a prototype

of the hag in Guy Mannering. She is tall and thin, with long hanging ears, and holes nearly of the circumference of a Spanish dollar. She is usually dressed in a long scarlet silk bajoo, with a pair of long trowsers, and a tartan sarong or petticoat over them, reaching to the knee, with a salindang or scarf of cotton, dyed by herself, a green body with red ends, which she throws gracefully over her shoulders when she goes out."

The Malayan inhabitants of the island are thus described:—"They are of a dark yellowish complexion, stout in general, their limbs well shaped, their persons upright, and they walk rather gracefully. They are low in stature. The men wear their hair long, and their teeth are filed when young, having a jet-black glossy appearance. The men pluck the hair from their chins, very few having the smallest appearance of beards. The women are fair, with dark expressive eyes; but their ears are disfigured by large holes, into which rings of an immense size are introduced; the poorer classes contenting themselves with a ring of wood, or a piece of plantain leaf rolled up, which fills the aperture. The richer classes who can afford it, wear very handsome rings of gold filagree.

"The men are usually dressed in jackets of European chintz or white cloth, with Achenese trowsers, a tartan petticoat, and a batik or European kerchief on the head. A handkerchief which contains their betel and serec, is usually hung over one shoulder, and a kris fastened on the left side. The women wear long bajeos of blue or white cloth, with a cotton or silk sarong. The hair is neatly fastened by long gold, silver, or copper pins, according to their rank. Persons of the higher order wear also a belt or zone of silk or other cloth, fastened round the waist with a gold binding, and a handkerchief slung over the left shoulder."

"Their marriage and other ceremonies here are much the same as in other Malayan countries. Any man who can afford to support them, may have four wives. If one is cast off from misconduct or barrenness, he may supply her place by another. There is no limitation of the number of concubines. The crime of adultery is punishable by the death of both individuals. The power of the chief indeed, in almost all cases, is quite absolute. The young sultan, not long since, ordered two men to be stabbed, because they were tardy in

following him upon some excursion. It is to be lamented that so much power is given to youth."

The town of Jambi, though not very flourishing or important, is rendered worthy of notice by our author's observations upon it. "It is about three quarters of a mile in extent on both banks of the river, to which it is nearly confined, the natives occupying the whole of the right bank, while the Arabs and other strangers possess a part of the left. Many of the houses are sided and partitioned in a neat manner with planks, and roofed with tiles of excellent manufacture. A few are covered with a thatch of gomutee, which forms a durable roof; and some have their sides constructed of large thick pieces of bark; but the greater part are huts of mat and artaps, built upon posts in the usual Malayan style. Beside those descriptions of building, there are many houses upon rafts of huge trunks of trees, clumsily put together, which, during the periodical swellings of the river, are afloat and movable, but in the dry seasons are generally lodged on a sandy flat, which confines the stream on the right. There are also little rafts supporting small huts, attached to the better class of houses, and used for the convenience of bathing, of which the women in particular seem to be very fond. In fact, there is an appearance of cleanliness in the persons and houses of the inhabitants, rather unusual in Malayan towns. They have a mosque, but it is in a neglected and ruinous condition. A burying-ground near the town appears to claim more attention; many of the tombs are carved and gilded, and enclosed by a tiled building.

"At the entrance of the mosque was deposited a defaced Hindoo image, which led to inquiries that terminated in the discovery of several others. The figure carved in relief, on a stone about five feet in length, was that of a human being in a sitting posture, with a high ornamented head-dress, and a circular hood-like tablet behind the head. The arm was broken off, and the whole figure worn into a confused mass; but a well-executed order of foliage round the edge of the stone, being less in relief, remained well defined. We also observed the statue of a man, the arms broken off, about five feet high, in an erect posture. The head was rather large, and the hips, being full, swelling, and smoothly rounded, had a somewhat feminine appearance;

but in other respects the proportions were remarkably good. The features appeared to have been broad and flat, and the hair was curly, in little round knobs, and formed into a top-knot. We saw four figures, representing an elephant's head with tusks, the trunk curled upwards and backwards, adorned longitudinally with a string of flowers, and the jaws widely distended, and enclosing a curly-headed male figure, having bangles on his legs, in an erect attitude within them. We likewise noticed a hull, about half the natural size, kneeling, the body and neck adorned with wreaths of bell-shaped flowers, with a bell suspended at the chest. The head and a greater part of the neck of this figure were broken off; the remaining part was remarkably well proportioned. The natives have no idea of the origin of these images, but call them chess-men of the giants or genii; nor could they point out the ruins of the temple to which they must have belonged, though the former existence of one of considerable dimensions is indicated by a number of stone slabs and carved ornaments, converted to various purposes in different parts of the town."

The Malays are not a very civilised race; but the Battas, or the barbarians of Sumatra, are much more unenlightened. Speaking of Soonghal, Mr. Anderson says, "The principal inhabitants of this place are Battas, a very dark ill-looking race. They wear bracelets of gold, silver, and copper, and adorn their fingers and toes with rings: yet, while they are so fond of ornament, they are exceedingly filthy about their houses; the one which we occupied being filled above and below with bones, skulls of buffaloes and some large monkeys, having so great a resemblance to human bones, as to excite not the most pleasurable ideas, and a suspicion in the minds of my people, that we were in a country of cannibals."

Our author pretends to reprobate the traffic in slaves, and yet apparently vindicates it, because it served to people some of our settlements; as if that selfish advantage, or even the good treatment of the enslaved beings, could atone for the original outrage and the permanent degradation.—"The chief cause of slaves being very numerous a few years ago, was the scarcity of rice in the Batta country, when the poor people brought down their children for sale. Slaves are

now scarcely procurable on any terms in the interior of Delli, since the cultivation of pepper commenced to such an extent, the Battas having become rich and independent, and not requiring to sell their children for subsistence, or a more unworthy purpose, the gratification of their favourite propensities,—gambling and opium-smoking. Such are the blessed consequences of industry, cultivation, and commerce. There is no doubt that, as cultivation advances throughout that coast, so will civilization; and in the course of not many years, perhaps, that abominable traffic in the human species, which existed to such a dreadful extent in former years, and still does prevail considerably in some of the less civilised states, will cease. It cannot be denied, however, that the existence of slavery in this quarter, in former years, was of immense advantage in procuring a female population for Pinang. From Assahan alone, there used to be sometimes three hundred slaves, principally females, exported to Malacca and Pinang in a year. The women get comfortably settled as the wives of opulent Chinese merchants, and live in the greatest comfort. Their families attach these men to the soil; and many never think of returning to their native country. The female population of Pinang is still far from being upon a par with the male; and the abolition therefore of slavery has been a vast sacrifice to philanthropy and humanity. As the condition of the slaves who were brought to the British settlements was materially improved, and as they contributed so much to the happiness of the male population, and the general prosperity of the settlement, I am disposed to think (although I detest the principles of slavery as much as any man) that the continuance of the system here could not, under the benevolent regulations which were in force to prevent abuse, have been productive of much evil. The sort of slavery indeed which existed in the British settlements in this quarter had nothing but the name against it; for the condition of the slaves who were brought from the adjoining countries was always meliorated by the change; they were well fed and clothed; the women became wives of respectable Chinese; and the men who were in the least industrious easily emancipated themselves, and many became wealthy. Severity by masters was punished; and, in short, I do not know any race of peo-

ple who were, and had every reason to be, so happy and contented as the slaves formerly, and debtors as they are now called, who came from the east coast of Sumatra and other places."

It was the opinion of many philosophers, that the idea of cannibalism was a mere fable; but the perpetration of this enormity has been sufficiently proved.—"The Battas of the Kataran tribe are cannibals, and of a peculiarly ferocious and intractable disposition; nor can they be prevailed upon to devote themselves either to agriculture or commerce, except sufficient only to keep them from absolute want. If I had had any very serious doubts of the existence of this practice, they would have been removed here. The tumungong was married to a daughter of the rajah of Seantar, and he represents that barbarous custom as being quite common in that country."

It might be supposed that the Malays, though not remarkable for mildness or humanity, would be ashamed to hold any intercourse with the Batta tribes; yet it appears that "the Batta rajahs in this quarter give a daughter to any Malay chief who can afford to lay out three hundred or four hundred dollars upon the marriage ceremonies. They usually present ten or twelve slaves, a few horses, or some buffaloes, as a marriage portion; and the Malay, when he returns down the river, realizes the amount of his outlay by the sale of a certain number of slaves, and keeps the surplus, beside perhaps having gained some privileges in being allowed to trade in certain parts of the interior, and securing the safety of his person. No wonder then that the daughters do not hang long upon their hands, as the Malays are not deficient in cunning, and have generally the right side of the bargain with the Battas."

A RECENT MISSION TO CHINA.

THE Russians are so far favored by the Chinese government, that they are allowed to have a monastic establishment at Peking, which serves to keep up a constant communication between the countries. Timkowski, an officer in the department of foreign affairs, went to China, a few years ago, with a train of about forty persons, to supply the vacancies in the monastery, and to cherish the spirit of amicable intercourse.

In the progress of the strangers through Tartary, they reached the river Iro, and

found on its banks occasional marks of cultivation.—"On the sloping sides of the mountains (says Timkowski) we saw here and there little spots sown with millet, and some stacks of hay. A very old lama, a stranger to us, accompanied us for some time. Lifting up one of his arms, on which hung a rosary, he continually repeated the Tibetan prayer, *Om mani bat ni chom* (Lord have mercy on me), in a tone which all the lamas have adopted, and which resembles the humming of a bee. He rejoiced highly at the approaching arrival of the new-born chief priest of Fo, who, by his appearance on the throne of Urga, would re-animate the desolate Mongolian clergy.

"Near the Iro, on the east, rises a lofty and steep mountain, which forms the corner of the chain that runs along the right bank of the river: its summit is covered with obo stones, which adorn almost all the principal eminences of Mongolia. Every inhabitant of these steppes, like the savage in the deserts of America, convinced by experience of the existence of a superior, incomprehensible, and almighty power, is of opinion that it is diffused through all the productions of nature; and the more majestic an object appears to the eye, in so much greater abundance, according to his notion, must this beneficent spirit reside in it; for which reason a large stone, a lofty mountain, a spreading tree, or a broad stream, are objects of his veneration. There he erects altars, or obos, of heaps of stones, and prays before them, in the fullness of his heart. Every traveler who passes by such an altar considers it as his duty to alight from his horse, to make several obeisances opposite the south side of the altar, with his face turned toward the north, and to leave some of his things. In general we found on such places linen rags, and more frequently tufts of horse-hair, as offerings of the Nomades for the preservation of this animal, their faithful companion. These altars serve also as guides and as landmarks."

The next river of note which the Russians passed was the Chara, which flows into the Orchon. The natives requested the strangers not to fish, as, like the Hindoos, though worshipers of Fo, they hold the lives of animals sacred.—"As we advanced (says our author) we met numbers of Mongols returning from Urga to adore the lama. This high priest of Fo, who was seven years of

age, had caused, by his recent appearance, a great commotion among the zealous Mongols of Kalkas. Old and young, men and women, in rich attire, with caps of sable, and riding on their best horses and camels, passed us in troops. Some were hastening to the lama, others returning home after being re-activated by the sight of him. After traveling sixteen wersts from the Chara, in a level and straight road, we came to the valley of Zsun Mado, on the right bank of the Boro. Three leagues farther we ascended a great hill called Manitu, where there is an obo. On the south side of the hill we met a large caravan of pilgrims returning from Urga. Some had even been to Tibet to receive their phoenix, the new-born lama, from the bosom of his family, and had brought him to his residence, with his whole establishment, upon their own camels. The inhabitants of Kalkas had for this purpose assembled above a thousand camels."

After crossing the Boro, some of the party were requested to abstain from entering an adjacent forest, because there were many bears in it; but the following was the true reason:—"We learned that it was forbidden to enter the forests of the Noin mountain. The princes come hither from Urga, with their whole court, to enjoy the diversion of hunting. One autumn they hunt on the Boro, and the next in the mountains beyond Urga. The Nomades residing in the neighbourhood are bound to prevent all persons, not only from hunting, but even from setting a foot in these gloomy forests, set apart for the pastime of their sovereigns. We find, however, among nations that boast of their civilisation, game-laws and privileges, the slightest violation of which, even the firing of a gun, is treated as a felony. When the Bodgdo—so the Mongols call the emperor of China—goes from Peking to the palaces of Sheche (beyond the great wall to the east), for the purpose of hunting, he causes the strictest orders to be issued to all the vassal Mongol princes, according to which some are to hunt in their own territories, and others are to come for this purpose to Sheche. The best or rarest game, especially wild boars, are sent as a present to his majesty. It is said that, for these hunting parties of the prince, about five hundred of the best horsemen and bowmen are sent by the Kalkas horde. The wild beasts are driven together: only the Wan and the Amban

(princes of Urga), and the Manchoo officers in their train, have the privilege of shooting the numerous herds of game. No Mongol, under pain of death, dares to discharge an arrow in that direction: he is at the most permitted to pursue the game which has broken the barrier."

On the arrival of Timkowski at Peking, he rode with his train to the southern gate of the Red Town (so called from the color of the walls), within which is the palace of the emperor. The buildings of the palace within the walls are not visible. The market-place, opposite the gates, is paved with flags, and surrounded with granite pillars; nobody is allowed to ride through, only pedestrians being admitted. The sentinels of the guard were sitting on stools, at the gate of the parade, leisurely smoking their pipes. Nearly all the houses in Peking are nothing but shops, provided with various goods, each shop selling only one kind. In the street which passes the Russian house, is a large private pawn-house, of which there are many in Peking. The extravagance and poverty of the Manchoes enrich these establishments.

With regard to the penal law of China, and the connexion of religion with it, we have this account in the journal.—
 "December 9.—The emperor rode in procession to the Temple of Heaven, which is situated at the end of the Merchants' Town, or the southern suburb. As the chief priest of all religions within the limits of the Chinese empire, he makes to-day, in this temple, a purificatory sacrifice for the execution of all criminals condemned during the year by the law. It is said that, about this time, all the criminals are executed in the whole empire; they are either beheaded or strangled. State criminals are executed immediately after sentence has been pronounced. Respecting the persons condemned to death by the criminal authorities, a list is presented to the emperor, specifying their crimes. He marks with his own hand those who are to be put to death: all the rest are conducted to the place of execution, and then carried back to prison, to await the decision of their fate. It happens, though very rarely, that a criminal is thus set down three times on the list; but is not marked for capital punishment, because there are more heinous offenders. Kienlong, on account of his severity, seldom made these exceptions. During the reign of

Kia-King, on the other hand, of fifty criminals conducted to the place of execution, only fourteen suffered.—Yesterday sacrificial vessels were carried to the above-named temple on elephants richly adorned. This morning, at five o'clock, the emperor rode thither, accompanied by a numerous train, consisting of the chief officers of the army and state. No citizen is permitted to have a view of his majesty in such solemn processions. The gates, doors, and windows of the houses are closed, and the cross streets covered with hangings. Already, on the preceding evening, the sentinels who kept the gate informed us that none of us would be allowed to go out the following morning. Sentinels are stationed at the doors of those houses where the emperor passes, in order to guard against any sudden attack upon his life, such as was once made upon the late emperor. As he was returning one day to his palace, the head-cook, who had formerly been in the service of his brother, had attacked him with a knife at the entrance of the imperial apartments, in the presence of the eunuchs; but one of the life-guards, who was standing behind the imperial litter, immediately seized the wretch, and thus frustrated his criminal intention. For this preservation of his life, the grateful prince ennobled him, and gave him a considerable fortune."

Of the inquiries made by the envoy into the state of the catholics in China, the result is thus given:—"The Roman catholics have long since drawn upon themselves the displeasure of the Chinese government, by their unbounded zeal in propagating their doctrine, by law-suits about their revenues, and by the disputes between the priests of the different European states. Thus the Jesuits of the French or Northern Convent, in Peking, (at present there is not a single French priest here,) sent letters to the pope, complaining of the Portuguese clergy, with plans of the lands and chapels which the latter had taken from them. By some means, probably by the intrigues of the Portuguese, the deputies were seized on their way to Canton. The papers were laid before Kia-King; and, in consequence of the strong suspicions excited by the plan, in which were laid down some parts of the interior, a new and violent persecution was commenced against the Jesuits. The archimandrite Hyacinth told us, that,

not long before the arrival of the new mission, one of the procurators had represented to Kia-King, that it would be advisable to issue a positive law respecting the catholics living in China. Some members of the tribunal of foreign affairs at that time expressed a wish to the archimandrite, that the Russian students or clergy coming to Peking might be substituted in the Astronomical Academy for the Jesuits, whom the Chinese had long been disposed to expel, and who are retained only by virtue of an old edict. By being engaged in this academy, the Jesuits enter entirely into the Chinese service. They receive a salary and provisions, dress in the Chinese fashion, and wear on their caps buttons which designate the various ranks in China.

"The Northern Convent consists of four large courts, several very pretty houses, and other buildings; but all much decayed and neglected. Every thing proves that the Jesuits in China have not even a shadow of the influence which they possessed under Kanghee and Kien-long. Pius, bishop of the southern Christians, resides in this convent."

The notices respecting the Tibetan inhabitants of Peking are curious.—"They are very plain in their manners, and are unacquainted with luxury; in countenance they resemble our gypsies, and wear long coats like the Russians; they do not cut their hair, but braid it on the head in a tail, and have ear-rings with turquoises. Being invited to see their religious ceremonies at Chuan-sa, we passed through the apartments of the lamas to the principal temple. The police officers would not let us approach the kutuchta, or cardinal, especially when they saw our sabres; on the assurance of our guides they, however, consented, and so we entered the vestibule of the temple, which is built of white marble. Here sat the kutuchta, in a very large arm-chair, with his face turned toward the door of the temple; before him stood a long table covered with a piece of yellow-flowered silk, on which stood dishes with corn, water, &c. On both sides of this altar stood five lamas from eastern Mongolia; they read and sang prayers in the Tibetan language in octaves; the uncommonly deep and powerful bass voices resounded in the air like the lower notes of the horn. The lamas from the temples at Peking, about two

hundred in number, were seated on the right and left in twelve rows on the floor. The kutuchta struck at intervals silver cymbals, as a signal to the lamas alternately to sing and to play. The orchestra was placed apart; they played on wind-instruments, copper cymbals of various sizes, and drums: this kind of music is more calculate to inspire terror than feeling and emotion. The yellow dress of the lamas, and their shorn heads, gave them, in our eyes, a singular appearance. There were no worshipers of Fo present, except priests. The kutuchta, who was about thirty-five years old, several times turned his eyes upon us, which example was followed by the rest.

"From the temple we returned to the treasurer's, where a number of lamas assembled after the sacrifice was ended. We conversed chiefly with a priest of the name of Chen, who informed us that the emperor had the same influence over the temporal and over the spiritual affairs of his extensive dominions; the chubilgans and kutuchtas are chosen by his command, and even the appointment of the Dalai Lama depends entirely on his power. He also told us that this divine personage had not appeared, that is, had not been installed in Tibet, for five years; one of the priests there would have been chosen, but the late emperor required three candidates, and all out of the province of Suchuen.—Does not, perhaps, the Chinese government dread the conquest of Tibet by the English? should these conquerors of Bengal take possession of a country so highly venerated by all professors of Lamaism, which would not be very difficult for them at present, the Dalai Lama would remain in their power; his worshipers, the Mongols, Kalmucks, and other nations, might become true and zealous allies of the English, and facilitate their farther conquests in Middle Asia."

A VOLCANIC PHÆNOMENON, IN ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

MR. ELLIS, a British missionary, being desirous of viewing the great volcano called Kiranea, at Owhyhee, passed over a wide waste of ancient lava with his friends and some native guides, and at length approached the terrific spot.

"We expected (he says) to have seen a mountain with a broad base and rough indented sides, composed of loose slags

or hardened streams of lava, and whose summit would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty caldron. But, instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from two hundred to four hundred feet below its original level. The surface of this plain was uneven, and strewed over with huge stones and volcanic rocks, and in the centre of it was the great crater. Our guides led us round toward the north end of the ridge, where, the precipice being less steep than in other parts, a descent to the plain seemed practicable. It required, however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and rolled down from above; and, with all our care, we did not reach the bottom without several falls and slight bruises.

"The steep which we had descended was formed of volcanic matter, apparently a light kind of lava, vesicular, and lying in horizontal *strata*, varying in thickness from one to forty feet. In a small number of places the different *strata* of lava were also rent in perpendicular or oblique directions, from the top to the bottom, either by earthquakes, or other violent convulsions of the ground connected with the action of the volcano. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself. Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, [with our eyes riveted on the abyss. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, nearly a mile in width, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its 'fiery surge' and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame, and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths

streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below.

"The existence of these conical craters led us to conclude, that the caldron of lava before us did not form the focus of the volcano; that this mass of melted lava was comparatively shallow; and that the basin in which it was contained was separated by a stratum of solid matter from the great volcanic abyss, which constantly poured out its melted contents through these numerous craters into this upper reservoir. We were farther inclined to this opinion, from the vast columns of vapour continually

must have been produced, than that which caused the ebullition in the lava at the bottom of the great crater; and also by noticing a number of small craters in vigorous action, situated high up the sides of the great gulf, and apparently quite detached from it. The streams of lava which they emitted rolled down into the lake, and mingled with that mass which, though thrown up by different apertures, had perhaps been originally fused in one vast furnace.

"The sides of the gulf before us, although composed of different *strata* of ancient lava, were perpendicular for about four hundred feet, and rose from a wide horizontal ledge of solid black lava of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this ledge the sides sloped toward the burning lake, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three hundred or four hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the large crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or upon the low land on the shore. The gray, and in some places apparently calcined sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side of the abyss; the vigorous action of the numerous small craters on its borders; the dense columns of vapour and smoke, that rose at the north and south end of the plain; together with the ridge of steep rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably in some places three or four hundred feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly

augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

"After the first feelings of astonishment had subsided, we remained a considerable time contemplating a scene, which filled us with wonder and admiration at the almost overwhelming manifestation it affords of the power of that dread Being who created the world, and who has declared that by fire he will one day destroy it."

THE VILLAGE PASTOR,

by one of the Authors of Body and Soul.

THE sentiments of a worthy clergyman, his conduct, and the incidents and occurrences which he witnessed, are given in this volume in a form which unites entertainment with instruction. It does not exhibit that variety which would please the mere novel-reader; yet it is in various parts agreeable and interesting. The sketch of the minister's domestic establishment leads to a description of the church in which he officiated, and that is followed by these orthodox remarks:—"It suited that sober and rational form of worship which was now offered up within it; a worship dug by the hand of reformation from the ruins which popery had piled upon apostolicity and evangelism, and scoured, without injuring, from the rust and corruption which such ruins had brought upon it. Like some antique column, which, for ages, has lain beneath accumulated piles of earth and rubbish, but which, when re-produced by the searching hand of enterprise, and cleared of its cohesive foulness by the chisel of taste and care, appears in its original dignity and beauty, unimpaired and fresh; so the worship of the church of England is now set forth in all the evangelical spirit which pervaded the assemblies of primitive Christians,—chaste, dignified, and spiritual."

Instead of following the author through a desultory narrative, we shall briefly take notice of the most striking parts. The village squire and his son are brought forward with effect; and the friendship subsisting between the latter and a votary of Calvinism affords an opportunity of animadverting on the blind zeal and bigotry of the rigid professors of that system. The propriety of Christian practice is illustrated by an

affecting story of a childless widow. The guilt and misfortunes of a stranger are noticed in an impressive manner. He is a man who has run the career of fortune through all its highest and most pernicious changes, and who is returning from the continent "to the land of his sires, haunted by the horrors of a deeply-wounded conscience, now startled by the remembrance of a murder delibe-

ately perpetrated on a successful rival." He is a fatalist to the full extent of the word; and the banefulness of this doctrine is exposed by various arguments. —The trials of a lady form another pleasing part of the work, and the visits of the pastor to such of his neighbours as suffer from ill-health or feel mental uneasiness are recorded with strong indications of religious feeling.

PLEASURE'S ROSE AND MISERY'S THORN.

WHEN o'er the world fair Spring has thrown
Her robe of em'rald, gemm'd with gold;
When all the flow'ry buds are blown,
Forgetting winter's cold;
When fragrance ev'ry zephyr fills,
As dawns the orient hour of day;
When flow'r-clad vales and wood-crown'd hills
All own the pow'r of May;
Then will the child, with hasty hand,
In wand'ring o'er his native fields,
Cull ev'ry bloom that decks the land,
Or teeming hedge-row yields.
Pleas'd with his dear employ he roves,
Wild as the honey-seeking bee,
Through paths his infant fancy loves,
And sings his song of glee.
Soon the wild rose attracts his eyes;
He longs its blushing charms to gain;
With eager grasp he holds his prize,
But quickly weeps with pain!
Its thorns have pierc'd;—his flesh is torn—
He casts his dear-bought prize away:
And long with tears is seen to mourn,
As home he bends his way.
Just such is life!—Pleasure the rose,
That woos the ardent youth's embrace;
Her winning breast no mischief shows;
Joy's flush is on her face.
And long he presses pleasure's form,
Long wantons in her roseate bow'r,
Nor heeds the slowly-gath'ring storm
That brings affliction's hour.
At length he finds a wounding thorn,
Deep hidden in delight's fair rose;
And soon he feels his bosom torn
By sad reflection's throes.
'Tis all too late:—the wound is given:
His joys escape him one by one,
Till to despair his mind is driv'n;
Despair too deep to shun.

Oh! then avoid wild pleasure's hour,
 Though bright it seems and clad in bloom,
 For mis'ry's thorns surround each flow'r;
 Her temple is the tomb!

J. M. LACEY.

THE MINSTREL.

THE Minstrel through the verdant grove
 Flew swiftly on the wings of love,
 Nor rested till the spot he gain'd,
 Where his soul's love, his Leila, reign'd;
 There unperceiv'd his harp he strung,
 And thus in dulcet accents sung:

"Oh! Lady, the moon, in her chaste silver car,
 Is taking her journey through many a star;
 Bright Phœbus is veiling his beams from the light,
 And all breathes of harmony, joy, and delight.
 But, though this to *others* Elysium may be,
 Love only can make it Elysium to me.

"The flow'rets are yielding a fragrance divine,
 And dew-drops are hanging like grapes from the vine.
 The zephyrs, transported at beauties so fair,
 Are bearing the sweets on their wings through the air.
 But, though this to *others* Elysium may be,
 Love only can make it Elysium to me.

"Then, Lady, come taste all these pleasures serene,
 And give light, and rapture, and life, to the scene!
 In vain through the soft rosy bowers I stray;
 My heart is still joyless when thou art away:
 For, though this to *others* Elysium may be,
 Love only can make it Elysium to me."

The lady stood transfix'd to hear,
 And fondly o'er the sounds she hung,
 Which seem'd to come from Heaven's bright sphere,
 So softly sweet he play'd and sung.

The blush of pleasure spread its hue
 O'er her sweet face, well form'd for love,
 As quick with fairy steps she flew,
 To meet the minstrel of the grove.

She came in seraph's smiles array'd,
 Such smiles as make young lovers blest:
 The minstrel saw th' enchanting maid,
 And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast.

MARY JANE COULTART.

A FRAGMENT,

versified from an Arabic Song, given in Major Denham's Travels.

AIR—from *Moore's Melodies*.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"

My hopes are all phantasies only,
 Mere dreams of a summer night;
 Yet still, though so hopeless and lonely,
 My love but increases in light.

As the star, that all brightly is gleaming
 'Mid the clouds of an autumn sky,
 Appears to be more brightly beaming
 Because there are clouds passing by.

Thy head ! oh Malbroka ! is sinking
 With grief and with sorrow oppress'd,
 For the loss of thy lover, still thinking
 Of thee 'mid his visions of rest.
 Yet still as the desert-bird*, drooping
 Its wing, its rich plumage but shows,
 So thou, in thy silence thus stooping
 To sorrow, fresh charms wilt disclose.

H. BRANDRETH, Jun.

AN ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT ;

from the Literary Souvenir.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,
 When not a zephyr skims the deep,
 And sea-birds rest upon th' abyss,
 Scarce by its heaving rock'd to sleep,—
 On such an eve as this, perchance,
 Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean scarce at all
 Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing,—
 The lucid wavelets, as they fall,
 The sunny beach in whispers kissing,
 Leave not a furrow,—as they say
 Oft haps, when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint
 Is spread upon the liquid plain ;
 Hues rich as aught from fancy's mint,
 Enamel'd meads or golden grain :—
 Flowers submarine, or purple heath,
 Are mirror'd from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
 Gems the still waters' tranquil breast ;
 Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
 Its parent in the shadowing east ;—
 It seems—so pure, so bright the trace,—
 As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hush'd is the loud tongue of the deep :—
 Yon glitt'ring sail, far o'er the tide,
 Amid its course appears to sleep ;
 We watch, but only know it glide
 Still on, by a bright track afar,
 Like genius, or a falling star !

Oh ! such an eve is sorrow's balm,
 Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene ;
 And who would ruffle such a calm,
 Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene ?
 'Tis done—and nature weeps thereat,
 Thou boisterous progeny of Watt !

* Said to be the ostrich.

Wert thou a grampus,—or a whale,
 Or orc one sees in Ariosto;
 Went 'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,
 Still would'st thou not so outrage gusto!
 But when did gusto ever dream
 Of seeing ships propell'd by steam?
 Now blazing like a dozen comets,
 And rushing as if nought could bind thee,
 The while thy strange internal vomits
 A sooty train of smoke behind thee;
 Tearing along the azure vast,
 With a great chimney for a mast!
 Satan, when, scheming to betray us,
 He left of old his dark dominions,
 And wing'd his murky way through Chaos,
 And waved o'er Paradise his pinions;
 Whilst Death and Sin came at his back,
 Would leave, methinks, just such a track!
 Was there no quirk,—one can't tell how,—
 No stiff-neck'd flaw,—no quiddit latent,
 Thou worst of all sea-monsters, thou!
 That might have undermined thy patent,—
 Or kept it in th' inventor's desk,—
 Fell bane of all that's picturesque!
 Should Neptune, in his turn, invade thee,
 And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,
 The sooty mechanist who made thee
 May hold it duty to bewail thee;—
 But I shall bring a garland votive,
 Thou execrable locomotive!
 He must be long-tongued, with a witness,
 Whoe'er shall prove, to my poor notion,
 It sorts with universal fitness
 To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,
 That holds not one polluted drop,
 Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop!
 Philosophers may talk of science,
 And mechanicians of utility,—
 In such I have but faint reliance:
 To admire thee passeth my ability;
 My taste is left at double distance
 At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.
 It may be orthodox, and wise,
 And catholic, and transcendental,
 To the useful still to sacrifice,
 Without a sigh, the ornamental:
 But be it granted me, at least,
 That I may never be the priest.

THE STORM, OR THE FATE OF ELLEN.

I LINGER'D on the shore. The eve was lovely:
 Upon his emerald throne the sun was sinking,
 Freely dispensing, in the western realms,
 His crimson honors to th' encircling clouds,
 That now paid homage at his splendid court,

Ere he retir'd to rule in other climes.
 In one bright chain, dappling the lofty dome,
 Hung little tap'ring clouds; like golden vessels
 Becalm'd in their ethereal sea, while others
 Were thinly stretch'd o'er the blue canopy
 In rosy veils; and here and there they tinged
 The middle skies, as if the galaxy
 Were fevered. But one most beauteous streak,
 That peep'd like fairy-land above th' horizon,
 Appear'd a smiling amethystine shore.
 Beneath this dazzling ridge, the tremulous tide
 Shone like a crystal plain, revealing there
 No boundary; so true were sea and sky
 In one bright empire join'd. The clouds on high,
 Like coral beds, reposed in mirror'd beauty,
 Below the wave; for there, deep-cavern'd, spread
 Another blushing hemisphere, as vast
 And motionless as that which hung above.

All was so hush'd—creation seemed to ponder;
 And stillness held her calm and peaceful reign,
 Save where the rebel zephyr stirr'd the wild-flower
 Upon the cliff, or swept the glassy tide,
 Which here and there it dimpled in its flight.
 I prized the scene. 'Tis true I had beheld
 The west display a pageantry more beautiful,
 But ne'er as now so smiling; for my heart,
 Charm'd by the lovelier prospect that it *felt*,
 Threw a sweet influence on all *I saw*.
 The sun may glare, but sorrow dims his light.
 'Tis joy, the heart's sun, that with inward beams
 Beautifies all that enters at the eye.
 My joy fast brighten'd, as the hour drew near
 Of meeting my fair Ellen,—my betroth'd;
 Who from a foreign land was on her way
 To give a heart to me I long had loved.

That hour was now at hand, when it was thought
 The bark should hither glide. I watch'd the west,—
 And soon I thought I spied the wished-for sail,
 Which as a speck at first appear'd in view,
 My fluttering heart, too eager for its claim—
 Did now prefigure all its joys to come,
 And never thought itself so richly bless'd,
 As while it throbb'd anticipating bliss.
 How chang'd its tone from that when, parting there,
 My sorrowing sighs betray'd its soft alarms,
 And Ellen's eye shed meltings of the heart!

Heedless of the magnificence that glow'd,
 My fix'd eye hung upon the little object,
 And held the image on its jealous tablet.
 Still—still it grew; and hope the more increased;—
 It grew like magic;—still, I never doubted:
 Hope's credulous bosom harbours what it *wills*,
 And never deigns to scan approaching evil,
 Until it *feels* all's false. Away, vain hope!
 That speck I hail'd with joy a stretching cloud
 Became,—a fearful omen to that freight
 Which no insurance could have fully prized.
 But ere the sun had dropp'd behind th' horizon,
 One brilliant beam he darted so aslant

As touch'd beneath the low'ring canopy
 A little vessel with its white sail spread.
 My joy sprang up; but fear soon weigh'd it down,
 For I had view'd it but a little while
 When it was buried in the deep'ning gloom.

Now evening was fast melting into night;
 The gnat retiring ceased its feeble lay,
 And not a sound stole on the listening ear
 Of the dull hour, saving the troubled note
 Of some small bird, piped in its early dream.
 The clouds had thrown aside their gay attire,
 And all were crowding to one darken'd mass:
 Slowly they rose bronzed with an inward fire,
 Oft dimly kindling like a flick'ring furnace.
 The gull no longer cradled on the wave,
 But hurried screaming to its secret nook;
 Scared by the rain afar, which like a banner
 Hung drooping o'er the broad expanse of ocean.
 'Twas hither borne by winds, which idly stray'd
 With gentle murmurs first, but soon they rose
 In fitful gusts, advancing swiftly by,
 As flying couriers on important missions.
 The muttering thunder in the distance spoke,
 As though it gave command to potent blasts,
 Whose driving might soon urg'd the writhing waves
 To curl,—with vexed spirit soon they slapp'd
 The sullen rocks that check'd their rude advance:
 Some waves toss'd back at times return'd to spit
 Their foam, or headlong plunge at their rebukers,
 Who yet stood firm, and spurn'd them back again:
 But other waters in the caverns sprang,
 Unwilling to be mingled in the broil.

The gloom had over nature quickly thicken'd,
 And wrapp'd the world in one uncertain veil,
 Giving fierce splendor to the crested surge,
 That pour'd upon the shore its phosphor fire.
 The clouds roll'd onward, and the vivid lightning
 Fork'd thro' the air, scarring the face of night:
 Then echoing thunder leap'd from coast to coast,
 And scarce had travel'd out of hearing, when
 Its fellow follow'd, bounding in its strides.
 Meantime in horrid ranks the waves stalk'd wild
 Along the main, and wrestled with the winds,
 Bewild'ring so the coast, that yawning caves
 In mumbling tones reproach'd the howling tempest,
 And seem'd to mock th' appalling scenes they witness'd.

Where can the sailor boy repose his hope,
 While red-wing'd light'nings play and thunders shout,
 And the tremendous billows vent their fury?
 His sinewy arms put forth their might in vain;
 And, while he ponders on impending fate,
 Till calm despair turns all his thoughts on home,
 His iron grasp unwinds, and his fix'd eye
 Listless beholds the hurrying surge now stoop,
 Then, mounting to the skies in phrensi'd mood,
 Carry his darling vessel down th' abyss.

Night's horrid neon dragg'd slowly by; and yet
 With stubborn stand th' imperious storm hung on

And nothing ventured through the trackless gloom,
 Saving the fev'rish flash, which oft struck out
 Its instant path, and seem'd to tell its feat
 From pole to pole. Meanwhile the reaching surge
 Scal'd the high toppling rocks, bearing them down;
 And suddenly the whizzing light'ning shot
 O'er the dark waves a momentary day,
 As though black night unclasp'd her heavy lids,
 Which, terror-struck, she quickly closed again.
 I thought I saw, or 'twas my wild affright
 That pictured falsely to my dizzy brain,—
 The slanted rigging of a ship half sunk:
 Another glare soon spread athwart the deep;
 But then the bosom of the sea was bare.
 I fancied, while the mingled roar just paus'd,
 There came the wailing voice of some sad suff'rer.
 Perchance 'twas the shrill cry of a spent sea-fowl,
 Driven to its fate by the unpitying winds.
 I hearken'd:—but the madden'd elements
 Usurp'd the frightful hour with rending clamors,
 Like to a world that struggled with its doom.

The storm at length declin'd; and while the thunders
 With surly murmurs roll'd away from earth,
 The timid stars from time to time would peep
 With cheering rays between the broken clouds,
 That sluggishly were moving off in masses.
 Along the beach with anxious steps I trod;
 My eager eye the ocean's bosom search'd,
 Which yet was troubled, heaving with commotion.
 No sail could I discern; and while false hope
 With flattering thoughts was humoring my soul,
 An envious billow with resistless plunge
 Flung at my trembling feet (Oh ruthless fate!)
 My Ellen,—my betroth'd,—a lifeless form.
 Alas, alas! how changed is now my destiny!
 The sea's blue swell that rippled o'er the sands
 But yester eve, with gentle music, bade me
 Be calm and hope. But now it hath reveal'd
 Its treachery, in deed and blust'ring taunts,
 Devoting me to cheerless dark despair.

E. B.

AN INVOCATION TO SPRING,

from Mr. Carrington's Poem of Dart-Moor.

O WELCOME Spring, whose still small voice is heard
 E'en by the mighty tempest of the North,
 Who strays amid thy empire, and feels not
 Divine sensations—feels not life renew'd
 At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe
 His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
 The new-born impulse which gives wings to thought,
 And pulse to action? But, for *me*, the gale
 That wantons with the flower and fans the bud
 Into the living leaf, and wafts around
 Fragrance and health, breathes not. The bird which sings
 A touching lay of liberty and love
 To thousands, sings not to my ear. The hymn

Of earth and sky—the breeze, the flower, the brook—
 All sights and sounds delicious—cheering still,
 From morn to eve, the blushing vernal hour—
 Are for the joyous many who can stray
 At will, unshackled by the galling chain
 That Fate has forged for Labour's countless sons ;
 A chain unbroken and unloosen'd oft
 From youth to toiling age, save just to taste
 How sweet a thing is liberty—to mark
 How green the earth—how beautiful the sky—
 How all-magnificent the sea—and wear
 The hated bonds again. On me the sun
 Has seldom shone—a freeman ;—free to rove
 At morn, and hear the feathery nations pour
 Their strains full-hearted, ere the ray has drunk
 The dew-drop of the vale ;—to hear the rills
 In joyful tumult rush adown thy slopes,
 Devonian ; and with lightsome step to scale
 Thy hills green-breasted, and delighted view
 The infinite of prospect ;—free at noon,
 By fringed brooks, in meditative mood,
 To rest where nothing breaks the hallow'd pause
 But lapse of living waters ;—free at eve,
 To tread some sun-illumin'd ridge, and gaze
 Enraptured on the cloud that sails the west
 With hues celestial tinged, and hear the song
 That bids the day farewell ;—how seldom free,
 Through life's dull, dreary, heartless round, at night—
 Dear night !—to draw my curtain on the world,
 Invoke the Mæse, commune with ages past,
 And feast on all the luxury of books.

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT ;

WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVING.

IN the popular tale of the Betrothed, Damian de Lacy, a gallant warrior, rescues the heroine from danger, at the risque of his own life. He is conveyed to her castle, where she has an interview with him, under the pretence of communicating some important intelligence, but in reality because she feels for him both gratitude and affection.—

“The knight remained with his face turned toward her, listening to the tidings which she brought as one who was no otherwise affected by them, than as they regarded her who told the story. When she had done speaking, he continued as in a reverie, with his eyes so intently fixed upon her, that she rose up, with the purpose of withdrawing from looks by which she felt herself embarrassed. He hastened to speak, that he might prevent her departure. ‘All that you have said, fair lady,’ he replied, ‘had been enough, if told by another, to have broken my heart ; for it tells me

that the power and honor of my house, so solemnly committed to my charge, have been blasted in my misfortunes. But, when I look upon you, and hear your voice, I forget every thing, saving that you have been rescued, and are here in house and safety. Let me therefore pray of your goodness that I may be removed from the castle which holds you, and sent elsewhere. I am in no shape worthy of your farther care, since I have no longer the swords of others at my disposal, and am totally unable for the present to draw my own.’

“‘And if you are generous enough to think of me in your misfortunes, noble knight,’ answered Eveline, ‘can you suppose that I forget wherefore, and in whose rescue, these wounds were incurred ? No, Damian, speak not of removal—while there is a turret of this fortress standing, within its walls shall you find shelter and protection. Such, I am well assured, would be the pleasure of your uncle, were he here in person.’

“It seemed as if a sudden pang of his wound had seized upon Damian ; for, re-

peating the words 'My uncle!' he writhed himself round, and averted his face from Eveline; then again composing himself, replied, 'Alas! if my uncle knew how ill I have obeyed his precepts, instead of sheltering me within this house, he would command me to be flung from the battlements.'

"'Fear not his displeasure,' said Eveline, again preparing to withdraw; 'but endeavour, by the composure of your spirit, to aid the healing of your wounds, when, I doubt not, you will be able again to establish good order in the constable's jurisdiction, long before his return.'"

This interview aided the progress of love between the knight and the lady, and the ultimate result (that is, matrimony) was stated in our review of the tale.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY, IN WHICH THE LEADING ARGUMENTS OF THE BEST AUTHORS ARE ARRANGED, DEVELOPED, AND CONNECTED WITH EACH OTHER, *for the use of young Persons and theological Students.*—1826.

At a time when the enemies of Christianity either openly deny its truth and deride its doctrines, or seek to undermine its influence and overturn its establishment in this country, by espousing the cause of that church whose ceremonies and superstitions may alarm the rational and disgust the virtuous, and thereby hope to crush, by one "fell swoop," all that is most sacred and all that is reprehensible together, it is well that a work calculated like this for general utility should appear amongst us.

The writer, says in his preface, "To those well read in the best authors, the publication of any thing new by one acquainted with them, and able to appreciate their worth, may afford matter of surprise, and the compiler of this very humble volume is not without some apprehension that the fact of its production may lead to the conclusion of his incompetency for the task." This apprehension the pages which follow will certainly refute; for there are evidently great powers applied to a good purpose. The best writers have been completely read, many of their finest passages adduced in proof, and the whole thrown into a shape that promises to be tempting to the young

and thoughtless, satisfactory to the dubious, and consolatory to the pious.

Far from deeming it obtrusive to bring forward on this subject a work which must necessarily be formed of old materials, we are induced to consider it a positive duty, in men of theological learning, to offer, from time to time, works of this description; for, as in every department of literature there is a demand for something *new*, occasioned far more frequently by the wants of a sickly appetite than the deficiency of a well-provided repast, so must even the most sacred truths and important facts appear before us in a new garb. This is also more particularly required at a period, when every man must needs know a little of every thing, and condensation is consequently the order of the day. The sceptic who would turn pale at the very list of those ponderous volumes which the author of these conversations must have patiently investigated, will perhaps gladly pursue the subject in this "questionable shape," and, as we hope, find his doubts dispelled and his mind enlightened.

The conversations, being carried on between a father and his children, offer a happy picture to the mind's eye, at the same time that they lead us agreeably to the contemplation of subjects immediately interesting to us all; and it is no more than justice to say, that an air of remarkable candor and integrity pervades the whole. Faith herself seems to say here, *Speak of me as I am*; and it is evident that her well-armed but unostentatious champion deems all false colors and loud appeals as unnecessary as they are meretricious. The conversations are given in a familiar style, are judiciously divided, and go from point to point through the great objects of discussion. As a specimen of the mode of reasoning adopted by the writer, we offer an extract on the subject of prophecy.

"*Edward.* The prophecies you brought forward in our last conversation have so strongly impressed my mind with the certainty of the argument thence derived in favor of the divine origin of the Scriptures, that I should conceive their evidence irresistible, had I not heard that the interpretations of the prophecies were very doubtful in all cases, and that many eminent men had given up the arguments derived from them.

"*Mr. B.* That some eminent men may have doubted them, may be true; but this proves little, for the majority have acknowledged the force of the argument. Those who have studied the subject of the prophecies most carefully have generally been the most zealous advocates for their truth.

"*Beatrice.* But there may be something in the subject calculated to carry away the mind from fact to supposition; and those who have studied this subject most, perhaps have not given decided proofs of their acuteness in others.

"*Mr. B.* In making this assertion you are falling into the very fault you condemn; for the *facts* of the case are altogether against your *hypothesis*. Bacon, Newton, and Warburton, names not easily equaled, stand pre-eminent among the advocates for prophecy. Of these, the first most strenuously recommends the study of it as calculated to throw light upon history; the second himself wrote upon it; and the last founded a lecture for the purpose of keeping the public attention fixed upon it, and calling forth the labours of the learned in its elucidation.

"*Edward.* Was there not a bishop Newton, who wrote upon the prophecies as well as Sir Isaac?

"*Mr. B.* Bishop Newton's work is one of the most useful books which we have upon the subject, and is not less interesting in itself than important for the immense body of proof which it contains. He takes the prophecies in chronological order, and brings forward such a number of testimonials to their fulfilment, from profane as well as sacred authors, that little more can be desired on the subject.

"*Edward.* But has it not been conjectured that some of the prophecies must have been written after the events, from the accuracy of their fulfilment?

"*Mr. B.* Porphyry maintained an opinion of this kind with regard to the book of Daniel. He found no difficulty in applying it to the historical events which had occurred; but, being determined to reject the conclusion to which this agreement would naturally lead, he argued that it must have been written subsequently, whereas there is nothing more certain than that the book was in existence prior to the events in question.

"*Beatrice.* His opposition has then become advantageous to the cause which he sought to overthrow.

"*Mr. B.* In this case, as in the ar-

guments of Celsus against the miracles of our Lord, the evidence of our adversaries is of the greatest consequence as proving the facts, for it is not very difficult to overthrow their false reasoning.

"*Edward.* What other prophecies are generally brought forward in defence of the Scriptures, beside those relating to our Lord?

"*Mr. B.* They are principally those which relate to the Jews, to the Christian church, and to the destruction of great cities and empires, more immediately connected with the Jewish and Christian dispensations. There are some others of a more general nature also highly interesting, and some on which considerable obscurity now rests, of less importance, but still deserving of attention. Those which predict the dispersion of the Jews are peculiarly interesting, for their fulfilment is before our eyes; and those which have reference to the destruction of Jerusalem are scarcely less so, as the historical evidence is so full and explicit, that there is no denying the facts. Nothing had occurred in the history of mankind before the time of Moses, that could suggest such singular denunciations as those contained in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy; and we have no instance in later times of any thing bearing an analogy to the remarkable condition in which the Jews have been placed. Human foresight could not have predicted the event; human policy could not have fulfilled the prophecy.

"*Beatrice.* I believe the condition of the Jews, scattered amongst all nations, has been always regarded as one of the greatest difficulties connected with scepticism.

"*Mr. B.* The prophecies relative to the Christian church are only in part accomplished, and therefore we can only partially argue from them. There are however some so decided, that it is not easy to escape the conclusion as to the divine origin of the writings in which they are found.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their consciences seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of those which believe and know the truth,

“*Edward.* No one, I think, can doubt the accomplishment of this prophecy, who is not personally interested in denying its application.

• • • • •
 “*Mr. B.* If then in cases like these we have positive proof of the fulfilment of prophecy, it cannot be rational to reject the testimony of history, when it records the fulfilment of other events, where we can have no other proof than that which history affords. In this also we do not ask the testimony of friends, but of enemies: let the Pagan and Jewish historians give their own accounts; we need nothing more. The prophecy and the history, placed side by side, will furnish a proof which none of our adversaries can gainsay, much as they may wish to resist the conclusions to which it leads. The only way of escape for the infidel is to discard the testimony of all history; and, for the sake of consistency, he may as well discard also the testimony of his senses.”

THE CONTRIVANCE OF CONJUGAL
AFFECTION;

A true Story.

ABOUT the beginning of the last reign, a young couple from North-Britain shone for a short period among the gayest circles of the English metropolis, where they attracted great attention not less for the extraordinary grace and beauty of their persons, and the dignified simplicity and *naïveté* of their manners, than the entire affection they manifested for each other. Mr. D—— was a Highland chief of ancient and noble descent, the possessor of considerable estates in Perthshire, and had married a lovely orphan, an heiress in a neighbouring county, as soon after the death of his father as propriety permitted. Being thus independent, and alike so fond of each other as to wish that the beloved one should be properly estimated by an admiring world, it was by no means surprising that they should be desirous of removing into a wider scene of action. When they arrived in London, they were indeed objects on which the eye of the painter and the heart of the philanthropist might alike dwell with delight. Simple yet elegant, with youth glowing on their cheeks and love in their bosoms, hospitality beaming in their eyes and kindness on their tongues, they exhibited the happiest pic-

ture imaginable of old and remote gentility, frequently accompanied by that imprudent but honorable ignorance of the world, now often read of but rarely seen. High-souled as high-descended, they were incapable of meanness and full of pure intention; they knew not what a deviation from rectitude meant; they had little inclination for any expense save “the luxury of doing good;” but they deemed it a duty to live up to the claims of their station, and they had sufficient taste to be pleased with the improvement manifested in the state of all around them, which was much more remarkable to persons who came from such a distant home than it is at the present time.

At the end of seven or eight years a gradual but most afflictive change might be observed; the appearance of the handsome Highlander was changed into that of a slovenly man of fashion, whose many cares rendered him in the prime of life a worn-down worldling, immersed in all the misery of debt, running from one scene of amusement to another to escape the reproaches of his conscience and the sight of that wife whom he had reduced to poverty. With much of remaining simplicity, he was yet compelled to learn the tricks of cunning; and, with abundance of that early-instilled pride which is allied to noble feeling and pure intention, he was daily forced to endure the most galling insults, and bend to the most hateful submission. There were many who read in the fire of his eye, in the flushing of his cheek, and the pallid dryness of his parched lip, indications that the tall manly form, once so admirable, would sink, ere it could reach the noon-day of life, under the influence of that deep and daily solicitude which is a canker-worm to the honest but imprudent, and seems, in its silent sorrow to suck up the very springs of existence. Margaretta too was fearfully altered. Her cheek had lost its bloom, and the fire of her eye was far less brilliant; yet there was a composure in her features, which indicated indeed melancholy thought, but not such a feverish and burning anxiety as her husband apparently felt. In one thing alone did they resemble their former selves—this similitude was in their affection; but even that was not what it had been. The husband felt that his wife could not esteem him as she had once done, and therefore at times he suspected that she loved him

less than she really did; while the wife knew that her peace had been wrecked in the treacherous ocean of expense and pleasure on which they had embarked, and that, when she perceived the error, and was solicitous to retract, her warning had not been attended to, nor her prudent endeavours seconded. She was aware that he had listened to those sirens who haunt the shores of dissipation; that he had at times inflicted in her faithful heart the keenest miseries it could know; but still he was the object of her warm affection, and, in his *sorrow*, all his *sins* were forgotten. To cheer him when present, to mourn over his misfortune when absent, was all her employ. In this sad occupation she was greatly assisted by an old domestic named Agnes, who had been her nurse in infancy, and who, being a woman of sound understanding, and strongly attached to her lady, had long been regarded as a friend and adviser of the family. Mr. D—— himself would often own, that it would have been well for him if he had listened to the remonstrances of Old Aggy. But the day of remonstrance was now past; and nothing remained but to witness the winding-up of that ruin which had already driven them from a splendid mansion and a numerous household to a small lodging, confined expenditure, and personal mortification.

“Had ye but ga’en back agin in time, my bonny ledly, aw might ha bin set to reets in your ain braw castle—t’ane might a toiled, and t’aither might a saved, an in twa or three years all wad a bin paid, an ye’d a ended your days as your fathers bid before ye.”—Such was the repeated opinion of Aggy, and such was become that of her mistress also, whose naturally strong mind dwelt on the possibility of doing this, and in idea grappled with every danger and difficulty, examined every circumstance, and rose to meet every occasion. She felt that she was in the prime of womanhood; and, though scathed by sorrow and depressed by shame, there was no task which her love as a wife and her sense of duty as a woman of integrity would not enable her to undertake. With these thoughts were frequently combined those romantic wanderings of the imagination, natural to the education she had received, and the seclusion to which circumstances now condemned her.

One day her husband burst into the

room, in an agony of spirit which for some moments admitted no control. When he was at length able to speak, he informed her that the long-gathering storm had burst upon their heads; that his estates were purchased by the mortgagee;—he had no longer any means of borrowing money, and should undoubtedly be thrown into prison by some tradesman for the trifle he owed for mere necessities. What to do, he knew not.—Mrs. D——, looking dreadfully pale, rose and took his hand, which she pressed to her lips, saying, “Donald, you have long expected this; it has been wearing you away; do not suffer the shock to be so severe for which you have been prepared.”—“But what can I do?—there is no getting into the army in a time of peace; and I have in vain, for the last two years, sought a civil employment. Alas! ‘I cannot beg, and to dig I am ashamed.’ For myself I might endure; but to see you so reduced, to remember what you brought me, what you have been to me—Oh! ’tis too much.”—“But my settlement, Donald?”—“Is seven hundred pounds a year.—Ah! how happy in our own country would that sum have made us; but this too is in the hands of my creditors, and will remain till my death.”

A long pause ensued; and then going close up to him, the lady in a low tremulous whisper enquired, “Can you not die, Donald?” The afflicted man gave a convulsive start, and turning upon his wife eyes in which reproach was subdued by pity, he answered, “I did not think to have heard this from *you*; but alas! grief changes us all. Sadly changed must the daughter of such parents be, ere she could propose self-murder to her husband, when he is so maddened by reflection, as to be too ready to commit the sin.”

The wife burst into tears, but her action told him that he had mistaken her; and, as soon as she could speak, she addressed him thus:—“Donald, I am not only your wedded wife, called to share your sorrows and to mitigate your distress, as a duty, but your *loving friend*, ready and willing to endure want, to stoop in all humility to earn my bread and yours; but I protest, that after revolving the subject in every possible way, I can see no scheme so good for both of us as that which I propose, and which I declare before Heaven I adopt not for the sake of cheating our creditors, but in

order to benefit them not less than ourselves."—"What then do you propose?"—"That you shall disappear, and be reported *dead*, in which case my settlement will be paid, and I will so husband it, that a few years will, I hope, enable me to repay your creditors and reclaim your estates. You know the old castle is full of conveniences for such a scheme; we cannot doubt the faithfulness of our good Agnes, and it will surely be better to be confined in your own house than in an English prison. From you I shall receive advice in all matters of business, and in my society you will find, if not the world you have lost, yet something better than the world to which you would otherwise be condemned."—"Oh! it would be a blest exchange for me from the harpies that environ me—but how are you to endure life in that lonely place? how are you, always the most ingenuous of human beings, to live in hourly dread of discovery, acting a daily lie?"—"You will see, Donald—wives can do wonders."

That very night Agnes proclaimed the death of her "gude maister." Some of those who knew him now shrugged their shoulders, and said, "they had long seen how it would be," while others hinted that "he had made a sudden exit." Several of his creditors were sufficiently humane to blame themselves for having been precipitous in the winding-up of his affairs, fearing that they had broken the heart of a poor man long injured in constitution. One or two distant relatives forwarded, to the still young widow, such a sum of money as they deemed necessary for her immediate wants; and, from the facility with which funerals may be performed in London, that of Mr. D—— was soon adjusted with decency and privacy. Agnes gave the undertaker to understand, that the "body should be touched by no hands save her own and her *laddy's*, such being the custom of the family;" and the escape of that body was soon facilitated by the ready money offered by the friends who provided for his interment, being first duly disguised and arrayed in the long forgotten habiliments of plaid and fillibegs. As soon as decency permitted, the widow was on her way to Edinburgh, to meet the present holders of the estates. She looked very lovely in her weeds; and it rarely happens that female beauty, in its hour of sorrow, does not move the heart of man. When to this was added the belief

that these men had been instrumental in depriving her of an idolized husband, the "admirer of all observers," and one who was considered the victim of *imprudence* rather than *crime*, it may easily be supposed that they received her with pity, and listened to her with respect. When, in few but comprehensive words, she asserted her claims and explained her views, all were ready to acknowledge the uprightness of her intentions and the wisdom of her plans, and could scarcely forbear to wonder how a man with so wise a partner could have so deeply involved himself.

"And you say, madam, that you desire, in addition to the farm around the castle, to become tenant of the adjoining estates?"—"I do, and will secure to you the rent from my settlement. I mean, by God's blessing, to be an active woman in my concerns, and trust that I shall live to tender you every shilling which is your due, in which case I now entreat you to promise the restoration of the estates, a proposal which, as they are by no means desirable property to gentlemen in the Lowlands, I trust you will accede to. It is my desire to redeem this property, not merely for my own advantage, but to send the name of my dear Donald D—— down to posterity without a stain."

The calm good sense of the widow, and the consideration which she had evidently given to the subject, so far proved to them that she had conquered the late shock, that one of the creditors ventured to take notice of the inconvenience (under such circumstances) of a second marriage; but the majestic manner assumed by the widow, when she offered to bind herself in any form against such an event, rendered him ashamed of having thrown out such a hint, and convinced them all, that, in the language of the tragedian,

'Hers was substantial anguish, deep, not loud.'

When this important business had been arranged to her satisfaction, Mrs. D—— lost no time in hastening to the scene of her happiest days, the old wide-spreading but now dilapidated mansion of —— castle, where she was received with all the enthusiastic affection that an attached tenantry could testify. Toward her late husband, it is true, the love of his people had been cooled by rack-rents and forced payments; but, to one whom they considered a poor harmless woman,

they were most kindly disposed, and, in their sympathy and condolence, so much of the sensibility of her nature was awakened, that she appeared to them indeed a widow in her first regrets.

The air, the people, the sense of liberation from London cares and London threats, from the shame of poverty and the reproaches of memory, gave to the mind of her, who ventured as it were thus on a new mode of existence, a species of cordial which braced her to endure all that was before her; and, in despite of the cold rooms, worm-eaten furniture, and unweeded garden, and the total absence of the numerous little comforts which habit renders a part of our nature, she felt that she could pursue her plan, and could be even happy, provided her husband could be thereby rescued and restored. But how could that husband be brought thither? how could he elude the eyes of those around him, or be sustained without observation in a place where the subjects of curiosity, being few, were followed with greater avidity, and where superstition being always awake to believe in the supernatural and to create the miraculous, every sound that might transpire, every light that might gleam from the uninhabited part of the building, would lead to conjecture and inquiry?

So many difficulties presented themselves now on this head, that, but for the extreme anxiety she felt to hold once more to her heart this dear exiled husband, she would have been induced to abandon the scheme altogether; but she knew that he was by this time waiting at the appointed place of rendezvous, for his escort, the faithful Agnes, and that the scheme must be tried. It was therefore her first and most pressing business to fix on those rooms which were suitable for the concealment of her husband and contiguous to her own, and to prepare them as comfortably as circumstances admitted, and also to establish it as a rule that could not be broken in her family, that none but Agnes should approach after a certain hour. Into the dormitory of her lord she conveyed whatever books remained to her, together with implements for writing and field-sports, at least those of shooting and fishing, thinking it very possible that in a country so thinly inhabited he might, in the clothing of the peasantry, now and then go out with safety, in quest of that health which it would be totally im-

possible for him to preserve within the walls of the castle.

When all was ready, Agnes set out to see her own relatives at the nearest market-town, and returned late in the evening with a tall wench, whom she called her niece, and who was willing to act as a dairy-maid to her lady. The girl was taken into the oak parlour, but was understood to be disapproved by "the goud leddy," and permitted only to stay and sleep with her aunt, who sent her away at an early hour in the morning, grumbling for the rest of the day of course, that "her gude misses had bin jist spoiled with them fiz-me-gig bit lasses o' the south, and could nae fancy a honest body's child, because she was a wee bit uncouth in her carridge." In the mean time, he who had been brought up in every hardy exercise during youth, and who in his riper days had followed the impetus of a busy buoyant spirit in the gay circles of ever-varying amusement, was closely penned up within a chamber in a tower, which only looked into a narrow area, long since resigned to a pair of ancient owls and their blink-eyed family. Such a situation would have undoubtedly appeared worse than a prison with all its attendant disgraces (bad as they must be to a proud and active Highlander), except for the continual tenderness, the extreme solicitude, of one whose every thought was devoted to the means of warding off his *ennui*, and diversifying the melancholy monotony of his situation. Mr. D—— perceived how terrible a task his wife had undertaken; that her health was exceedingly affected by it, and her mind so agitated, as to render it barely possible that she could persist in keeping her own secret. In the solicitude awakened by this subject, he sometimes forgot his habitual dread of bailiffs; but for a considerable time he added this fear to the other, and was wont to barricade the thick walls of his self-adopted prison, and scarcely to allow himself an acquaintance with his neighbours, the owls.

As these sources of anxiety subsided, the evils of imprisonment became more felt, and the hours of daylight passed very heavily in despite of the occupation suggested by his wife, until evening arrived, which brought society. It was, however, a great satisfaction to Margaretta to perceive, that, even in his confinement, his health was surprisingly restored. The red spot of hectic flushing

had left his cheek; his flashing eyes no longer darted their unsteady glances in terror around; and his lately crouching form became erect. When his situation was adverted to as one of suffering, he spoke of it as a state of endurance which it was manly to bear, and added, that there were moments when he recurred to the love and tenderness which supported him under it, with the fondness of one

“Who lived his wooing days again.”

Mrs. D——, though most grateful for this promising appearance, did not forget how irksome confinement must be to a man in the vigor of existence, and was convinced that no power of resolution could make that agreeable which might yet be endurable. She therefore, as the labors of a large farm increased, and the season for gathering her scanty crops arrived, rendered him a party in the business, as far as possible, by relating to him every particular, constituting him her accountant, and making him the sole judge of all problematical points betwixt herself and those servants in whom she was compelled to confide. This occupation induced him to recall to his mind the knowledge he had formerly possessed on the subject of stock and of agriculture; and, as these were points on which Agnes could assist him, he took great pains in giving to his elegant wife much important information, which was received by her with avidity and gratitude. Ah! what will not love achieve when assisted by duty? the fair, the gay, the graceful Margaretta, became the active farmer, the happy drudge. Every morning she rose with the lark; her early praise bespoke a hard day's work from the laborer; her fair hands assisted to fill the butter-firkin, and the cattle-driver received from her lips every particular instruction which could enable him to dispose of his charge in Smithfield. The fleecy inhabitants of the mountains around were her especial care, and, in the provision made for her numerous dependents, she exhibited a generosity which entitled her to general love, whilst it did not exclude those profits which enabled her to fulfil every engagement with a punctuality that promised success to her system.

The reputed good-management of the widow, and her evidently-improved wealth and beauty, made so much noise in that thinly inhabited country, that various lovers among the higher classes

sought an opportunity of addressing her. It was difficult to repel some of these without betraying “the secrets of the prison-house,” and it became old Aggy's work to guard a double charge; but, at the end of about three years, the Penelope of the Highlands, notwithstanding her supposed wealth and her acknowledged beauty, was left unmolested.

At this time the long-immured captive, who had never known a wider range than that offered by a ramble over his own house, when the domestics were purposely dispersed, now showed symptoms of that weariness which naturally arose from a decreased stimulus to the exercise of patience. His fishing implements, prepared for the hundredth time, were therefore at length taken out, and rising with the sun he sought the glens and brooks where his childhood had wandered, retraced the spots where the confessions of his love had been uttered, and stole short views of those beautiful or magnificent scenes, on which his raptured gaze had been led “from nature up to nature's God.” These excursions were not the less delightful because from time to time they were necessarily checked, by some whispering in the kitchen of “a strange man that had been seen but could not be traced;” and once they were effectually stopped by an assertion, “that the spirit of the late laird had been seen sitting on the point of a crag, looking mournfully toward the seat of Sir Colin M'Dowell,” the latest suitor of the mistress. It is true, these conjectures, whilst they inspired fear, also excited laughter in the hour of retirement, which was often aided by Agnes' account of the observations made on their lady's good appetite, which, in the Highlands of Scotland, is always a subject of remark.

But, about the sixth year of residence, a new and much more formidable source of anxiety presented itself; and old Aggy, wringing her hands, declared “that it never could be got over—she was fairly at her wit's ends about it.” This was no less a circumstance than the pregnancy of the fair widow. Margaretta herself could not be sorry for this, and it was certain that her husband was delighted; but Agnes considered it a misfortune of great magnitude, declaring that it would destroy the good name of her mistress, bring shame on the house, and at any rate throw more on her own hands than in the decline

of life she was able to bear. The husband ridiculed her fears; he reminded her, that in days past she had helped many a poor woman's child into the world, and promised that he would be himself the servant and nurse. It was however certain, that, as this hour of trial approached, his fortitude frequently gave way, and he earnestly besought that beloved wife, on whom his very soul hung for its comfort, to remove to Edinburgh, to declare her situation as a wife, and to give into the hands of his creditors the considerable sum which she had been amassing by her unremitting industry and resolute frugality. This advice Margaretta could not be prevailed on to adopt. She had set her heart on *wholly* liberating her husband, and she had an unconquerable aversion to a disclosure of her situation. From successful secrecy for so long a time, she was led to believe that concealment was still practicable, and, with her usual good sense and equanimity, she combated the fears of her fond and anxious husband and her attached attendant, and prophesied that all would end happily.

A time came when she was obliged to plead illness, as an excuse for withdrawing herself from the eyes of her household and from her church; but, in doing so, she drew on herself the more immediate cognisance of the minister, whose duty it was to visit the sick. As he was a bachelor, however, it was not difficult to elude his suspicions. It was happy for the family that the time of trial arrived before it was expected, and that, although severe, it was not protracted. At the hour of midnight, when all the children of toil within the walls of the castle slept soundly, its future heir first uttered the feeble cry which announces that "man is born into the world," and awakens in the bosom of a parent the feelings of unutterable tenderness. This emotion is generally felt with the greatest acuteness by the mother who has suffered for her child, and must sustain it; but, in the present instance, the captive father partook all the fond solicitude, the palpitating anxiety, of his partner. The affection which he evinced alike for the mother and her child served to obliterate from her mind all traces of his past errors; and never had he been so fondly loved, or held in such proud estimation, as now when he was literally the nurse of his Margaret and her babe.

All went well with one who had so long renounced the enervating habits of fashionable life, and secured, in pure air and wholesome exercise, the blessings of a sound constitution. When she resumed her usual habits, the domestics remarked "that she was bonnier than ever;" but Agnes asserted that it still required "care to keep her weel," and frequently urged her to retire to her own apartments. Ah! how delicious were the moments when she hastened thither, locking door after door in her way to the inmost recess, where, like a miser, she found her double treasure awaiting her return with an impatience which it was rapture to allay.

The anxiety to prevent all sound from reaching the interior of the inhabited part of the dwelling, to supply to the infant the change of air necessary for its welfare, to guard against all surprise and calculate on all chances, gave to the mind of Mr. D—— such constant and interesting employment, that he lost sight of all other wishes and wants, and his health now kept pace with that of his thriving boy. It is true, he would sometimes declare that, when the child could run, he must run too, as it would be quite impossible for him to forego the pleasure of guiding its young steps over the mountain, and plucking the heather and harebell, to fill those little hands which now began to clasp his neck. The affectionate wife always heard these declarations with more of sorrow than surprise. She could not but be aware, that he loved his child as no other father perhaps had ever loved one so young, and she was certain that no delight could be so great to her own heart, as that of seeing him fulfil his wishes; but the time was not yet come, when by the power of her purse she could atone for the practice of her deception. Alas! it was yet some years distant; and how dared she to suppose that the *ruse* she had devised, even for the most honorable purpose, would not awaken the malignity of some narrow spirit, who might render all her past efforts useless?

The boy began to paddle round the father's domain, and to be carried in the hours of night to the top of the tower, where he might gaze on the bright moon, and inhale the pure breeze. His lisped words awakened transport in the hearts of the parents, and his loud laugh excited terror in Agnes, who yet idolised him, when a circumstance arose

which for a short time divided, with the darling, the attention of his parents.

This was the return of a distant relative of Mrs. D—— from the East-Indies. He was the uncle of her mother, and, a short time before her birth, had left his native country with a subaltern's commission, and the slender portion of a younger brother. He was courageous, successful, and rapidly promoted for a time, so that in the years of her infancy his name was familiar to her; but, having the misfortune to be captured, he was supposed to be dead, and had long since been lost to his contemporaries.

If our friends had still resided in England, they would have heard of him as recovered to his country, an ornament to his profession, and returning with well-earned fame and fortune; but it had long been their business to shut out the world, and they had succeeded in a great degree, one being buried indeed, and the other nearly so. In Scotland, however, the ties of kindred are so closely woven, that the fair widow was never forgotten, although greatly blamed by many, as a romantic woman, laboring to recover the estate and pay the debts of a husband who could never thank her; while she was extolled by others as worthy of the noble race from which she had descended, and an example to all her sex.

Such were the accounts transmitted to the old general, when, having settled his affairs in London, he once more set his face toward his native land. He prudently halted at Edinburgh before he encountered the more northerly gales, which waved the grass on the graves of all his kindred, save the daughter of his niece. Her little history, so far as he heard it, affected him exceedingly; for he remembered her husband as a lovely boy, who had vaped with his sword and stolen the feather from his hat, and he wondered not that in mature years he had stolen the heart of his fair kinswoman, whose solitude he determined to invade for the most generous purposes.

In pursuance of this idea, a courier was despatched to announce his arrival, and his intention of shortly following a letter which indicated his desire of drawing his beloved relative from a solitude that must be irksome, however wisely chosen. Such a letter could not fail to excite fears, not unmingled with hopes, in the bosom both of the husband and the wife; but, for the present, conceal-

ment was the principal object, so far as the former was concerned.

"He knows every hole and corner o' the castle," cried Aggy; "I have seen him scramble ower the top o' the towers a thousand times—I'se warrant he'll be every where in a minute. I mun be off wi the bairn, or we'll be aw ruined, and surely his honor'll follow?"—This his honor readily resolved to do; but the *how* and the *when* were to be considered, and, whilst these points were under consideration, the general arrived. He was a weak old man, fragile in form, and of subdued spirits, which rather required support than assumed command; and Aggy was soon satisfied on the point of his "scampering about;" but one evil was apparent; for he established himself in the parlor of her mistress, as the only warm place in the mansion, and brought thither "his thin-eared flunkies," who would not fail to hear "every giggle o' the bairnie;" and the business of secrecy, followed, with success, for more than seven long years, seemed shaken at once to its foundation by this unfortunate residence. Through this room all the means of subsistence were wont to pass, and no provision had been made for a siege: there were indeed other entrances, but these were in a manner forbidden by the wondering visitants of these unknown regions, and for the following two days great was the distress of all parties. On the evening of the third, the general, finding himself more comfortable than he had hoped to be in so northern a climate, declared his intention, with his niece's permission, to remain with her a month.—"Aye, a year, my dear sir, if ——"—"Do you mean to say, Margaretta, if I will not press you to return with me to Edinburgh?"—"I meant, sir, if you could remove into a room more suitable for your accommodation; but I wish you also not to press my removal hence until I have effected the purpose for which I came: it is now nearly done; but for a few *more* years"—"Nonsense! I will not have you buried here even a few more months: *years* are precious things to you, and *days* are so to me. From what you have told me, it appears that five thousand pounds more will set the whole affair to rights—I will give it you, child."—"My dear, *dear* uncle, how shall I thank you?"—"Why, by returning with me, to be sure, and making me happy—You will be then a wealthy widow, and

are known to be a prudent one; and since I am sure that notwithstanding your rustic garb you are still a handsome one, who knows but I may have the satisfaction of seeing you again a wife, when you will perhaps give me a child to inherit that property which I have hardly earned?"

At this moment the cheek of Margaretta was lighted up by a color of ruby brightness; but it quickly receded, and her countenance assumed a death-like paleness; her heart beat even audibly, but her tongue refused its office; and she was on the point of falling on the floor, when her alarmed relative exerted himself to support her, while he called vehemently for her usual attendant. She did not quite faint, and at the sight of Agnes her courage revived, and she hastily bade her go and bring the prisoners thither.

"Prisoners! what mean you, niece? I have been distressed by strange sounds ever since I entered this house:—you alarm me;—presume not to play on the feelings you have excited."—"Behold," said the fond wife, recovering as she beheld her child in his father's arms, "my husband and my child—look at him, dear—uncle, it is Donald D—; he bears, in his form and face, lineaments of the race from which he sprang."—"But he died in London?"—"He died, or rather *seemed to die*, that he might save me from the poverty into which we were sunk by our inexperience and folly; and I have died to the world, that I might restore to his creditors the property I usurped. My task is nearly completed, and your generous gift will more than satisfy all claims upon us."—"But you bore no children to your husband?"—"Not for some years, but this sweet boy has been born to us in this seclusion:—he is no longer a child of obscurity; you have bestowed on him free air and the light of heaven, and may God reward you."

The old soldier wept as he clasped the boy to his bosom, and promised to become his godfather; and the whole party now deliberated on the best mode of settling the concerns of the supposed widow, and promulgating the affair to the world.

The wealth and influence of the general soon reinstated Mr. D— in his possessions, which he did not enter upon before all his debts were honorably liquidated; but the dislike to be made a wonder, natural to every noble and de-

licate mind, together with a sense of *mauvaise honte* contracted in his long seclusion, induced him to decline returning to the world. His happiness was indeed complete in living among his tenants, resuming the field-sports of his youth, training his children (for in time he became the father of two others), and enjoying an unrestrained intercourse with that beloved wife whom he deemed, in an especial manner the

"wisest, virtuous, discreet, best,"

and who never desired to re-enter a world in which she had suffered so much.

The general ended his days with them in the castle, which was now converted into a comfortable house; and although he bequeathed a considerable fortune to his niece, it did not alter their style of living, farther than to extend their hospitality and their power of doing good. In advancing life, when the memory of their strange story had passed away, and their young Margaretta was rising into womanhood, they spent two or three winters at Bath, where the mother of the lady who related this little history to the present writer renewed her acquaintance with Mrs. D—, whom she had intimately known in early life.

From this authentic source of information the foregoing particulars of this interesting family were derived; and it is only necessary to add that they were living and in good health about the year 1780, and so likely to live to a great age, that they may yet be in existence.

B.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS; A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

THE Americans have for some years endeavoured, with zeal and spirit, if not with complete success, to rival the British novelists; and Mr. Cooper is not undistinguished among these aspirants to celebrity. He has not, indeed, the greatest skill in plot or in composition, and he does not excite the most lively interest: but his narratives are amusing, his scenic descriptions are sometimes vivid, and he delineates and develops characters with considerable ability.

We are aware that a sketch taken from a particular point of view will not display the general beauty of a landscape, and that the reader cannot properly judge of a whole work from a detached

part; but, with the aid of some preliminary remarks, the following extract will explain itself. Major Heyward is an officer in the colonial service, directing, in concert with a few Mohicans, the operations against the Hurons and other savages: but he falls, with some of his friends and two interesting young women, into the hands of the enemy. A bold effort is made for the rescue of the captives, and the conflict is thus described. The Huron chief rushed upon one of the assailants,—“hurling his tomahawk with violence, and gnashing his teeth with a rage that could no longer be bridled. The axe cleaved the air in front of Heyward, and, cutting some of the flowing ringlets of Alice, buried itself, and quivered in the tree above her head. The sight maddened Duncan to desperation. Collecting all his energies in one effort, he snapped the twigs which bound him, and rushed upon another savage, who was preparing, with loud yells and a more deliberate aim, to repeat the blow. They encountered, grappled, and fell to the earth together. The naked body of his antagonist afforded Heyward no means of holding his adversary, who glided from his grasp, and rose again with one knee on his chest, pressing him down with the weight of a giant. Duncan already saw the knife gleaming in the air, when a whistling sound swept past him, accompanied by the sharp crack of a rifle. He felt his breast relieved from the load it had endured; he saw the savage expression of his adversary's countenance change to a look of vacant wildness; and then the Indian fell prostrate and dead on the faded leaves by his side.

“The Hurons stood aghast at this sudden visitation of death on one of their band. But, as they regarded the fatal accuracy of an aim which had dared to immolate an enemy at so much hazard to a friend, the name of *La Longue Carabine* burst simultaneously from every lip, and was succeeded by a wild and a sort of plaintive howl. The cry was answered by a loud shout from a thicket, where the incautious party had piled their arms; and, at the next moment, Hawk-eye, too eager to load the rifle he had regained, was seen advancing upon them, brandishing the clubbed weapon, and cutting the air with wide and powerful sweeps. Bold and rapid as was the progress of the scout, it was exceeded by that of a light and vigorous form, which,

bounding past him, leaped, with incredible activity and daring, into the very centre of the Hurons, where it stood, whirling a tomahawk and flourishing a glittering knife in front of Cora. Quicker than the thoughts could follow these unexpected and audacious movements, an image, armed in the emblematic panoply of death, stole, with the imaginary glidings of a spectre, before their eyes, and assumed a threatening attitude at the other's side. The savage tormentors recoiled before these warlike intruders, and uttered, as they appeared in such quick succession, the often-repeated and peculiar exclamation of surprise, followed by the well-known and dreaded appellations of *Le Cerf Agile! Le Gros Serpent!*

“But the wary and vigilant leader of the Hurons was not so easily disconcerted. Casting his keen eyes around the plain, he comprehended the nature of the assault at a glance; and, encouraging his followers by his voice, as well as by his example, he unsheathed his long and dangerous knife, and rushed, with a loud whoop, upon the expecting Chingachgook. It was the signal for a general combat. Neither party had fire-arms, and the contest was to be decided in the deadliest manner, hand to hand, with weapons of offence, and none of defence.

“Uncas answered the whoop, and leaping on an enemy, with a well-directed blow of his tomahawk, cleft him to the brain. Heyward tore the weapon of Magua from the sapling, and rushed eagerly toward the fray. As the combatants were now equal in number, each singled an opponent from the adverse band. The rush and blows passed with the fury of a whirlwind and the swiftness of lightning. Hawk-eye soon got another enemy within reach of his arm, and with one sweep of his formidable weapon he beat down the slight and inartificial defences of his antagonist, crushing him to the earth with the weight of his blow. Heyward ventured to hurl the tomahawk he had seized, too ardent to await the moment of closing. It struck the Indian he had selected on the forehead, and checked for an instant his onward rush. Encouraged by this slight advantage, the impetuous young man continued his onset, and sprang upon his enemy with naked hands. A single instant was sufficient to assure him of the rashness of the measure, for he immediately found himself fully engaged,

with all his activity and courage, in endeavouring to ward the desperate thrusts made with the knife of the Huron. Unable longer to foil an enemy so alert and vigilant, he threw his arms about him, and succeeded in pinning the limbs of the other to his side with an iron grasp, but one that was far too exhausting to himself to continue long. In this extremity he heard a voice near him shouting, 'Exterminate the varlets! No quarter to an accursed Mingo!' At the next moment, the breech of Hawk-eye's rifle fell on the naked head of his adversary, whose muscles appeared to wither under the shock, as he sunk from the arms of Duncan inflexible and motionless.

"When Uncas had brained his first antagonist, he turned, like a hungry lion, to seek another. The fifth and only Huron disengaged at the first onset had paused a moment, and then seeing that all around him were employed in the deadly strife, he had sought, with hellish vengeance, to complete the baffled work of revenge. Raising a shout of triumph, he had sprung toward the defenceless Cora, sending his keen axe as the dreadful precursor of his approach. The tomahawk grazed her shoulder, and cutting the withes which bound her to the tree, left the maiden at liberty to fly. She eluded the grasp of the savage, and, reckless of her own safety, threw herself on the bosom of Alice, striving, with convulsed and ill-directed fingers, to tear asunder the twigs which confined the person of her sister. Any other than a monster would have relented at such an act of generous devotion to the best and purest affection; but the breast of the Huron was a stranger to any sympathy in the moments of his fury. Seising Cora by the rich tresses which fell in glossy confusion about her form, he tore her from her frantic hold, and bowed her down with brutal violence to her knees. The savage drew the flowing curls through his hand, and raising them on high with an outstretched arm, he passed the knife around the exquisitely moulded head of his victim, with a taunting and exulting laugh. But he dearly purchased this moment of fierce gratification. The sight caught the eye of Uncas. Bounding from his footsteps, he appeared for an instant darting through the air, and descending in a ball he fell on the chest of his enemy, driving him, for many yards from the spot, headlong and prostrate. The violence of the ex-

ertion cast the young Mohican at his side. They arose together, fought, and bled each in his turn. But the conflict was soon decided; the tomahawk of Heyward and the rifle of Hawk-eye descending on the skull of the Huron at the same moment that the knife of Uncas reached his heart.

"The battle was now terminated, with the exception of the protracted struggle between Le Reynard Subtil and Le Gros Serpent. Well did these barbarous warriors prove that they deserved those significant names, which had been bestowed for deeds in former wars. When they engaged, some time was lost in eluding the quick and vigorous thrusts which had been aimed at their lives. Suddenly darting on each other, they closed, and came to the earth, twisted together, like twining serpents, in pliant and subtle folds. At the moment when the victors found themselves unoccupied, the spot where these experienced and desperate combatants lay could only be distinguished by a cloud of dust and leaves, which moved from the centre of the plain toward its boundary, as if raised by the passage of a whirlwind. Urged by the different motives of filial affection, friendship, and gratitude, Heyward and his companions rushed with one accord to the place, encircling the little canopy which hung above the warriors. In vain did Uncas dart around the cloud, with a wish to strike his knife into the heart of his father's foe; the threatening rifle of Hawk-eye was raised and suspended in vain, while Duncan endeavoured to seize the limbs of the Huron with hands that appeared to have lost their power. Covered, as they were, with dust and blood, the swift and subtle evolutions of the combatants seemed to incorporate their bodies into one. The death-like figure of the bold Mohican, and the dark form of the Huron, gleamed before their eyes in such quick and confused succession, that the friends of the former knew not where or when to plant their succouring blows. It is true, there were short and fleeting moments, when the fiery eyes of Magua were seen glittering, like the fabled organs of the basilisk, through the dusky wreath by which he was enveloped; and he read by those short and deadly glances the fate of the combat in the hated countenances and in the presence of his enemies; ere, however, any hostile hand could descend on his devoted head, its place was filled by the

scowling visage of Chingachgook. The Mohican now found an opportunity to make a powerful thrust with his knife; Magna suddenly relinquished his grasp, and fell backward, without motion, and seemingly without life. His adversary leaped on his feet, making the arches of the forest ring with the sounds of his shout of triumph.

“ ‘ Well done for the Delawares! victory to the Mohican!’ cried Hawk-eye, once more elevating the butt of the long and fatal rifle; ‘ a finishing blow from a man without a cross will never tell against his honor, nor rob him of his right to the scalp.’ ”

“ But, at the very moment when the dangerous weapon was in the act of descending, the subtle Huron rolled swiftly from beneath the danger over the edge of the precipice, and falling on his feet, was seen leaping, with a single bound, into the centre of the thicket which clung along its sides. The Delawares, who had believed their enemy dead, uttered their exclamation of surprise, and were following with speed and clamour, like hounds in open view of the deer, when a shrill and peculiar cry from the scout instantly changed their purpose, and recalled them to the summit of the hill.

“ ‘ ’Twas like himself!’ cried the inveterate forester, whose prejudices contributed so largely to veil his natural sense of justice in all matters which concerned the Mingoes; ‘ a lying and deceitful varlet as he is! An honest Delaware now, being fairly vanquished, would have lain still and been knocked on the head: but these knavish Maquas cling to life like so many cats of the mountain. Let him go; ’tis but one man, and he without either rifle or bow, many a long mile from his French comrades; and, like a rattler that has lost his fangs, he can do no farther mischief until he and we too may leave the prints of our moccasins over a long reach of sandy plain. ‘ See, Uncas,’ he added, in Delaware, ‘ your father is flaying the scalps already! It may be well to go round and feel the vagabonds that are left, or we may have another of them leaping through the woods, and screeching like any jay that has been winged!’—So saying, the honest but implacable scout made the circuit of the dead, into whose senseless bosoms he thrust his long knife with as much coolness as though they had been so many brute carcasses. He had, however, been anticipated by the elder Mohican, who

had already torn the emblems of victory from the unresisting heads of the slain. But Uncas, denying his habits, we had almost said his nature, flew with instinctive delicacy, accompanied by Heyward, to the assistance of the sisters, and quickly releasing Alice, placed her in the open arms of Cora. We shall not attempt to describe the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events which glowed in the bosoms of the lovely maidens, who were thus unexpectedly restored to life and to each other. Their thanksgivings were deep and silent, the offerings of their gentle spirits burning brightest and purest on the secret altars of their hearts, and their renovated and more earthly feelings exhibiting themselves in long and fervent, though speechless caresses. As Alice rose from her knees, where she had sunken by the side of Cora, she threw herself on the bosom of her sister, and sobbed aloud the name of their aged father, while her soft dove-like eyes sparkled with the rays of revived hope, the intelligence with which they beamed partaking more of the ethereal than of any expression which might belong to human infirmity.”

A VISIT TO A POET,

from one who was also a Voluntary of the Muse.

My visit, my dear Polwhele, has at length been paid to the author of *Elfrida*. You can easily conceive, that the man who first introduced himself to your friendship at college, by observing at collections when going up to be examined, (do you recollect this?) that he felt the tortures of the d—d, would experience some degree of diffidence and trepidation on hearing his name announced as he entered under Mason’s roof; and not the less so, when I tell you, that my friend H. had been endeavouring to beguile the length of the way, by expatiating on the pleasure he felt in introducing me to a character of such eminence, and that he hoped Mr. Mason would find that his account of me was neither visionary nor exaggerated. There was a kind of sedate benignity in his countenance, however, which soon dissipated these terrors of apprehension, and taught me instantaneously to rely on him as a man, the leading traits of whose disposition were feeling and reflection. This immediate impression of his character I found afterwards to be

strictly just. I never yet met with a human being, whose head and heart appear to act and re-act so reciprocally, so concordantly upon each other, as his. It is this harmonious conjunction of body and mind, which in my opinion constitutes the genuine poet. It is this which enables him to mark the beauties of nature, to taste their effects, and to groupe them in such a manner as to affect, through the medium of imitative representation, others of equal susceptibility with himself.

For some time I cannot say that I felt myself at my ease. I could not help considering him (see with what awe you poets strike us inferior mortals!) as a species of being of a higher order of intelligence, as a writer whose honors were blooming rich around him, and as one whose name time had already begun to immortalize on his rock of adamant; his condescension, however, soon enabled me to collect myself. I afterwards conversed with him freely and unreservedly upon general topics, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having my vanity flattered, on perceiving that we mutually coalesced in our principles and opinions.

In his style of conversation, you can trace nothing of the *vis viva* of the poet. Here his inventive powers apparently lie dormant. Those flashes of genius, those intellectual emanations which we are taught to believe great men cannot help darting forward, in order to lighten up the gloom of colloquial communication, he seems to consider as affected; he therefore rejects them whenever they occur, and appears to pride himself on the preference which he gives to simplicity and perspicuity. Conversation with him resembles the style of painting mentioned in the earlier part of the Athenian history, which consisted in representing the artist's ideas in a simple unaffected point of view, through the medium of one colour only; whereas his writings are like the pictures of Polygnotus*. They glow with all the warmth of an invigorated imagination, an animated diction, and a rich luxuriant phraseology.

His manners are as chaste and unaffected as his conversation. The stream that winds its easy way through woods and verdant meads is not less artificial or more insinuating than he is in doing the honors of the table, or promoting the

graces of the drawing-room; and he has the art of reconciling you implicitly to his superiority, by the amiability of his sentiments, the benignity of his attention, and particularly by an indescribable way with him, of making you appear to advantage, even when he convinces you of the erroneousness of your opinions, or the inconclusiveness of your reasoning.

In regard to his morals, I believe, from what I have collected, that few can look back upon a period of sixty years' existence, spent so uniformly pure and correct. In the course of our chit-chat he informed me, in an unostentatious, unaffected manner, that he never was intoxicated but once. I give the man credit for the possession of the sublimest merit, that can say this at his time of life. I give him the same degree of credit, likewise, for another instance of temperance equal to this, though not of the same species: when he was a young man, he made a determination, as soon as he came to the possession of his present property, which at that time was entailed upon him, to accept no additional preferment. This resolution he has invariably adhered to, though many have been the temptations to induce him to break through it. But I should not omit mentioning, that, when he came to the possession of his estate, the first thing he did to testify to the world his principles was the giving up his chaplainship to the king. A priest (says he) in that situation cannot help looking forward toward a bishopric—a species of ambition incompatible with the simplicity and purity of the Christian character; for the moment (he added) that a man aspires to the purple, virtue goes out of him.

He may, with great truth, be said to be the successor of Pope in the elegance of his retirement and the respectability of his connexions. He has about 1500*l.* per ann. to live upon; and one third of this, I am informed, he devotes to patronage and charity.

His genius (you observe I write without order or method) is not confined to poetry. It has penetrated the regions of the other arts with no small success. Some of his productions in painting rise considerably above mediocrity, and have extorted praise even from the sublime Sir Joshua. His compositions in music possess so many strokes of originality, that I am convinced, if he had devoted the same proportion of time in cultivating the smiles and good opinion of that be-

* The introducer of a mixture of colors.

witching nymph as he has done to her Parnassian sisters, he would have been equally interesting and great; even in architecture he has shown the same elegance and taste. His house at Aston, and its ornaments, were made after his own designs.

You would have been highly delighted had you spent the week with us. We constituted among us a little academy of the arts and sciences. In one corner of the library his curate was constructing a dial; in another, Mr. H. was copying a head of Addison, which Mr. Mason intended as a present to the bishop of Worcester; in a third was your friend, placed at the piano-forte, correcting some of Mr. M.'s productions; and, lastly, there was he himself sitting pensively, 'bodying forth the forms of things unknown.' I wished very earnestly for you; I knew it was a set that was exactly calculated for your character.

We conversed much upon poetry, and particularly upon Dryden. Would you conceive it, that he disapproves many parts of the celebrated Ode on St. Cecilia's Day? He objected, in some respects, against the measure, as partaking too much of the ballad species, and as being too remote from the lyric genius; such as

"War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble, &c."

"With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears, &c."

The repetition of

"Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, &c."

he said, was devoid of all meaning; and that it rather tended to excite something bordering on the ludicrous, than to add to the pathetic impressions already excited.

Gray he seems to idolise. He says he had more true poetical enthusiasm, more of that divine phrensy which constitutes what ought to be deemed the true bard, (but which the present rage after philosophical pursuits has nearly extinguished,) than all the modern poets put together.

We conversed, too, about yourself. Praise from such a character as Mason must be deemed sterling. Receive it, therefore, with due respect, when I tell you, that he passed the highest compliments on your Theocritus. He said, that, for smoothness and harmony of versification, you had considerably exceeded your original. When I told him

VOL. VII.

that you had completed that volume within six months, he appeared surprised, and observed, that with application such powers of mind might aspire to the completion of great things.

Of music we had so divine a treat! at the first pause Dr. G. seized a pen, and immediately scribbled the following lines:

"Orpheus, 'tis said, once touch'd the lyre so well,
He drew his loved Eurydice from Hell:
Vain boast!—To Mason's pious harp 'tis given
To raise enraptured multitudes to Heaven!"

With that he threw them into the fire. I told him, however, it was useless; for I was sure of retaining them.

July 28, 1788.

R. GREVILLE.

THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM,
from a new Collection of German Tales.

A YOUNG Englishman, from gaming, love-affairs, and other gold-scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the bottom of his purse, though it had been once well filled, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, as feeble in body as in mind, and, for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine, whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames. While he thus wavered between fire and water, the profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, the fair girls frisked around him; in both of which enjoyments he fancied he might revel by the aid of his wife's portion. On the following morning, he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point except the slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of: he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere. After much cogita-

tion, he at last hit upon an old rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who was the father of a fair child. Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half of the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colonel was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks, and looked particularly odd in the dress of her mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire: she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to "yes, yes," or "no, no." This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had, until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence, and her red swollen cheeks he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father, and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected much knowledge of mankind; so that, however slyly the young man had masked himself, he could discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but on the other hand, he thought, "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice;—he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted; but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial."

The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match, provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor thing, replied as in duty bound,—*"My father's will is mine."* Indeed, could any thing else be expected?

In the course of a few weeks, the nuptial ceremony was performed at the country-house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, which in German money might amount to thirty thousand

dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought of such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

They now sat down to table, and the father-in-law begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young couple should set off that very afternoon with him for London.

The son-in-law was confounded, and began to make some excuses about traveling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that matrimonial joys might be as well realised in London as in the country. What was to be done? The journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank-notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horsemen darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postilion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, "We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!" The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent toward the young man, and whispered in his ear, "That you may see we are most reasonable men, we leave you the choice of two things,—give us either the bride or her portion: for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."—The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, "Take the bride!"—"Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride."

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you

cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune. God be praised that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman; he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole vileness, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil!"—With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postilion to turn about. The adventurer, with a heavy heart, trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should use a pistol, or throw himself into the river; but whether he did one or the other of these acts, history does not inform us.

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY LIFE OF A
VETERAN DRAMATIST*.

I WAS born (says Mr. O'Keeffe) in Dublin, on the 24th of June, 1747; my father was a native of the King's County, and my mother of the county of Wexford. I was designed by my parents and my own inclination for a painter, and not above six years of age when I was placed at Mr. West's academy. My drawing gave me an early taste for the antique, and consequently set me reading. From the Greek, Latin, and French, acquired under Father Austin, my fancy soon strayed to Shakspeare, old Ben, Congreve, Cibber, and Farquhar. The first edition of Farquhar's comedies, with the prints prefixed to each of them, set me studying and acting private plays among my schoolfellows; and this transition from drawing to poetising was ultimately (as my sight began to fail at seven-and-twenty) very fortunate for me:—a man can compose with his pen in the hand of an *amanuensis*; but the pencil he must hold in his own hand.

Before I dismiss the subject of drawing, to enter on my dramatic career, to which those drawing pursuits led me, I recall to my mind with pleasure, that I did

many portraits of my friends; amongst others, two whole-lengths of Lewis in the characters of Belcour and Captain Brazen,—and another of the bishop of Derry's female infant in her cradle. I also did four views of Belfast for lord Donegal, for his pride and pleasure and my own emolument, and two views of Kilkenny to employ and amuse myself.

In the year 1756, Hamilton (afterwards eminent in the first class of historical painters in England) was my fellow-student in the Royal Academy in Dublin: he was remarkable for choosing, when drawing the human figure, the most foreshortened view, consequently the most difficult.—Our premiums were adjudged once a year, in the House of Lords: the drawings of the candidates were pinned round the walls to be examined, as to their merits and classes. The boy wrote previously in chalk under his drawing "from the life," if it was so; and "from the round," if from a bust or statue. My brother Daniel was one of the younger candidates; and all, full of their gambols, got to plucking off the large scarlet tassels and bobbins from the benches, and pelting them at each other. One of these struck Hamilton's drawing, which, being in chalk, was consequently much injured. He, enraged, thinking that poor Dan had done the mischief, gave him a most tremendous box on the ear. This accident, by the drawing being spoiled, lost Hamilton the premium. The names of those who obtained the premiums, and their different classes, were in the newspapers: this was the proudest *stimulus* to our emulation. I once obtained the head premium for my drawing of the Ariadne, the well-known fine antique.

At the age of fifteen years, I was sent by my mother to London, and I was, for a time, happily settled with my aunt and her husband (a German) at their very handsome house in Cleveland-row. A few weeks after my arrival, I was standing in the court of St. James's palace, when the queen came to an open window, with the infant prince of Wales in her arms, to display him to the admiring people; the babe, frightened at their loud shouts and loyal huzzas, cried, and the queen delivered him to a lady who stood by. I can acquit myself of any share of voice in terrifying the infant; for, at that time, I was afraid of opening my lips, lest I should be laughed at for my Dublin brogue. This was the

* Abridged from the original narrative given in the New Monthly Magazine.

first sight I (his poet) had of my illustrious and royal patron, the present king.

During my two-years' residence in London I often saw Garrick: the delight his acting gave me was one of the silken cords that drew me toward a theatre. I liked him best in *Lear*. His saying, in the bitterness of his anger, "I will do such things—what they are, I know not," and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying "Be these tears wet?—yes, faith," putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia, and then looking at his finger, was exquisite. I saw him do *Abel Drugger* the same night; and his appalled look of terror, where he drops the glass globe, drew as much applause from the audience as his *Lear* had done. Some years after, when I heard lord Mansfield on the bench, his voice and manner brought Garrick forcibly to my recollection. In 1779 I saw Garrick's funeral procession pass to the Abbey; a short time before, I had seen him walking very quick (his way) on the terrace of the *Adelphi*. He caught cold sitting in the orchestra, at a night view of the scenery preparing for the opera of the *Camp*.

After my return to Dublin, I began, at the age of eighteen, my dramatic career. Mossop, the tragedian, brought out my first piece, the *She Gallant*. My previous abode in London had given me so much insight into its ways and characters, that I was enabled to lay my scene there, and ventured to begin my play with two young gentlemen and their Irish servant walking in the Mall in St. James's Park.

In 1770 I brought out at Cork a two-act piece, called the *India Ship*, and a pastoral, with songs, *Colin's Welcome*, which was acted at Limerick and in Dublin with great applause. I selected the music myself, and wrote a song to the tune of *Rule Britannia!* my song beginning, '*Hibernia! happy, favored Isle.*'

In this year I became acquainted with James Solus Dodd. He wrote and recited a *Lecture on Hearts*; but, the public remembering G. A. Stevens' *Lecture on Heads*, it gave little entertainment. His learning and general knowledge were great; and, though he had no stock of wit himself, he was delighted to find it in another. He turned

actor, but was indifferent at that trade. He was a lively, smart, little man, with a cheerful, laughing face. It was he who established the *Buck Lodge*, the first ever in Ireland. The title certainly conveyed ideas of levity; but our *Buck Lodge* was an institution so honorable and moral, that a good character was the only means of admission.

I was once asked by Spranger Barry to "make his face" for the character of *Lear*. I went to his dressing-room, and used my camel-hair pencil and Indian ink, with, as I thought, a very venerable effect. When he came into the green-room, royally dressed, asking some of the performers how he looked, Isaac Sparks said to him, "As you belong to the London Beef-steak club, O'Keeffe has made you peeping through a grid-iron." Barry was so doubtful of his own excellence, that he used to consult the old experienced stage-carpenters, at rehearsals, to give him their opinion how he acted such and such a passage; but used to call them aside for this purpose. This diffidence was more remarkable in Barry, who was the finest actor in his walk that has appeared on the English stage—*Alexander, Romeo, Jaffier!*

During my dramatic career, I became acquainted with George Alexander Stevens. His performance of his *Lecture on Heads* gave me as much pleasure as any theatrical exhibition could; his powerful humor, in delineating his variety of characters, was such a vehicle for the excellent wit of the piece. When in private company with him, at my own house, I ventured to sing a whimsical song of my writing, and he prophesied I should yet cut a great figure as a dramatic author. This was a star of hope from such a bright fellow in that way, as the author of

"Once the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast."

I also formed an acquaintance with captain Bowater. He was the best private actor I ever witnessed; but admiration and applause turned his brain. One night, at Crow-street, during the performance of *Comus*, when Mrs. Crawford was in the enchanted chair, he walked in upon the stage, leaned on the back of her chair, and began an easy conversation with her, to her confusion and the wonder of the audience. A few minutes after, meeting me in the green-room, he told me he had just received a

fine present from London, from Garrick ; a coat richly embroidered with *polished steel*! to act in his character of Archer. "There, Mr. O'Keeffe! there's a *beau* Stratagem for you!" He actually went mad, and died so. He had been page to a lord lieutenant, was very handsome, had a Roman nose, small mouth, lively eye, but had a stoop when acting.

The acting by military officers took rise from the children of Mr. Samuel White's school, getting up *Cato* at Crow-street Theatre. White's son played *Cato* admirably. The marquis of Kildare one morning on the stage started the thought, that, if these boys should repeat their play for the public at large, and money should be taken at the doors (which was not done at first), the profits might be applied to some of the charitable institutions of Dublin. Stuart, an actor, clapped the marquis on the shoulder, with "A good move, my lord."—"Why, I think it is, Mr. Stuart," replied lord Kildare, with the sense and good-humor of his natural character. The plan was adopted, and succeeded, to the delight of every feeling mind. Several officers in the army took it up afterwards, and the produce went to the Dublin hospitals and infirmaries. The actresses played *gratis*, and gentlemen of the first rank were door-keepers. Many years after, I attempted to promote this laudable custom, by making lady Amaranth, in my comedy of *Wild Oats*, adopt the same plan.

In 1772 I wrote *Tony Lumpkin in Town*, or the *Dilettante*, a sort of sequel to Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Five years afterwards I tried my fortune in London. I sent my play to Mr. Colman, with a letter, requesting that, should he disapprove it, he would have it left at the bar of the Grecian Coffee-house. The next day I called at the coffee-house, where I found a jocular, yet polite, and indeed friendly letter from the manager, expressing his approbation of the piece, with a promise to bring it out the following summer, and his wish to see the author. This was a joyful letter to me, as, before I sent my play to Mr. Colman, I showed it to my early friend, William Lewis, who told me it was not worth two-pence! Hastening to Soho-square, I knocked at the door of a fine-looking house, and was ushered into the library. Seated in cap and gown at breakfast, I there, for the

first time, saw the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, author of the *English Merchant*, the *Jealous Wife*, &c. who received me with all the frank good-nature of his character, laughed heartily at the whim of the piece, and repeated his promise of bringing it out on his boards. I then ventured to disclose my name; and he immediately, with my approbation of each, cast the parts, regretting that he had no performer for *Tony Lumpkin* but Parsons, who, he feared, would look too old for it; but added that he was an excellent actor, and a great favorite with the public. Charles Bannister was cast for *Tim Tickle the Bear-leader*; and though he had no song to display his fine vocal abilities, he liked the part much. I was at Portsmouth when the play came out; and shortly after received a letter from Mr. Colman, with the account of the author's night, 89*l.*—the charges of 63*l.* deducted, left my profits 26*l.* A bill on Messrs. Drummond for that sum, and a sorrow that the heat of the weather had rendered my night so unproductive, accompanied it. This was the summer of the naval review by his late majesty, and consequently the whole court, and corps of fashionables and unfashionables, had left town and thronged to Portsmouth.

On my return to London I called on Mr. Colman, who received me cordially; and on my acquainting him with my intention to go back to Ireland in a few days, he requested I would set my pen again to work; assuring me that his utmost endeavours should not be wanting to bring out any play of mine with the success which he now warmly predicted. This kindness raised my spirits; and with a cheerful mind I once more quitted London for Dublin, which I did not reach until three weeks after. One week we were windbound at Liverpool—five nights at sea with tremendous storms, and vain attempts to cross the Irish channel. At length the captain humanely complied with the earnest wishes of the passengers to land them any where; and we put back to Holyhead, where we stayed seven days more, waiting for a wind. As my mode was, wherever I saw a mountain, to get to the top of it (*Parnassus*, to wit,) I and my brother-in-law, a lieutenant in the army, as apt for such freaks as myself, climbed to the summit of Holyhead, where we put a stone on the top of the heap built up by our aspiring prede-

cessors; but this was no great exploit, as I had once before clambered to the utmost height of Powerscourt waterfall, among the mountains of Wicklow—the highest cataract in Ireland. My companion in this dangerous enterprise was a young surgeon named Rundle, who afterwards went to the East Indies. We climbed at the same time, one at each side of this stupendous fall, immersed in a cloud of spray, the foam and waters dashing round us, and treading on broken trees, rocks, and shrubs, where possibly no human foot had ever been before. Some by falling have since perished in this attempt.

On my return to Dublin, I remembered my promise to Mr. Colman (not forgetting my own stimulus to fame and profit), and wrote another two-act piece, in which I resolved to mount the opera style. As early as the year 1758, my fondness for song had often led me to the concerts at Marlborough Green, Dublin. Among the many fine singers there was Rachel Baptiste, a native of Africa: she always appeared in the orchestra, in a yellow silk gown, and was heard by the applauding company with great delight, without remarks upon her sable hue. The favorite song at that time was lord Chesterfield's Fair Kitty, beautiful and young.

Marlborough Green was a sort of tea-drinking place, with singers, a band of music, &c. and was greatly frequented. One evening a young nobleman was descending the steps which led to the long room, and a gentleman was going up with a party of ladies, the latter in full dress, the former in boots; his spur happened to touch the other's stocking. He had not been at the table two minutes, when lord ——— hastily entered and struck him across the shoulders with his rattan, saying, "Follow me, sir." Mr. ——— started up; both rushed upon the green; lord ——— snatched a small-sword from somebody; Mr. ——— drew his from his side, and in a pass or two, before any one could interfere, the peer was run through the body: he died a few hours afterwards. Mr. ——— quitted the kingdom. I have often since blessed Beau Nash for abolishing swords. Challenges and pistol-work are bad enough; but even then the wrathful man may have a chance of a watchful Providence not permitting the sun to go down on his anger. It is to be wished that seconds were a little more alert in peace-making, as the principals them-

selves may be afraid of any step toward it, lest they incur the imputation of cowardice, for slander has always its blacking-brush ready to dash away. It is with much pleasure I reflect, that in my day I have prevented two or three duels.

I finished the musical farce of the Son-in-law in three weeks, and sent it in a frank to Mr. Colman, who readily accepted it. It appeared in 1779, and in the London newspapers I read my triumph. This for ever silenced the croakings of my timid friends.

John Johnstone belonged at this time to the Dublin Company, and had never been in London. He was remarkable in our merry parties for singing very good songs with his fine falsetto voice. He wished at his benefit to have an opportunity of singing all these songs upon the stage, and said to me, "O'Keeffe, you can bring this about for me." I did so by writing a dialogue, representing on the stage a number of people in a room,—some at the bottle, some at the dice-box, some at cards, others eating oranges, sipping capillaire, and spooning up jellies; and I contrived appropriate lines in this dialogue, to draw out from him each of his songs in succession. It had a good effect, and the audience of his full house seemed to be much gratified.

I was at that time an occasional performer at Capel-street theatre. As I had been very highly thought of by the public in that tulip of fops, Jessamy, many ladies of the highest rank, who patronised the youthful Michael Kelly, now asked me to step out on the boards of Crowstreet, and play Beau Jessamy for the benefit of their young favorite, Master Lionel, who was just preparing for his voyage to Italy;—and here I take occasion to say that I have a due sense of the well-meant, and indeed happy mention of me by my highly endowed and kind townsman, in his entertaining Reminiscences.

My next play was the Dead Alive, which I founded on a story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and purposed laying the scene in Bagdad; but, on second thoughts, preferred London ways and manners to Turkish turbans. I wrote the character of Motley purposely for Edwin, having heard he was so capital in my Bowkit. I sent the piece over, in my own hand-writing, to Mr. Colman, in 1780, but he did not bring it out *that*

hot summer. In 1781 I went to London, and hastened to Soho-square. Mr. Colman was not at home, and I waited about half an hour in doubt and anxiety as to the fate of my play, for I had never heard from him on the subject, when he came in, in the highest spirits, was surprised to see me, and, shaking hands with a hearty welcome, said, "Glad to see you; I'm just come from your work, the rehearsal of the *Dead Alive*; the performers are all pleased with their parts, and in tiptop glee." It was acted about a week after, and justified all our hopes.

My elder and only brother Daniel had been settled in London some years (an eminent miniature painter), and I took lodgings next door to him in Macclesfield-street. Again I set my pen to work, and in a short time finished my *Agreeable Surprise*. This was the last piece I wrote in my own hand, my sight now beginning to decay. I offered it to Mr. Colman, but he was cool, having at that time in rehearsal a two-act piece called the *Silver Tankard*, written by lady Craven, now the margravine of Anspach: it had good songs, and fine music by Dr. Arnold, and was played often.

Though the season was nearly closed, Mr. Colman asked me, and I gave him my *Agreeable Surprise*, which he immediately brought out. Macklin was in the pit the first night, and at the dropping of the curtain was heard to say, "This is the best farce in the English language, except the *Son-in-law*;" which decision on its merits, coming from the author of *Love-à-la-Mode* and the *Man of the World*, an excellent actor himself, did me no harm with his hearers. My brother was also there; but such was the fear of my nearest relations for me in untried enterprise, that he, full of grave anxiety, asked a person who sat next to him, "Do you think they will ever let this be done again?"

On an average, I received for these three pieces about one hundred pounds each, copyright included; but I expected to gain a much larger sum, when Mr. Harris had engaged me to write an opera for Covent-Garden theatre. Not being prepared with any fable to build upon, I took up one of my own stories, and called the piece the *Banditti*, or *Love's Labyrinth*. When Mr. Harris said to me, "O'Keeffe, what am I to give you for this opera, your nights, and copyright?" Dr. Arnold, who was present,

instantly said, "Six hundred guineas." "Well, I will," was the prompt reply; and I stipulated to pay him for composing it, 50*l.* on the first night, 40*l.* more on the sixth night, and also 30*l.* should it go nine nights, and he was to have the sale of his music.

The opera was soon brought out, cast to the strength of the company; but, to the surprise of every body, and the astonishment and dismay of those concerned, it was condemned the first night. The superb scenery and decorations, and the sweet songs and duets of Mrs. Kennedy and Leoni were of no saving effect. The audience seemed to take offence at lightning flashing outside of the house through the windows of a dark room, though at the rehearsals this was thought a fine preparation for the tempest and horrors of the scene in the forest when the travelers are astray, and the banditti known to have issued from their cave to attack them. They also disliked the character of Agnes, a good-natured talkative old nurse, my favorite, with which in writing I had taken the greatest pains. Mr. Sheridan, who happened to be sitting by me that night in an upper box, said, "As you see they do not like your old woman, you must contrive to give them as little of her company as you can;" which remark determined me, if I could without hurting the plot (had the opera gone on), to omit her altogether.

Before the curtain dropped upon my disgrace, I slipped out of the theatre, told my servant to call a coach, flung myself into it, returned to my lodgings, and in a state of confusion and despondency threw myself on my bed. I thought of my poor children whom I had taken from the kind and fostering care of their grandfather and grandmother Heaphy in Ireland, and the pang went to my heart. I was scarcely ten minutes in this situation when a coachman's loud rap was heard at the door, and before John could apprise me of my visitor, in bolted from the street, up stairs, and into my bedroom, Mr. Harris and Dr. Arnold, with a cheering to my sorrow. The manager, with the greatest kindness, took all the cause of the failure on himself; said that he had hurried me in the writing; that to serve the theatre I had produced the opera three months before the time agreed upon for its coming out; that he had found my reputation as a dramatic au-

thor high with the public, and the temporary hurt it had suffered that night proceeded from my alacrity and industry to accommodate the theatre and oblige him. He generously added that he would keep to the letter of our agreement, and pay me every shilling of the six hundred guineas, requesting I would dismiss all trouble from my mind; and he had not a doubt that I should yet be able, with a few alterations, to render this opera successful and productive. This candid and liberal conduct needs no comment.

In about three weeks I re-wrote the opera, the parts were distributed, and a rehearsal called; but, alas! the performers, one and all, declared that in its new state it stood a fairer chance of condemnation than before: the parts therefore were again called in; and Mr. Harris, in the kindest and most friendly manner, insisted that I should perplex myself no more about it.

The first time of my venturing into a theatre after my defeat, Miss Catley, the celebrated singer, accosted me from a front row in the lower boxes, loud enough, as I was many rows back, to be heard by every body, "So, O'Keeffe, you had a piece d—d the other night. I'm glad of it—the devil mend you for writing an opera without bringing me into it!" On my second attempt, therefore, I wrote the character of a lady abhess for her, with a song and chorus of nuns, to the tune of Stony Batter; so that, upon reflection, the unfavorable judgement of the performers, on this my second attempt, shielded me from additional disgrace. A few minutes after she had thus accosted me, Leoni entered the box, with a lady leaning on his arm. Miss Catley, catching his eye, called out, "How do you do, Leoni? I hear you're married,—is that your wife? bid her stand up till I see her." Leoni, abashed, whispered to the lady, who with good-humored compliance stood up. Catley, after surveying her a little, said, "Ha! very well indeed. I like your choice." The audience around us seemed more diverted with this scene in the boxes than that on the stage, as Miss Catley and her oddities were well known to all. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw: the expression of her eyes, and the smiles and dimples that played round her lips and cheeks, were enchanting. She was eccentric, but had an excellent heart.

A FAMILY OF MANAGERS;
a characteristic Sketch, from the Phantasmagoria.

WE reached (says a friend of the family) the residence of Theophilus Simkins, esquire, his wife, and six unmarried daughters. On entering the house, we were shown into the tea-room; and, as some minutes elapsed before any of the family joined us, my companions had time to point out some of the internal beauties of the place. There was "the French polish on the tables," with "pipe-clay on the hearth, to imitate marble, and "the curtains which had been in wear ten years, and yet as fresh as ever!—all the effect of management." There was "the carpet bought second-hand, *such* a beauty! and *such* a bargain!" There were "the artificial flowers, and the paper baskets, and the fly-cages, and the fire-grate papers—all the productions of the young ladies"—"the beautiful little book-case, which was always kept locked for fear of the dust," and "the grand engravings, never uncovered for fear of the flies." There was the large picture of Mr. Simkins himself [all pomp and powder] reading a letter from the mayor of Bristol, and, beside it, the picture of Mrs. Simkins, "sewing in her *real* India shawl, bought at Manchester;" and there were the "profiles of the six Misses Simkins, and their brother Theophilus, cut out in black paper, hanging over the chimney-piece according to their ages!" How many other subjects of interesting contemplation might have been suggested by my indefatigable cousins, I know not; they had just reached the stand of "family china, which Mrs. Simkins allowed no one to dust but herself," when the door opened, and that lady, followed by her husband, and two of her daughters, entered the room.

We were received, to use Deborah's phrase, on leaving the house, "in a most exceedingly affable manner." Mr. Simkins went with us all over his premises, and showed us his "clever contrivances;" for every thing, even to the baiting of a mouse-trap, was done by "a contrivance." Mrs. Simkins afterwards took us all through the house, and made us admire her "management," by which two rooms were lighted by one window, and one piece of furniture was at once a bed and a toilette-table! As we were rather fatigued by the time we returned

to the parlour, she hospitably rang for the cowslip wine, and improved the time by detailing to my cousin Sukey her last cook's "shameful misconduct," and imparting to Deborah a valuable receipt for "delightful little company cakes," which required "neither eggs, nor butter, nor currants."

I saw a good deal of the family during my stay in the country; and I shall now give a sketch of their characters and proceedings, not from my cousin's rose-colored details, but from my own less partial opinions, and more accurate observations. They were not rich, but they had a small independence, which, by dint of the old gentleman's œconomy, and the old and young ladies' management, enabled them to make a genteel appearance. Economy and management were, in fact, their household deities, worshiped with as much blind devotion as ever were the *Lares* and *Penates* of old. The old gentleman had retired from business, and this single circumstance was regarded by the whole family as a distinction, superior to talent, if not equal to virtue. Being out of business did not, however, necessarily imply idleness; on the contrary, who so busy, who so important as the head of the family of Simkins? While resident in Bristol, he had been intimate with the municipal authorities, a member of committees, a visitor of public institutions, and a beggar for all public charities founded upon orthodox principles, and supported by orthodox men, in other words, by men in power. Now that he resided in a village, his greatness seemed rather to augment than diminish, as the snail appears larger when carrying its shell upon its back, than when curled up in the inside of the said shell. He was the Solomon of parish affairs, the Socrates of turnpike meetings; he advised the clergyman, lectured the overseers, was hated by the country squires, and dreaded by the beggars. Then came his private occupations. He was his own architect, his own lawyer, farmer, physician, farrier. In truth, his house, made out of three cottages and a stable, and his little estate of twelve hungry acres, afforded ample scope for all his "clever contrivances," though their cleverness simply consisted in using inferior articles instead of good ones, and in making, according to the school-boy fashion, any thing do for every thing. Nevertheless, Mr. Simkins considered himself a country gentleman, and

accordingly made calculations, planted poplars and spruce firs, was eloquent over the game and corn laws, walked, rode, hectorated, and boasted, and seemed in his own eyes a second Cincinnatus! Whatever he might be elsewhere, it was allowed on all hands that he was very great by his own fire-side. There, in his large arm-chair, with his small silver snuff-box, his Tory newspaper, his three glasses of port after dinner, he was absolute. There no one disputed his assertions, or corrected his blunders; for, like a wise man, he had trained his family in most orthodox notions of parental supremacy.

To digress just for one moment. An extravagant estimate of their own kindred is a never-failing mark of the Simkins' species. Ask them to name the person who is

"Wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best,"

and some member of their own family will be the happy instance. Mention any beneficent action, any production of talent, or face of extraordinary beauty which you have just discovered, and you will entail upon yourself a history of greater talent, beauty, or beneficence, manifested in some one or other of the august race of Simkins. "My uncle Charles," or "my cousin Sophia," or "my brother at college," will stand proxy for every species of human excellence.

To return from this digression to the matter in hand. Mrs. Simkins was as proud of her "management," as her husband of his "clever contrivances." To be such a notoriously good manager, that no servant would remain with her a month, was a greater distinction than to be a baroness in her own right. To invent new receipts and improve old ones, to make preserves keep without sugar, and pickles without vinegar, to astound her simple neighbours with accounts of rich soups and delicious sweetmeats, made at "no expense," was her daily employment and delight. To hear her hold forth on these subjects, an unlettered person would have supposed it possible, by management, to gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles. But her jurisdiction extended beyond her own house. She was the managing member of female charities; the managing visitor of Sunday schools; the manager, in fact, wherever she set foot. She was the terror of all young housekeepers, for her exposure of their deficiencies, and her contempt of their acquirements. She was a

recommender-general of schools and governesses, and the quack-doctress extraordinary amongst the poor. Her memory was a perfect register-office for servants; and as for servants' offences, she could have edited a Newgate Calendar from her own experience. Nevertheless, she was a very comfortable woman; and if you would only allow *her* receipts and remedies, and "sayings and doings," *her* house and husband and children, to be superior to any others in the known world, you might depend upon her active services in all things—that did not require money.

Brought up under such a mother, the Misses Simkins were managers from their cradles; and, in the art of being very genteel at little expense, were held up as patterns by all the mothers in the neighbourhood. Very different indeed were the dress and deportment of the Misses Simkins from those of other young ladies. *Stuffs, bombazines, colored lustres, and shot silks, which would "save washing," "hide dirt," clean, turn, dye, and "look equal to new when half-worn out," were the garments selected by these far-sighted damsels. They were not reading, writing, album-keeping young ladies. No, indeed. They had been taught that time was not given to be wasted, and, therefore, they worked flounces, sprigged muslin, cut out fire-grate papers, made tatting, &c. in order to employ it usefully. Besides, each in turn officiated as housekeeper, locking up the cupboards and closets, scolding the servants, and performing other acts of domestic importance.

A DIALOGUE IN THE FASHIONABLE
STYLE AND MANNER;

from the Novel of VIVIAN GREY.

"Miss Manvers (says Mr. Grey), I think that you and I are the only faithful subjects in this Castle of Indolence. Here am I lounging on an ottoman, my ambition reaching only so far as the possession of a cigar, whose aromatic and circling wreaths, I candidly confess, I dare not here excite; and you, of course, much too knowing to be doing any thing on the first of August, save dreaming of races, archery feats, and county balls,—the three most delightful things which the country can boast, either for man, woman, or child."—"Of course you expect sporting for yourself; shooting

especially, I suppose."—"Shooting! oh! ah! there is such a thing. No, I'm no shot, though I have in my time cultivated a Manton; but the truth is, having, at an early age, mistaken my most intimate friend for a cock pheasant, I sent a whole crowd of *fours* into his face, and thereby spoiled one of the prettiest countenances in Christendom: so I gave up the field. Besides, as Tom Moore says, I have so much to do in the country, that, for my part, I really have no time for killing birds and jumping over ditches:—good work enough for country 'squires, who must, like all others, have their hours of excitement. Mine are of a different nature, and boast a different locality; and so, when I come into the country, 'tis for pleasant air, and beautiful trees, and winding streams, things which, of course, those who live all the year round among do not suspect to be lovely and adorable creations. Don't you agree with Tom Moore, Miss Manvers?"—"Oh, of course, but I think it's very improper, the habit that every one has of calling a man of such eminence as the author of *Lalla Rookh*, *Tom Moore*."—"I wish he could but hear you! But suppose I were to quote *Mr. Moore*, or *Mr. Thomas Moore*, would you have the most distant conception whom I meant? No, no, certainly not. By the bye, did you ever hear the pretty name they gave him at Paris?"—"No! what was it?"—"One day Moore and Rogers went to call on Denon. Rogers gave their names to the Swiss, *Monsieur Rogers et Monsieur Moore*. The Swiss dashed open the library-door, and, to the great surprise of the illustrious antiquary, announced, *Monsieur l'Amour*! While Denon was doubting whether the God of Love was really paying him a visit or not, Rogers entered. I should like to have seen Denon's face!"—"And Monsieur Denon did take a portrait of Mr. Rogers as Cupid, I believe, Mr. Grey?"—"Come, madam, 'no scandal about queen Elizabeth, I hope.' Mr. Rogers is one of the most elegant-minded men in the country."—"Nay, don't lecture me with such a *riant* face, or else all your *morale* will be utterly thrown away."—"Ah! you have Retsch's Faust there. I did not expect, on a drawing-room table at Château Desir, to see any thing so odd, and so excellent. I thought the third edition of Tremaine would be a very fair specimen of your ancient literature, and Major Denham's hair-breadth

'scapes of your modern. There was an excellent story about town, on the return of Denham and Clapperton. The travellers took different routes, in order to arrive at the same point of destination. In his wanderings, the major came unto an unheard-of lake, which, with a spirit which they of the guards surely approved, he christened *Lake Waterloo*. Clapperton arrived a few days after him; and the pool was immediately re-baptised *Lake Trafalgar*. There was a hot quarrel in consequence. Now, if I had been there, I would have arranged matters by proposing, as a title to meet the views of all parties, *The United Service Lake*." — "That would certainly have been very happy." *** "You would not call these exactly prosopopeias of innocence?" said Vivian, turning over a bundle of Stewart Newton's beauties, languishing, and lithographed. "Newton, I suppose, like lady Wortley Montague, is of opinion, that the face is not the most beautiful part of a woman; at least, if I am to judge from these elaborate ancles. Now the countenance of this Donna, forsooth, has a drowsy placidity worthy of the easy chair she is lolling in, and yet her ancle would not disgrace the contorted frame of the most pious fakir." — "Well, I'm an admirer of Newton's paintings." — "Oh! so am I. He's certainly a cleverish fellow, but rather too much among the blues; a set, of whom, I would venture to say, Miss Manvers knoweth little about." — "Oh, not the least! Mama does not visit that way. What are they?" — "Oh, very powerful people! though *Mama does not visit that way*. They live chiefly about Cumberland Gate. Their words are ukases as far as Curzon Street, and very decretals in the general vicinity of May-Fair: but you shall have a farther description another time. How those rooks bore! I hate staying with ancient families; you're always *cawed* to death. If ever you write a novel, Miss Manvers, mind you have a rookery in it. Since Tremaine and Washington Irving, nothing will go down without." — "Oh! by the bye, Mr. Grey, who is the author of Tremaine?" — "I'll tell you who is *not*." — "Who?" — "Mr. Ogle." — "But, really, who is the author?" — "Oh! I'll tell you in a moment. It's either Mr. Ryder, or Mr. Spencer Perceval, or Mr. Dyson, or Miss Dyson, or Mr. Bowles, or the duke of Buckingham, or Mr. Ward, or a young officer in the guards, or an old clergyman in the

north of England, or a middle-aged barrister on the midland circuit." — "You're really so giddy, Mr. Grey: I wish you could get me an autograph of Mr. Washington Irving; I want it for a particular friend." — "Give me a pen and ink; I'll write you one immediately." — "Oh! Mr. Grey." — "There! now you've made me blot Faustus." — At this moment the room-door suddenly opened, and as suddenly shut. "Who was that, Mr. Grey?" — "Mephistophiles, or Mrs. Felix Lorraine; one or the other,—perhaps both." — "Mr. Grey!" — "What do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?" — "Oh! I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but—" "But, what?" — "But I can't exactly make her out." — "Nor I, nor I—she's a dark riddle; and, although I am a very *Edipus*, I confess I have not yet unraveled it. Come, there's Washington Irving's autograph for you; read it, isn't it quite in character? Shall I write any more? One of Sir Walter's, or Mr. Southey's, or Mr. Milman's, or Mr. D'Israeli's? or shall I sprawl a Byron?" — "Mr. Grey! I really cannot patronise such unprincipled conduct. You may make me one of Sir Walter's, however." — "Poor Washington!" said Vivian, writing; "I knew him well in London. He always slept at dinner. One day, as he was dining at Mr. Hallam's, they took him, when asleep, to lady Jersey's rout; and, to see the *Sieur Geoffrey*, when he opened his eyes in the illumined saloon, was really quite admirable! quite an Arabian tale!" — "Oh, how delightful! I should have so liked to have seen him! He seems quite forgotten now in England. How came we to talk of him?" — "Forgotten—oh! he spoiled his elegant talents in writing German and Italian twaddle with all the rawness of a Yankee. He ought never to have left America, at least in literature:—there was an uncontested and glorious field for him. He should have been managing director of the Hudson Bay Company, and lived all his life among the beavers." — "I think there's nothing more pleasant, Mr. Grey, than talking over the season in the country, in August." — "Nothing more agreeable. It was dull though, last season, very dull; I think the game cannot be kept going another year. If it wasn't for the general election, we really must have a war for variety's sake. Peace gets quite a bore. Every body you dine with commands a good

ovisins, and gives you twelve different wines, all perfect. And as for Dr. Henderson, he is the amateur importer for the whole nation. We cannot bear this any longer; all the lights and shadows of life are lost. The only good thing I heard this year, was an ancient gentleman going up to Gunter, and asking him for 'the receipt for that white stuff,' pointing to his Roman punch. I, who am a great man for receipts, gave it her immediately: '*One hod of mortar to one bottle of Noyau.*'"—"Oh, that was too bad! and did she thank you?"—"Thank me! ay, truly; and pushed a card into my hand, so thick and sharp that it cut through my glove. I wore my arm in a sling for a month afterwards."—"And what was the card?"—"Oh, you need not look so arch! The old lady was not even a faithless duenna. It was an invitation to an assembly, or something of the kind, at a *locale*, somewhere, as Theodore Hook, or John Wilson Croker, would say, 'between Mesopotamia and Russel-square.'"—"Do you know Mr. Croker, Mr. Grey?"—"Not in the least. I look upon Mr. Croker and myself as the two sublimest men in the united kingdom. When we do meet, the interview will be interesting."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

Mr. Bertie Greatheed—THIS gentleman was long considered, in a most extensive literary and scientific society, as the *beau ideal* of the English country gentleman. More estimable private virtues were rarely united in the same individual; which, with the elegant accomplishments of his mind, and the suavity and manliness of his address and manners, created numerous and strong attachments. In his political principles, he was an ardent friend of civil and religious freedom; but, although repeatedly solicited to become a member of the senate, he constantly declined the honor, and preferred the pleasures of a private life to the anxieties and temptations of a public one. He was the author of the *Regent*, a tragedy of considerable merit; and only his diffidence prevented his being more frequently known to the public as a man of letters. He was the early patron of Mrs. Sid-

dons. This lady, after being the *vocal* heroine of her father's provincial company, retired into the family of the Greatheeds, where her highly cultivated talents and polished manners were admired by every one.—It was Mr. Greatheed's chief pleasure and occupation, in his latter years, to improve Guy's-cliff, his romantic and picturesque residence in Warwickshire; a spot remarkable in the antiquities and traditions of the county; described by Leland as "the abode of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses;" and by Dugdale, as "a place of such delight, that, to one who desireth a retired life, either for his devotions or study, the like is hardly to be found." In all his improvements and additions, with the purest taste he preserved its natural and characteristic beauties. On his estate the new town of Leamington was chiefly built, and his liberality will be there long and gratefully remembered.

Mr. Lindley Murray.—Being a native of North-America, he resided for many years at New-York, where his father was a respectable merchant. When he had made a considerable progress in scholastic learning, he became a student of the law, and at length received a licence to practise, both as an attorney and barrister, in all the courts of the state of New-York. In this profession he continued, with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which, by his diligence, abilities, and respectable connexions, he acquired the means not only of present but of future subsistence. Having been afflicted with a fever which left great weakness, and his general health being much impaired, he was induced, in the year 1784, by the advice of his physicians and friends, to remove into a more temperate climate. He accordingly came to this country, accompanied by his wife; and, though not restored to his former health and strength, he received so much benefit as induced him to remain in England. He settled at a village near York, where he continued to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that he soon found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of a day, without great inconvenience. He was, however, able to ride in his carriage; he regularly at-

tended public worship; and in summer he was drawn about his garden in a chair; but, for some years previous to his decease, he was wholly confined to his house: he found that even a very small degree of bodily exertion increased the debility of his frame, and that exposure to the air occasioned frequent and severe colds. Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he generously turned his attention to composing literary works, for the benefit, chiefly, of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar has been much approved, and extensively adopted; his French and English Readers have also received high encomiums. Having begun his literary career from disinterested motives, he constantly devoted all the profits of his publications to charitable and benevolent purposes. The work which he first published, and which appeared to give him peculiar satisfaction, was, the *Power of Religion on the Mind*. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and was much respected and esteemed by them; but, in his writings designed for general use, he scrupulously avoided introducing, in any shape, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects, he confined himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of Christianity. He married, early in life, a very amiable woman, about three years younger than himself. They lived together in uninterrupted harmony for nearly sixty years.

Mr. Samuel Parkes.—He was born at Stourbridge in Worcestershire, but received his education at the academy conducted by Dr. Addington at Market-Harborough. With some share of general learning he combined a particular attention to chemistry, considered both as an art and a science.

In 1806 he published his highly interesting and valuable *Chemical Catechism*. A second edition of this work was soon called for, which contained so many additional facts as to be almost a new performance. His *Chemical Essays* were still more important and valuable. The benevolence of his disposition, and the amenity of his manners, attached to him a large circle of friends; and in

him the community lost a most estimable member. His works attest his ardor, diligence, and perseverance in the pursuit of science; nor was he less distinguished by his beneficent efforts and pecuniary liberality in the support of every public institution which tended to increase the happiness or promote the improvement of his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Daniel Parker Coke.—Born at Derby, in 1745, he was educated in that town by the Rev. Mr. Manlove, whom his grateful pupil afterwards presented with a living. In 1762, he was admitted at All Souls'-College, Oxford, and during his residence attended the lectures of the doctors Blackstone and Bever, whose discourses (as then delivered) he committed to writing. Those of Dr. Bever would now be an acceptable present to the public, the introductory one only having appeared. Mr. Coke was afterwards called to the bar, and for many years attended the Midland Circuit. In 1775 he stood a contested election for his native town, and, in consequence of a petition to the house of commons, he was by a committee declared to have been duly chosen. In 1780 he was returned for Nottingham, and continued to represent that place for seven successive parliaments. He frequently took an active part in the house, particularly during the administration of lord North. At the close of the American war, he was appointed one of the commissioners for settling the American claims, but did not long retain that employment. He was a sensible and intelligent man, and attached to the true interest of his country.

Major Schulch.—When he arrived in India, in 1809, at the age of fifteen years, he did not display any superiority of education or ability; and, in some common acquirements, he was scarcely equal to many of his young contemporaries. Soon, however, his mind, hitherto unawakened, was roused to an impulsive sense of its powers. Instigated by the example and kind assistance of captain Everest, who was then employed on the trigonometrical survey of India, he engaged deeply and successfully in mathematical, astronomical, and other congenial studies and pursuits. Under the surveyor-general Crauford, he still farther improved himself; and, after having been actively employed under captain Morri-

son in surveying the Sunderbunds, he was noticed and kindly patronised by the marquis of Hastings, and obtained in 1819 a situation in the quarter master-general's department. It was then that he first became conspicuous at the presidency; and thenceforward, in the survey of Calcutta, in his extensive canals, his introduction of the iron suspension-bridges and other public works, he advanced in fame to the close of his short life. Nothing could better have instanced his talents and persevering intelligence than the erection of the well-known suspension-bridge at Kallee Ghaut. He had never before practically engaged himself in the slightest mechanical work: he had every thing to effect in the manufactures of the component parts of his first attempt, from the scientific application of its theoretical principles, to the mere handicraft or operative direction of the very smiths and workmen employed. Yet with great patience he went on, every way unassisted by professional people, himself almost presiding at the forges; and at length, in a few months, effected the erection of a handsome and highly useful bridge.

J. P. F. Richter.—He was born at Wunsiedel, in 1763. He was educated by his father, who was one of the preceptors at the public school, and very early gave an earnest of that talent which distinguished his literary career. He made his *debut* as an author, in 1783, with his *Greenland Law-suits*, which at once stamped his reputation for originality and humor. The most remarkable of his other numerous productions are *Extracts from the Devil's Papers*, the *Invisible Lodge*, *Hesperus*, *Titan*, and *Lerana*. Yet, deservedly admired as they are by his own countrymen, his productions are almost totally unknown among us, and formidable are the difficulties which a translator would have to overcome, in undertaking to transfer any of his various works into the English language. The task would require a complete familiarity with the author's peculiar genius; the attempt has never, that we are aware of, yet been made, with the exception of a few fragments from the pen of Mr. de Quincey. We believe there are very few Englishmen indeed who understand Richter sufficiently to relish him. His own countrymen, who must be allowed to be the

most competent judges, esteemed him for the nobleness of his sentiments, his poetic talent, his rich creative imagination, his sparkling wit, his brilliant imagery, his copious illustration, and the exuberance of his language,—for his energy both of thought and diction, and his bold and luxuriant style; but it has been objected, by some of his critics, that great as are the beauties of detached parts, there is a certain want of unity of interest that disappoints and dissatisfies the reader.

Giovanni Maria Linquiti.—This philosophic Italian was born in 1774, and was very early distinguished by his learning. He at first studied the law, but soon left it for a monastic life. Being afterwards obliged, by political events, to lay aside his religious habit, and assume that of a secular priest, he was received as a friend in the house of the illustrious Berio, marquis of Galsa, in whose library he had an opportunity of extending the sphere of his knowledge, especially in what relates to the physical and moral nature of man. He particularly distinguished himself by his inquiries into the disorders of the mind. He was one of the first who perceived that insanity, a disease peculiar to the reasoning animal, man, having its origin in reason, never entirely departs from that origin; that the insane are not so in every thing, or at all times; that we ought to try to restore their reason by reason, and that the chief, if not the only medicine in an hospital for the insane, is the luminous intelligence of the person who directs it. The principle which guided him, in the treatment of lunatics, was founded on their education; he began by considering them as sane, took care that every one should follow the usual exercises of his heart and condition, and established his new system of cure on the basis of occupation and amusement;—occupation for the versatility of the ideas of the maniac, and amusement against the fixed ideas of the melancholy. The result of this method was so successful, that the new establishments of this description soon became celebrated throughout Europe.

The Count Nicholas Romanzoff.—He was the son of field-marshal Peter Romanzoff, whose victories over the Turks added lustre to the reign of Catharine II. He commenced his public

career about 40 years ago, as Russian minister at Frankfort. At a subsequent period, in the post of minister of commerce, he actively promoted the success of Alexander's plans for the improvement of the trade of Russia. In 1807 he was promoted to the dignity of chancellor; but, during the campaign of 1814, he resigned it, and assigned the rich presents he had received from foreign consuls to the fund for the benefit of the invalids, in whose favor he likewise renounced the salary of his office, which the emperor had continued to him as a pension for life. No Russian nobleman ever made a better use of riches. Several patriotic and scientific undertakings were supported by him; and his estate of Homel, in the Ukraine, was a model worthy of the attention of agriculturists, for the activity and judgment with which every branch of rural economy was carried on.

MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

Character of a distinguished Lady, by Madame de Genlis.—"I have lately been informed of the death of Madame de Krudener, an extraordinary and interesting person. When she was at Paris, she requested to see me, and I consented with pleasure to receive her, for I had read her romance, entitled *Valerie*, which was a very pretty little work, though it did not announce such an exaltation of sentiment as was generally attributed to the author. I was curious to know a person who combined with great imagination a considerable portion of natural and simple feeling. She had a habit of saying the most singular things with a calmness which rendered them persuasive. She was unquestionably very well intentioned; she appeared to be amiable, witty, and to possess an originality which was quite delightful. She came again several times to visit me, always displaying great kindness of manner, so as to inspire me with a real interest. She had great sensibility and sweetness, and an excellent disposition."

Character of Madame de Stael and her last Work, by the same Lady.—"The '*Ten Years' Exile*' is at once frivolous and pedantic. It has been said that Madame de Stael, with the pen in her hand, was transformed into a man. On this occasion she seems to me to have

been rather disguised than transformed. In her political works there is an excess of vanity which a man of sense would never have shown. She attached a value, which I cannot understand, to the visits that were paid to her, to the praises which she received, and to the company which she collected about her. She calls her banishment from Paris, 'unheard-of and barbarous persecution.' She affects the most violent despair for no other cause than that of being prevented from receiving, without restriction, foreigners and persons unknown; she imagines herself the most unfortunate of women, because she is compelled to take up her abode in her own country, and to reside there in a beautiful seat, with her children, the husband of her choice (M. Rocca), and two or three intimate friends, and in the possession of a large fortune, which enabled her to do a great deal of good in her neighbourhood. It would be difficult for those whose lot it has been to be proscribed, flying for their lives, stripped of their fortunes, and who have passed ten or twelve years under all these privations in a foreign country, to sympathise with the woes in her ten years of exile. She talks incessantly of her talents, and of her success; she cites a number of replies, often very witty, which she has made on various occasions; and, in short, she displays throughout her work a self-love, which a little more reflection would have induced her to conceal. The book is by no means well written, and contains many phrases in an extremely vulgar taste, particularly when the author wishes to be jocose—a style in which she was never very happy."

A French Lady's Opinion of the Effect of British Wealth.—"Money (says Madame Belloc) daily assumes more importance in England. Every thing in that country is becoming the subject of sale or speculation. The coffers of the English run over, whilst their hearts harden. A woman of genius, and of a high and noble spirit, thus writes to me from London: 'We approach the epoch predicted by Burke, and which, notwithstanding all his prejudices, he could not contemplate without horror; that period at which England, instead of commanding her riches, is to be commanded by them. The base aristocracy of wealth threatens to supersede all other aristocracies. It is the sole good that is regarded, felt, comprehended, desired;

—for which we hope to live, and for which we dare to die.”

A Vindication of the late Queen of Naples.—“ Caroline of Austria (says M. Vienneseux), when she arrived at Naples in the early bloom of youth, was a handsome and highly-accomplished princess, married to a boy of seventeen, who, although endowed with some natural abilities, had been shamefully neglected; whose habits and tastes were coarse, and whose indolence made him an instrument in the hands of intriguing courtiers. She soon perceived that she must either obtain a full sway over her husband's mind, or be reduced to a state of neglect and humiliation, the very idea of which the pride of a daughter of Maria Theresa could not brook for a moment. She was then obliged, in her own defence, to employ those fine talents she had received from nature, and which a finished education had greatly assisted, in counteracting the machinations of the courtiers by all the arts in her power; and thus she acquired those habits of intrigue which clung to her to the end of her life. The plots of the minister of the day, who, in order to preserve his influence over the young king, did not disdain to employ those means of seduction over his youthful passions, of which precedents may be found in the history of corrupt courts, were discovered and thwarted by the queen. If she could not prevent her husband's wanderings, she took care that no female should approach him who could have attractions enough to make a lasting impression on him, or spirit enough to make use of her influence. The minister, after a long struggle, was sacrificed, and the famous John Acton succeeded him: but, in favoring Acton's elevation, Caroline gave herself a master, with whom, however, she contrived for many years to share that authority about which the king was reckless. The queen set up a novelty which was unheard of till then in the kingdom of Naples, and indeed in any of the kingdoms ruled by Bourbon dynasties. This novelty was, that the queen requested and obtained a seat and vote in the council of state. She was ambitious, clever, and well-informed; she has been blamed for having given full scope to her passion for power; but could it not be said in her defence, that, in a court where the king had not the wish or the mind to use his authority, it was natural for his wife to

take from his careless hands the sceptre which he would not hold, rather than see it fall into those of ministers or favorites, who would only wield it for their own private and corrupt views? Such is the misfortune of absolute governments, that, though the sovereign be not a man of genius, and of a strong enlightened mind, no one can replace him without injury to the interests of the state.”

It is proper to observe, that this vindication is not altogether satisfactory. The queen, we have no doubt, was in some instances calumniated and unjustly reproached; but there are various facts which evidently prove that she shamefully abused the power which she usurped.

Remarkable Inconsistency of Character.—Mr. Moore, speaking of Burke's conduct in deserting his original party, says, “ The consequence of the new course taken by him, was, that the speeches and writings which he henceforward produced, and in which, as usual, his judgement was run away with by his temper, form a complete contrast, in spirit and tendency, to all that he had put on record in the former part of his life. He has thus left behind him two distinct armouries of opinion, from which both Whig and Tory may furnish themselves with weapons, the most splendid, if not the most highly tempered, that ever genius and eloquence have condescended to bequeath to party. He has thus, too, by his own personal versatility, attained in the world of politics, what Shakspeare, by the versatility of his characters, achieved for the world in general,—namely, such an universality of application to all opinions and purposes, that it would be difficult for any statesman of any party to find himself placed in any situation, for which he could not select some golden sentence from Burke, either to strengthen his position by reasoning, or to illustrate and adorn it by fancy. While, therefore, our respect for the man himself is diminished by this want of moral identity observable through his life and writings, we are but the more disposed to admire that unrivaled genius which could thus throw itself out in so many various directions with equal splendor and vigor. In general, political deserters lose their value and power in the very act, and bring little more than their treason to the new cause which they espouse; but Burke was mighty in



Evening Party Dress

Designed by Miss Lippincott & approved for the 1st of March 1870

either camp; and it would have taken *two* great men to effect what he, by this division of himself, achieved. His mind, indeed, lies parted asunder in his works, like some vast continent severed by a convulsion of nature,—each portion peopled by its own giant race of opinions, differing altogether in features and language, and committed in eternal hostility with each other.”

A Rebuke to Vanity.—The younger Crebillon, at the age of thirteen, wrote a satire against Lamothe and his admirers; he showed it to his father, who told him that it was very well composed; but, as he saw that the young man was vain of this opinion, he added—“Judge, my son, how easy and contemptible this style of writing must be, since, even at your age, one may succeed in it.”

Another Reprimand of the same kind.—Mr. Boswell, when a young man, went to the pit of Covent-Garden theatre, in company with Dr. Blair, and, in a frolic,

imitated the lowing of a cow; and the general cry in the house was, “Encore the cow! encore the cow!” This was complied with, and, in the pride of success, Mr. Boswell attempted to imitate some other animals, but with less success. Dr. Blair, anxious for the fame of his friend, addressed him thus: “My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow.”

Ludicrous Mistake of a Comedian.—When the French theatres are shut by the order of the court, the suspension is called a *relache*, and this word appears in all the bills which announce the succeeding night’s performance. Some years ago, Farley and Charles Kemble were in Paris, in search of novelties for Covent-Garden, and, in course, kept a sharp eye on the bills. One of these prohibitions happened to occur, and the word was displayed in great capitals as usual. “Well, Charles,” said Farley, “we must have that—a devilish popular piece that *Relache*—you see it is announced at every theatre. I wonder who wrote it!”

Fine Arts.

Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street.—THE members of this association, with the aid of other ingenious artists, are now exhibiting their new treasures of art. Their two former displays were, for the most part, creditable to their taste and talent, and the third will not detract from the reputation of their chief exhibitors.

We have received the following sketch from a correspondent, with whom indeed we do not in every instance agree, but whose judgement is perhaps superior to our own.

The splendid rooms of this Society are this year far superior to what they were last year, when the unfortunate introduction of Mr. Haydon’s gigantic and, in some respects, hideous portraiture, gave a character of vulgarity to the exhibition, which could scarcely be redeemed by any of the works at that time displayed. From these errors of genius it is happily now exempted; the whole appearance is attractive, the light soft, yet effectual; and, when we have ceased to admire the whole as such, we may proceed with great pleasure to a particular examination.

The first picture we noticed,—the Interior of the Dungeon at Chillon,—is one

of interest certainly, for Byron has rendered it so; but Stanfield, with all his skill, has not been very happy in its delineation. In his View of Cologne, however, and of Rouen from Mount St. Catharine, he has shown all the magic of his pencil. We next meet with a scene near Ulles-Water, faithfully and forcibly represented by Mr. Hosland. His two views of Sheffield have also great merit, and are seen under such “skyey influences,” as to render them delightful to every beholder, but especially pleasing to those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood, whilst his lake scenes, and a small moonlight view of Kirkstall, must charm every eye that has a taste for nature, or is at all conversant with the powers of art.

Matlock High Tor, by Mr. Linton, is an admirable sketch; but the *chef-d’œuvre* of this artist is a city of ancient Greece, with the return of a victorious armament; in which there is a display of noble conception and beautiful delineation worthy of Turner in his best days.

The Church of St. Genevieve at Paris, by Mr. Roberts, is an interior of finished beauty; and the Rue du Change at Rouen, and the Church of St. Jaques at Dieppe, are beautiful specimens of his peculiar

style, and excite universal admiration. *The Morning after a Storm*, by Mr. Wilson, is very fine, with great fidelity of detail and brilliancy of execution, a description that will indeed apply to all this gentleman's pictures. Nasmyth has his usual merit in a small compass, and Glover his peculiar excellence in a very large space.

We have looked first at the landscape-painting, because it is certain that, in this charming branch of the arts, this gallery has a decided pre-eminence; but we allow that there is much to amuse and interest us exclusive of the landscapes.

The Poet writing a Dedication, by Richter, is a repetition of himself; but it is a work of great humor and ability. His picture of Annette and Lubin is diametrically opposite to the tale whose name it assumes, being indeed a marriage forced by the parish upon an unwilling country profligate. The story is well told, and the beauty of the ruined anxious girl very striking; but the whole is a gross offence against every moral feeling, because it is evidently intended to turn the *sins* of one party and the *sorrows* of another into ridicule, and at the same time to awaken disgust against the rites of religion, by portraying the officiating clergyman with a countenance in which lewdness contends with risibility. So flagrant an instance of great power and depraved taste we never remember to have witnessed.

A Lover's Visit, by Frazer, is full of beauty, simplicity, and tenderness. *Granny disturbed*, by Miss Sharples, is a candlelight effect of much merit. The representations of game are excellent, though we do not think Stevens equal

to what he was in the last year. Blake's pictures are beautiful, though in the coloring of nature he is not equal to E. Bradley, whose faithful delineations of birds are unrivaled. We are particularly pleased with a string of onions, a savoy cabbage, and a pair of scales: we have never seen any thing, even in the Dutch school, so perfect in effect or finish.

The portraits are better than those of the two former exhibitions. Two by Holmes have great merit. Lonsdale has several good ones; but we cannot reckon the poet Campbell among the more happy efforts of a pencil which is always vigorous, if not always elegant. Mr. F. Meyer, a very young artist, has several of extraordinary promise; and the miniature department is respectably filled. In history there is little to speak of; but the veteran Northcote has sent two very fine pictures. Martin too has a curious imaginative picture, with his usual faults and his usual beauties. Turner has some good horses, and his Alexander taking Bucephalus is very striking. A scene in *Don Quixote*, by J. Porter, if not perfect, gives high promise; it is admirably conceived, and to a certain point well executed. We ought not to omit the burning of the Orient, by Cartwright: it is a finely-colored view of a most striking catastrophe, and displays great nautical knowledge, with that eye for color which is of great consequence in a painter.

On the whole, this exhibition is highly honorable to the society and the country; and, as there are already more than sixty pictures sold, we trust that it will prove as profitable, as it is creditable, to all who are concerned in it.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME Pasta has lately re-visited this country, and has resumed her situation for a time, as the *prima donna* of this establishment. Her powers are in full vigor, and the impression which she makes is as strong as ever.

A new ballet, called *La Naissance de Venus*, has met with great success. The goddess seems to rise from the sea with majestic beauty; the performers appear in striking groupings, and the dancing is admirable.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A rivalry between the managers of the two major theatres must be expected; but it was hardly fair in the director of the amusements at this house to borrow a subject from the known intentions and arrangements of the Covent-Garden manager, and to anticipate his view. On Easter-monday, a fairy tale called *Oberon, or the Charmed Horn*, was produced in what was deemed an imposing form, but not with the most satisfactory effect. Sir Huon of Guienne,

a brave crusader, has, as the destinies decreed, slain in single combat the son of the renowned Charlemagne. The enraged father, instead of taking the life of the victor, commands him to proceed to the Holy Land on a pilgrimage. He moreover enacts, that this unfortunate wight shall bind himself, by a sacred oath, to visit Bagdad; that he shall there enter the khalif's palace, murder that prince's most honored guest, marry and convert his daughter, and cut from his beard a lock of silver hair. If he should fail in performing these extraordinary exploits within a twelvemonth, he is to be deprived of his honors and estates. Supernatural agency is called in to aid him. It has fortunately happened, that Oberon, the fairy king, and his spouse Titania, have had a quarrel on that never-to-be-settled point, whether the greater constancy in love be possessed by man or woman. The consequence is a matrimonial quarrel, while the firmness of the princess Amanda, and the truth of Sir Huon, who has seen the lady in a dream and become enamored of a shadow, are put to the test. Oberon befriends the young warrior, and presents him with a charmed horn, which, being sounded in a peculiar manner, makes the auditors either laugh or sleep, or fixes them like statues to the spot where they stand. Thus powerfully succoured, he overcomes every difficulty. He kills his rival, elopes with Amanda, clips his father-in-law's venerable beard, and arrives at the court of Charlemagne, in due time, to claim his honors. The two fairies are rejoiced to discover that constancy may sometimes, however seldom, be found both in man and woman. The piece is thus made to end happily, and a general dance testifies the prevailing joy.

The dialogue is poor; and the plot is not skilfully conducted; and the music, selected by Mr. T. Cooke, is not particularly striking; yet the performance was favorably received, and has been repeated with scarcely any intermission. Much of the scenery claims the highest commendation. The banks of the Tigris, and the panoramic view of the harbour of Tunis, by Stanfield, are beautiful and effective pictures, elaborately drawn and brilliantly colored; and the distant view of Bagdad, by Roberts, is excellent.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The eagerness of the public to witness

the first representation of the long-promised opera of *Oberon, or the Elf-King's Oath*, filled the house (on the 12th of this month) to an overflow. In a dramatic point of view, the piece evidently excels that which the rival manager has produced; but its musical merit is its chief attraction.

The overture (says a periodical writer who evinces musical judgement) falls short of that of *Der Freischütz* in deep and powerful effect. It commences, however, with great spirit and delicacy; and the introduction of the horn, succeeded by a beautiful allegro passage, was much applauded. The whole indeed was encored with great vehemence, but we suspect with much less of real *animus* than of a remnant of anticipative enthusiasm. The opera opens with a chorus of fairies, in Oberon's bower, a beautifully painted scene by Grieve; but the glory of the first act is a *scena* given to Huon, which was admirably sung by Braham. It is a song of exulting chivalry, a crusader's triumph, respectable as poetry, and, with regard to music, in a high degree rich, appropriate, and various. The finale of this act is also very fine, more particularly a joyous air in the course of it by Miss Paton. In the second act, a quartetto occurs, which is happy both in its harmony and melody, and will probably become exceedingly popular. An admirable display of stage mechanism follows: the scene presents a ravine amongst the rocks of a desolate island, wherein Puck (Miss H. Cawse) invokes the spirits of the elements to raise a storm to wreck the lovers. After a musical invocation of peculiar beauty and delicacy, in the twinkling of an eye the rock opens in numerous places, and from each aperture appears a grotesque spirit with a flaming torch, the stage being similarly filled at the same time, all of whom, in a grand and most impressive chorus, demand the reason of the sudden call. The music assigned to four brief lines, which, after being answered, are intended as a derisive laugh on the part of the spirits at the pettiness of the task assigned them, affords a remarkable specimen of the peculiar genius of Carl Maria von Weber for the supernatural. It is hearty laughter, but without a touch of humanity about it. This admirably-managed scene subsequently divides in the centre, and moves off, spirits and all. That which follows, discovers Huon and Reiza wrecked on a desolate shore.

The knight, departing to seek for succour, leaves the princess alone. The storm gradually subsides; the darkness clears away; the sun slowly breaks out, diffusing,—as we understand by some adoption of the principle of the Diorama,—a real light on the becalmed waters; on the bosom of which a distant sail appears. All these appearances form the subject of a *scena* sung by Miss Paton, as they occur, with great taste and execution. This act concludes with a moonlight ball of fairies on the shore, to whom the mermaids and sea-nymphs also afford their good company. It discourses some very light and fanciful music, especially from the mouth of one of the mermaids (Miss Goward), and, as an imaginative scene, is exquisitely beautiful.

With the third act we must be brief: it is musically distinguished by a polacca by Braham and a singularly pleasing song by Fatima (Madame Vestris), "O Araby, dear Araby." Nothing could be more sweetly sung than this and every thing else entrusted to this lady, whose performance too possessed all her usual *naïveté*. Some very spirited acting of Miss Paton, in rejection of the overtures of the Emir, also roused no small degree of attention in this act. The farewell of Oberon is the best thing done by his representative, Mr. Bland, who is certainly not altogether at home in majesty. The Hall of Charlemagne is a fine pictorial scene and grouping, and terminates the piece with appropriate splendor.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The new entertainment produced by Mr. Mathews fills this house whenever he appears. The invitations supposed to have been received by him form the subject of his present exertions; and the plan is not injudicious, as it furnishes a tolerably wide scope for humorous selection. His exordium was very pleasant; and one of his opening sketches, a Mrs. Worrit, who, on the strength of having carried him to be vaccinated when an infant, bores him into the acceptance of an invitation to dinner, to amuse a collection of inane tabbies, supplies a very ludicrous portion of feminine fatuity. A breakfast with a nervous valetudinarian, one Mr. Shakely, has also its charms, especially in his interchange of diseased experience with a rougher diamond of the same quarry,

Sir Benjamin Blancmanger. In this species of constitutional personation Mr. Mathews is peculiarly at home. A dinner at Sir Donald Simpleton's produces a tolerable original in the person of Sir Harry Skelter, whom nothing in the world can please; not, however, as in the case of the Venetian senator, in consequence of the greatness of his genius,—quite the reverse; Sir Harry is eternally disappointed for lack of associations. He only sees what he comes to see, *feeling* neither that nor any thing else. The sporting anecdotes, from the nephew of Major Longbow, want the muscle and nerve of that celebrated personage. The visit to the Italian Opera produces imitations of Velluti, Begnis, and Curioli. There was nothing illiberal in the spirit of them; and satisfied as we are, that only one of the triumvirate was really aimed at, it was kind to give him company.

The visit to the Dilberry family occupied no small portion of the second part. It opened well; but we could have spared a great deal of it. The drawing of a tight cork by Mr. Dilberry and his black nursery maid, Mrs. White, were both, however, excellent in their way. The most forcible delineation of the whole piece is reserved for the *Rouge et Noir* table; in which the deportment of Harry Ardourly, a young Yorkshire fox-hunter, first as a winning, then as a ruined and insane gamester, is an exhibition of considerable power. The invitation to the hustings is bustling, but not very original: but a celebrated Irish barrister is admirably imitated, as also that very common sort of mob orator, whose ideas bear the same proportion to his words as Gratiano's wit to its envelope of chaff. London at five in the morning, and the General Election, are pleasant songs and recitations; and the Bunch of Keys, the song of an Orpheus who never preserves any key, forms an entertaining specimen of the manner in which, in certain classes of society, good sort of people will annoy one another with what is called *singing*.

The third part, or Monopolylogue, is entitled the City Barge. It represents the inside of one that has arrived at Richmond, containing a party, the principal members of which are represented by Mr. Mathews. Of these the most prominent are Sir Harry Skelter; the sportsman Popper; Scully, an ancient waterman; and Sassafras, an enraged

and jilted apothecary. There is so much difficulty in the composition of vehicles for this versatile species of soliloquy, that an occasional comparative deficiency is excusable. In the present instance, there is a want of keeping in the party, in which Sir Harry and Popper have no sort of business. The jealous apothecary was, however, a host in himself.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

In imitation of his lively friend, Mr. Yates is now gratifying the general wish for humor by his *Reminiscences*, or *Etchings of Life and Character*. He commences with a brief account of his situation as a schoolboy at the Charterhouse, which however supplies him with no better portrait than that of a pertinacious and critical old man who mended shoes for the establishment. We next receive a slight account of his opening views and early theatrical inclinations on leaving school. His meeting with Mr. Matthews at a masquerade in his boyish days, in the character of Somno, which he had chosen for himself, and the secret ambition thereby produced of being "a painter also," are well noticed. In this part we are introduced to Mr. Damper Yates, a cousin of the family, who, in a consultation on his young relative's destination, damps every proposal, but substitutes none. The result really was, that Mr. Yates became a commissary, and served as such in the army of Waterloo. Mr. Felix Fact, who understands every thing literally, is happy, and would be more so were the caricature somewhat less extravagant. The account of the appearance of Matthews and Yates as Othello and Iago, at Liverpool, as highly-decorated matter-of-fact, is very humorous. The prattle between the verses of the songs of Vauxhall Gardens and the Cattle Show, is too long, but, at the same time, merry and

grotesque. To one Tom Traveler, in the first part, we have a great distaste: a man who has read nothing but Robinson Crusoe, traveling over the continent in search of a desert island, is only silly, as the book itself must have conveyed a degree of knowledge incompatible with all approach to such absurdity. The second part, with one exception, is lively throughout, and especially in the introduction of Mrs. Paulina Pry. It is the amiable propensity of this lady to remark all the little matters of fact, appearances, and disappearances in the houses of her neighbours, in order to nod, hem, and leer away their respectability in some form or other. She is a walking inventory of the goods and chattels in every house she visits, detects silver from plate on all occasions, and is awfully portentous on the disappearance of a chimney-ornament or a soup-spoon. The song given to this character, in which she recognises all the goods in the windows of a pawnbroker's shop, as belonging to her intimate friends, is the best of all the songs, unless that of the Theatrical-Fund-Dinner may dispute the point of excellence, which is, however, quite of another kind. The interlocutory matter of the latter derives all its zest from an imitation of several of the principal performers, and from a tolerably free quiz upon some who are minors in the profession. In the Monopolylogue, the characters represented are, Mrs. Paulina Pry, a crazy poet, a chimney-sweeper, a blustering landlord, a Dutch broom girl, an oyster-woman, her son, who mends chairs, and a superannuated bellman and sexton. Among these personages, Mrs. Pry and the broom-vender are the most amusing.

Mr. Yates is a pleasant bustling man, and takes a quick view of ludicrous particularities: but he has not the mental power or generalising spirit of Mr. Matthews.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A HIGH dress of *gros de Naples*, the color of the Persian lilac, with three very full rouleaux ornamenting the border; each rouleau entwined with satin riband. The body laid in small flat plaits, at some distance from each other; and the waist

encircled by a belt, fastened in front with a coral brooch set in gold. The sleeves moderately full, headed by chemisette mancherons, which descend nearly as low as the elbow, and over them is a cleft ornament, resembling the Persian mancheron. The sleeves are finished at the wrists with three rows of *bouilloné* puckering, each confined by a narrow satin strap; and close to the glove is a bracelet of gold, fastened with a brooch similar to that which confines the belt. A broad Vandyck collar, formed of a most superb specimen of URLING's lace, falls over the bust and shoulders, and is fastened in front near the throat with a bow of mignonette leaf-green riband. Village hat of white watered *gros de Naples*, over a small cor-nette of lace: the hat tastefully ornamented with mignonette-green, and Canary-yellow riband, with loose long strings of green riband. Parasol of the same color.

EVENING PARTY DRESS.

A dress of tulle over white satin, with a broad puckered border, in which are annulets bound with satin; from these interstices, which are in a triangular form, issue straps of satin that confine the puckering, which ornament is headed by a satin rouleau. The body is of satin, *à la Sevigné*, but the drapery across the bust is of tulle. The sleeves are short, and formed of white satin, across which is a bouffant ornament confined in the middle by a silk button, and the shoulders are ornamented with wings *à la Psyche* of fine blond. The hair is arranged in the Grecian style, in bands and ringlets, adorned across the front with pearls, and a profusion of white feathers on the summit of the head. Necklace of pearls, clasped in front with a ruby, and pearl ear-rings. Bracelets of gold with ruby fastenings, worn over the gloves.

We are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square, for the above dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

A charming variety now prevails in female costume in our promenades, our assemblies, and at our public spectacles; silks of lively colors, some very light, others peculiarly glowing, mark the commencement of Flora's approaching reign. The important question of "what will be most admired this spring?" is carefully discussed, and, indeed, seems now decided: the chill north winds, if they do blow a little at intervals, have passed away, and with them have vanished the velvet pelisse and mantle, with the muff and fur pelerine.

Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, either of the field-violet color, or the more light hue of the garden Parma violet, are much in favor, either for the promenade or the carriage; and though we remarked that furs are banished, yet we have seen a most beautiful pelisse in a carriage, of a color between the lapis-blue and the Parma violet, lightly and tastefully trimmed with the delicate fur of the little zibeline; nor did it appear, in a climate so changeful as ours, anywise outré. Scarf shawls, either in silk or Cachemire, and fichu-pelerines over high

dresses, are the other prevailing out-door coverings.

The plain bonnet for walking, either of black *gros de Naples*, or fine white straw or Leghorn, yet maintains its pre-eminence, with the addition of a nun's veil of black lace thrown over it. In carriages the mode of trimming is various, and often whimsical in the extreme: we saw one a short time ago of black *gros de Naples*, ornamented, or rather disfigured in front with immense bows of orange-colored and blue ribands, intermingled like the colors worn at elections: the strings of the bonnet were streaming loose, and one was of orange-colored riband, the other blue. White bonnets with colored feathers are much worn in carriages; these feathers also are of two different colors: when these bonnets are without flowers or feathers, they have generally a small curtain veil of white blond.

Home-dresses are of tabinet, barêge, or *gros de Naples*, and are made in various ways as to ornament, but the trimmings are of the most simple kind, such as two rows of bias folds set on in festoons, three rouleaux at equal distances,

or two flounces of a moderate length: they are made partially high, with the corsage quite plain, or sometimes *à l'enfant*. Crape dresses, and those of colored gauze with rich satin stripes, are much in favor for evening parties; they are usually trimmed at the border with several rows of satin riband fluted, the color of the stripes, forming narrow flounces. Fancy balls are now so much in favor, that it is difficult to speak precisely of the costume observed at other dancing assemblies: tulle, gauze, and crêpe-lisse, are, however, the materials of which the dresses are composed; and wreaths of flowers, a few pearls or ornamental combs, constitute the head-dress.

A French *bêret* turban of colored crape is a favorite head-dress for the evening; a beautiful plume of short feathers of the same color on the right side, and another plume drooping over the left ear. A fichu dress cap is also much admired: it is of fine blond, with very long lappets falling over the bust: under the broad blond in front is a half wreath of full-blown yellow roses. A turban of pink satin, with bows of gauze of the same color, is also a favorite head-dress for evening parties: a pearl bandeau encircles the hair next the forehead, and a streamer of pink satin depends from the right ear, terminated by superb tassels of pearls. The small blond caps we noticed in our last number yet retain their pre-eminence for half dress: there is a slight alteration in them which is not for the better, as it destroys their beautiful simplicity; they are much higher in the crown than they were, and are rendered thereby less becoming.

The most approved colors for pelisses, dresses, and scarf-shawls, are Canary-yellow, green of all shades, pomegranate, and pistachio.

For bonnets, turbans, and ribands, ethereal blue, lilac, straw-color, pink, and violet.

MODS PARISIENNES.

Muslin canezons, as the warmth of the weather increases, are now becoming very general; the newest is of the fichu-kind, and is of jaconot, trimmed all round with thread tulle. Over the sleeves of the dress worn underneath, which is always of colored silk, falls an ornament from the canezon, on each shoulder, which forms a mancheron. Spencers of black velvet and colored *gros de Na-*

ples over white muslin dresses promise to be very general this summer; they are trimmed across the bust with brandenburghs of the same silk as the spencer, and the black velvet with braided satin; the sleeves are *en gigot*, with mancherons *à la Perse*: the collar is stiff, scalloped slightly in points, and half standing up. The newest pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, and tie down the front with bows: they have three plaits down the sides of the skirt-facings as ornaments, and the wrists of the gigot sleeves have round them a quilling of tulle. Plaid silk scarfs are much worn; but they are reckoned more in good taste when the scarf is plain, with a very deep border of plaid at the ends.

White chip hats are the order of the day in all the public promenades and in carriages: they are of a becoming shape, and very tastefully trimmed: the Leghorn hats are chiefly in use now for the retired or morning walk, and are in the pilgrim's shape. Straw hats are trimmed simply with a plaid riband, tied down with the bow on one side. They are placed very backward, and have a fichu or a cornette of blond underneath.

Among the feathers that are used to ornament hats, are white and variegated; but the favorite novelty in this light ornament is a wheat-sheaf, formed of a number of little feathers of colors analogous to the ribands on the hat; such, for instance, as lilac and green, red and yellow, &c.

Evening dresses are often of tulle over white satin, and are richly trimmed with four flounces of blond, between each of which are rows of embroidery, wrought in floise silk: the sleeves of these dresses are long, and the body *à la Vierge*. Printed muslins for *deshabille* are likely to be as much in vogue as they were last season: some have appeared in the best *magasins* of the most novel and charming patterns. White muslin dresses, though but few have appeared at present, are very costly, being trimmed with several flounces of fine broad lace: rouleaux of rose-colored satin are placed over each of these flounces; and three rows of lace falling over each other form a pelerine from shoulder to shoulder. A scarf of tulle embroidered, completes this costume. Light colored dresses of *gros de Naples*, with five or six flounces pinked at the edges, have a beautiful effect and are much admired.

The hair is often arranged *à la Madonna*, with wreaths of white flowers across the front, and a long veil attached to the back of the head, which floats over the back and shoulders. Caps of blond, ornamented with early spring flowers, prevail much at the theatres and in half-dress. Bêrets, though somewhat on the

decline, are yet worn : they are colored, and have feathers of the same hue.

The favorite colors for pelisses, dresses, and spencers, are Chinese-grey, rose-color, stone-color, Canary-yellow, and mignonette-green. For bêrets, bonnets, and trimmings, marshmallow-blossom, blue, straw-color, lilac, and jonquil.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the princess of Polignac and the lady of rear-admiral Talbot, to the ladies of Mr. R. Currie, Mr. H. J. Pye, the rev. W. Dansey, and Dr. Hall, master of Pembroke college, Oxford.

Daughters to the marchioness of Clanricarde and lady Caroline Morant, to the wives of Mr. B. Pead, Mr. W. G. Langton, jun. and Mr. F. J. Prescott.

A son and two daughters, *simultaneously*, to Mrs. Neate, of Warminster.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Haldane, a barrister, to the youngest daughter of the rev. Richard Smith, rector of Sutton, in Sussex.

The rev. T. Nayler, to the second daughter of sir George Nayler.

Sir R. Williamson, to the hon. Anne Liddell.

The earl of Clare, to the daughter of the late lord Gwydir.

The hon. and rev. Edward Pellew, to miss Winthrop.

The rev. Mr. Best, third son of the chief justice of the Common-Pleas, to the youngest daughter of judge Burrough.

The rev. James Radcliffe, to the niece of the bishop of Rochester.

Mr. James Palmer, of Leicester-square, to Miss Bezcr.

The son of Mr. Fuller, of Neston-

park, Wilts, to the daughter of the hon. John Browne.

Mr. W. Killigrew Wait, of Westbury, to the youngest daughter of R. Newman, M. D.

DEATHS.

Lady Susan Douglas, sister to the earl of Dunmore.

At Cambridge, the wife of professor Woodhouse.

Colonel Delancy Barclay.

At Drury-lane theatre, in a fit, Mr. B. Hall, a banker of Dublin.

Mr. Allen, of Clifford's Inn.

In his 82d year, Mr. Deodatus Bye.

The rev. Dr. George Wollaston, the oldest member of the Royal Society.

At Shrewsbury, the rev. John Blake-way.

In his 81st year, sir Thomas Gooch.

Rear-admiral Ingram.

Sir Alexander Don, M. P.

In her 86th year, Philadelphia, viscountess Cremorne, a descendant of William Penn, the founder of the Pensylvanian colony.

Lady Isabella St.-Laurence.

Mrs. Fauntleroy.

Sir George Alderson.

Edward Turner, the pugilist, at the age of 35 years.

At Heidelberg, Voss, the celebrated German writer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If we could gratify Leonora without risking an impeachment of our critical pretensions, we would gladly oblige her.

The Gypsy Camp-Cry, the song in praise of Louisa, and other poetical pieces, are under consideration.

The Remarks on the Continuance of commercial Embarrassments, do not throw the least light on the subject.

Woman's Love has been improved by the author ; but we beg leave to hint, that he ought not to send the *same* production to *two Magazines*.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

JUNE 30, 1826.

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE,

by Dr. Charles Symmons.

SHAKSPEARE is, in so high a degree, an object of British idolatry, that the efforts even of humble pens to illustrate his life and writings are received with favor and honored with attention; and, when a man of talent and learning undertakes the task, his success is still more certain. The elegant biographical sketch which we now announce is an appendage to a re-publication of the works of the bard of Avon, edited by Mr. Singer. It is a matter of surprise, that, in an age so enlightened as that in which queen Elizabeth flourished, so little care should have been taken to produce admirable plays in a correct form; that the author himself should have consigned them to neglect; and that of his own life and conduct so few authentic memorials should remain. We know very little of one of the most ingenious men that ever adorned the literary annals of any country. We know that he was born in Warwickshire, that he entered into the matrimonial state, became a theatrical performer, wrote a great number of plays, and died long before he had attained the term of life declared by the psalmist to be the full age of man; but, beyond this scanty intelligence, we have scarcely any information. A periodical writer says, "We do not feel much regret that it is so; for, though a very natural and laudable curiosity is thus

disappointed, there is a vague field left for the imagination, which is still more favorable to such ideas as are engendered in contemplating the works of this stupendous intelligence. A mystery and darkness are well suited to the being of a Shakspeare: we like to feel his supernatural influence, to see it operate upon generations of mankind, and (while we can trace the causes of mastery in such glorious spirits as Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, and other wonderful men) to confess that Shakspeare's source of superiority is wrapped in an inscrutable origin, and resembles an abstract and incomprehensible emanation of divinity."

This effusion may be thought sublime; but it seems to us little better than mere rhodomontade. When we admire the productions of genius and talent, we naturally wish to be acquainted with the personal and private history of the highly-gifted writer: we wish to trace his progress from childhood to maturity; to know the incidents and occurrences which attended his course through life; to ascertain how he comported himself in the society with which he was connected; to learn whether he was upright or unprincipled, orderly or licentious, chaste and temperate or dissolute and debauched, generous or illiberal, cheerful or morose. Of such a man, indeed, we wish to know every thing that can be communicated in the form of truth.

So inattentive was Shakspeare to his own fame, that he saw (says his new bio-

grapher) "with perfect unconcern some of his immortal works brought mutilated and deformed, in surreptitious copies, before the world; and others of them, with an equal indifference to their fate, he permitted to remain in their unrevised or interpolated MSS. in the hands of the theatric prompter. There is not, probably, in the whole compass of literary history, such another instance of a proud superiority to what has been called, by a rival genius,

'The last infirmity of noble minds,'

as that which was now exhibited by our illustrious dramatist and poet. He seemed

'As if *he* could not, or *he* would not find,
How much *his* worth transcended all *his* kind.'

With a privilege, rarely indulged even to the sons of genius, he had produced his admirable works without any throes or labor of the mind: they had obtained for him all that he had asked from them,—the patronage of the great, the applause of the witty, and a competency of fortune adequate to the moderation of his desires. Having fulfilled, or possibly exceeded his expectations, they had discharged their duty; and he threw them altogether from his thought; and whether it were their destiny to emerge into renown, or to perish in the drawer of a manager; to be brought to light in a state of integrity, or to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon with a thousand mortal murders on their heads,' engaged no part of his solicitude or interest. They had given to him the means of easy life, and he sought from them nothing more. This insensibility in our author to the offspring of his brain may be the subject of our wonder or admiration: but the consequences have been calamitous to those who in after-times have hung with delight over his pages. On the intellect and temper of these ill-fated mortals it has inflicted a heavy load of punishment, in the dullness and the arrogance of commentators and illustrators—in the conceit and petulance of Theobald, the imbecility of Capell, the pert and tasteless dogmatism of Steevens, the ponderous littleness of Malone and of Drake. Some superior men, it is true, enlisted themselves in the cause of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hamner, and Johnson, were successively his editors, and professed to give his

scenes in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or other, which it is not our present business to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, disappointed the just expectations of the public; and, with an inversion of Nature's general rule, the little men have finally prevailed against the great. The blockheads have hooted the wits from the field; and attaching themselves to a mighty body of Shakspeare, like barnacles to the hull of a proud man of war, they are prepared to plough with him the vast ocean of time, and thus, by the only means in their power, to snatch themselves from that oblivion to which Nature seemed to devote them. It would be unjust, however, to defraud these gentlemen of their proper praise. They have read for men of talents; and, by their gross labor in the mine, they have accumulated materials to be arranged and polished by the hand of the finer artist."

The observations of Dr. Symmons on the talents, and on some of the characters of Shakspeare, are judicious.—"In his representation of madness, he must be regarded as inimitably excellent; and the picture of this last degradation of humanity, with nature always for his model, is diversified by him at his pleasure. Even over the wreck of the human mind he throws the variegated robe of character. How different is the genuine insanity of Lear from the assumed insanity of Edgar, with which it is immediately confronted; and how distinct, again, are both of these from the disorder which prevails in the brain of the lost and the tender Ophelia!

"In one illustrious effort of his dramatic power, our poet has had the confidence to produce two delineations of the same perversion of the human heart, and to present them, at once similar and dissimilar, to the examination of our wondering eyes. In *Timon* and *Apemantus* is exhibited the same deformity of misanthropy: but in the former it springs from the corruption of a noble mind, stricken and laid prostrate by the ingratitude of his species: in the latter it is a noisome weed, germinating from a bitter root, and cherished by perverse cultivation into branching malignity. In each of them, as the vice has a different parentage, so has it a diversified aspect.

"With such an intimacy with all the fine and subtle workings of Nature in her action on the human heart, it is not wonderful that our great dramatist

should possess an absolute control over the passions, and should be able to unlock the cell of each of them as the impulse of his fancy may direct. When we follow Macbeth to the chamber of Duncan; when we stand with him by the enchanted caldron, or see him, under the infliction of conscience, glaring at the spectre of the *blood-boltered* Banquo in the possession of the royal chair; horror is by our side, thrilling in our veins and bristling in our hair. When we attend the Danish prince to his midnight conference with the shade of his murdered father, and hear the ineffable accents of the dead, willing, but prohibited, 'to tell the secrets of his prison-house,' we are appalled, and our faculties are suspended in terror. When we see the faithful and the lovely Juliet awaking in the house of darkness and corruption, with the corpse of her husband on her bosom; when we behold the innocent Desdemona dying by the hand to which she was the most fondly attached, and charging on herself, with her latest breath, the guilt of her murderer; when we witness the wretchedness of Lear, contending with the midnight storm, and strewing his white locks on the blast; or carrying in his withered arms the body of his Cordelia murdered in his cause,—is it possible that the tear of pity should not start from our eyes and trickle down our cheeks? In the forest of Arden, as we ramble with its accidental inmates, our spirits are soothed into cheerfulness, and are occasionally elevated into gaiety. In the tavern at Eastcheap, with the witty and debauched knight, we meet with 'Laughter holding both his sides;' and we surrender ourselves, willingly and delighted, to the inebriation of his influence. We could dwell for a long summer's day amid the fertility of these charming topics, if we were not called from them to a higher region of poetic enjoyment, possessed by the genius of Shakspeare alone; where he reigns sole lord; and where his subjects are the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination. From whatever quarter of the world, eastern or northern, England may have originally derived her elves and her fairies, he undoubtedly formed these little beings, as they flutter in his scenes, from an idea of his own; and they came from his hand beneficent and friendly to man, immortal and invulnerable, of such corporeal minuteness as to lie in the bell of

a cowslip, and yet of such power as to disorder the seasons; as

————— 'to bedim

The noontide sun, call forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war.'

To this little ethereal people our poet has assigned manners and occupations in perfect consistency with their nature, and has sent them forth, in the richest array of fancy, to gambol before us, to astonish and delight us. They resemble nothing upon earth: but, if they could exist with man, they would act and speak as they act and speak, with the inspiration of our poet, in the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*."

The biographer is also a poet, as the following lines evince:

"Yes, Master of the human heart! we own
Thy sov'reign sway, and bow before thy throne;

Where, richly deck'd with laurels never sere,
It stands aloft, and baffles time's career.

There warbles Poesy her sweetest song—

There the wild Passions wait, thy vassal throng.
There Love, there Hate, there Joy in turn
presides,

And rosy Laughter, holding both his sides.

At thy command the varied tumult rolls;

Now pity melts, now terror chills our souls.

Now, as thou wavest thy wizard-rod, are seen
The fays and elves quick glancing o'er the
green;

And, as the Moon her perfect orb displays,

The little people sparkle in her rays.

There, 'mid the lightning's blaze and whirl-
wind's howl,

On the scath'd heath the fatal Sisters scowl;

Or, as hell's caldron bubbles o'er the flame,

Prepare to do 'a deed without a name.'

These are thy wonders, Nature's darling
birth!

And Fame exulting bears thy name o'er earth.
There, where Rome's eagle never stoop'd for
blood,

By hallow'd Ganges and Missouri's flood;

Where the bright eyelids of the Morn uncloze,

And where Day's steeds in golden stalls re-
pose,

Thy peaceful triumphs spread, and mock the
pride

Of Pella's youth, and Julius slaughter-dyed.

In ages far remote, when Albion's state

Hath touch'd the mortal limit mark'd by
Fate;

When arts and science fly her naked shore,

And the world's empress shall be great no
more—

Then Australasia shall thy sway prolong,

And her rich cities echo with thy song.

There myriads still shall laugh, or drop the
tear,

At Falstaff's humor, or the woes of Lear :
 Man, wave-like, following man, thy powers
 admire ;
 And thou, my Shakspeare, reign till Time ex-
 pire !"

A CLASSICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE
 TIME OF JAMES THE FIRST;—AND
 THE MARRIAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER
 WITH THE ELECTOR PALATINE.

FOR a long time the German princes had vied with their French and English neighbours in prodigality of expense ; but, destitute of taste, they arrived only at a gorgeous and inelegant luxury. " It was reserved for Frederic duke of Wirtemberg," says Schmidt, " to whom James the First had (in 1603) sent the order of the Garter, to testify his sense of the obligation, by giving a feast not less voluptuous than the banquet of Lucullus in his Hall of Apollo, and even more superb than that which Wolsey presented at Hampton-Court. It was in the great hall of Stuttgard that this entertainment was theatrically exhibited. At one extremity of that apartment was prepared a table for the absent guest, king James, covered with ninety dishes, to which air, earth, and water, had furnished the most exquisite productions. Nor were these epicurean rarities for the palate alone ; the eye and the ear were allured, and satisfied : every dish was profusely garnished with spices, and no sooner were the silver covers removed, than a volume of aromatic odors, like a cloud of incense, diffused through the hall its voluptuous fragrance. During each course, various shows were presented to amuse the spectators ; some appended to the banquet, others purely for mental entertainment. To the former class belonged pasties of every imaginable form, of every visible tint, and filled with every thing that earth or water could supply. After these were seen birds, such as swans ; cranes, erect on their feet, their necks stretched forth ; the gaudy peacock, so placed as apparently to be lost in the contemplation of his own beautiful plumage. Fish were exhibited partly in the natural form, partly embellished with gold and silver tints. After this came other shows or pageants. At the upper end of the royal British table presided Hercules, represented by a masculine statue of colossal proportions ; prostrate at whose feet lay four men, against whom the divinity raised the jaw-bone of

an ass. What intense power in the eyes, what force in the attitude ! exclaims the eye-witness of this scene : at a single glance the Herculean mind of king James was exhibited ! At Frederic's own table was placed the statue of Minerva, to convey an idea of his love of science and letters. At the table of the British ambassador stood Mercury, confronted by satyrs, whose figures were chiefly composed of wax. These wild men were bound with branches of the orange tree, which flourished only in the royal gardens of Wirtemberg and Heidelberg. To delight the ear, the duke's band played alternately with that of the British ambassador ; and there was a conflict of sweet sounds, an emulation of harmony in songs and instruments, the violin, the lute, and the harp ; not more heavenly had been the strains breathed by Apollo in concert with the Muses. The English minstrels were few, but for this they amply atoned by superior skill ; for England (adds this relator) abounds in exquisite musicians, and also the best players, of whom numbers, congregating, leave their father-land, to exercise their talents in foreign courts. It is not long since such a company displayed their skill at the different courts of Germany with such success, that each was soon able to return to his country with a competent fortune. Exclusive of the trumpets, the duke's band comprised sixty musicians ; so that it yielded to no monarch's company. The dinner over, there was a royal dance, beginning in the old German style, with one couple, having two to lead, and two to follow."

The morning was ushered in with ringing of bells, and the discharge of guns ; and at an early hour Elizabeth was attired in a gorgeous robe of white and silver studded with diamonds. On her head she wore a crown of gold, her long hair floating on her shoulders ; and, in those beautiful tresses, pearls and diamonds were elaborately interwoven, worn with more magnificence than good taste. As she passed through the covered gallery to the chapel, her voluminous train was born by thirteen young ladies all dressed in white, with flowing tresses. Hence she walked between the venerable lord admiral (the earl of Nottingham), and her brother, prince Charles : the former was still popular as the hero of the Spanish Armada, which formed the subject of the tapestry that covered the walls

and floors of the edifice prepared for the nuptial solemnity. Over the altar were suspended three pieces of tapestry, of which the central piece represented Peter and John healing the sick; on the right side the good shepherd, and on the left the marriage of Cana. On one side of the altar stood the bishop of Bath and Wells, and Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, the steady friend and promoter of the marriage, on the other. Frederic had already arrived, conducted by Henry of Nassau and the duke of Lenox, and attended by several English and German nobles. The elector was more tastefully dressed than his bride, having added to the decoration of the George and Garter a Spanish hat and mantle. 'In his English part,' says Winwood, 'he performed reasonably well.' The service was somewhat tedious. After a sermon by the bishop of Bath and Wells, on the institution of marriage, there was a long prayer; to this succeeded a hymn. The espousals were then performed; and it may be observed, that the nuptial vow was the same to both parties; each was pledged to love, to cherish, and to honor the other, but obedience was not named. The nuptial benediction was given by the archbishop; and it is by several writers observed, that, toward the close of the ceremony, certain coruscations of joy appeared in Elizabeth's face, which were afterwards supposed to be sinister presages of her misfortunes.

BOHEMIAN LAW IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY;

a true Story.

A LITIGATION arose (says Miss Benger) between two noblemen, who had married two sisters, the daughters of a wealthy baron deceased. Each claimed, in right of his wife, her splendid inheritance. The origin of this feud was of a romantic cast. Twelve years before, the baron, a man of irascible vindictive passions, suspecting that his elder daughter had formed an unsuitable connexion, confined her in a solitary tower on the summit of a cliff, to which the only access was by a perpendicular ascent, sufficiently difficult to impede the most enterprising adventurer. In this gloomy turret, the unhappy girl was condemned to waste her blooming youth. At length the ba-

ron died, without pardoning or even seeing his ill-fated child, but not before he had given in marriage his second daughter to a nobleman of calvinistic principles, who took possession of the whole property, and without scruple determined that the captivity of his sister-in-law should terminate only with her existence. For some time, the baron Slabata enjoyed, unmolested, the magnificent castle of his wife's ancestors; and (such was the moral degradation attendant on feudal ignorance) his iniquitous actions were chartered with impunity. In the mean while, it was notorious that the baron left two daughters, one of whom, the elder, and consequently the heiress, though immured, was supposed to be still in existence. Otto of Wartenberg, a spirited nobleman, with more courage than wealth, recalled the image of the captive in her happier days, and resolved to attempt her deliverance. For this purpose he repaired, with a chosen band of brave men, to the foot of the declivity on which her tower stood. With infinite difficulty he ascended by a ladder of ropes to the summit, and employed the same means to assist his companions. Having so far succeeded, they stormed the fortress, killed the guards, and released the lady. In what manner the victim of paternal cruelty and fraternal avarice had endured her tedious imprisonment, is not detailed; but, however it might have impaired her beauty, it had not deprived her of attractions in the eyes of Otto, who believed that, in making her his wife, he should by the laws of Bohemia acquire an exclusive right to her father's possessions. Readily did the outcast lady accept his hand, and gladly did she acquiesce in the bold step which he proposed to reinstate her in the castle of her ancestors.

In this emergency, the regular course would have been to institute a legal process in the chancellor's court, and patiently to await his decision. But delays were as ill suited to the baron's necessities as the lady's impatience. Revolutionary movements in Bohemia seemed to have conferred personal privileges on individual men. Instead, therefore, of submitting his claims to a chancellor, who might be swayed by interest or prejudice, Otto, like a true knight, took his cause into his own hands; and, having collected a sufficient force, proceeded to the castle, compelled admission, and dislodged its former occupants.

The discomfited Slabata lost no time in stating his grievance to the directors, who summoned Wartenberg to answer for the outrage. Instead of obeying the citation, that nobleman employed himself in arming his wife's vassals, who, either touched by her sufferings, or captivated with her husband's gallantry, promised to stand or fall by their new lord. Ill fitted to contend with his intrepid foe, the base Slabata had no resource but to re-state his case to the chancellor, and tamely to endure affronts until the election of a new monarch should have re-established in Bohemia a more regular government. On the arrival of Frederic in Bohemia, even Otto altered his deportment, acquiesced in legal process, and implored the royal protection. Unfortunately, Slabata, who was notoriously a Calvinist, had already secured the good-will of the new government; and his forcible ejectment from the castle was declared to be a violation of the laws, for which offence Otto was amerced in a heavy fine, and imprisoned in the tower of Prague.

In the mean while the countess was allowed to remain in the castle of Gutschin, until the cause in the chancellor's court should be determined; when, on what colorable pretence appears not, the representative of the elder sister was nonsuited, and Slabata, the unjust rapacious brother, confirmed in the inheritance. Not one moment was lost by the favored litigant to enforce restitution; but, well knowing that the wife of Wartenberg participated in her husband's courage, he urged the rath to persuade her not to arm her vassals against the king's authority. The lady listened with calmness, and even promised to admit Slabata quietly, provided that he should be attended only by legal officers. For this the rath pledged himself; and Slabata arrived, with only ten legal commissaries, at the gates of the castle. Mistrusting, however, the placability of his sister-in-law, he had taken the precaution to provide soldiers, who were admitted privately within the court. In the mean while her vassals (including the inhabitants of Gutschin) beginning, unasked, to assemble before the gates of the castle, the rath read to them aloud the royal commission, denouncing the penalties of imprisonment and confiscation on all who resisted the royal mandate. On hearing this preamble, the people dispersed, leaving to the lady Wartenberg no alter-

native but submission or imprisonment. Her native pride and courage were still unsubdued; and, preferring even death with vengeance to beggary and disgrace, she commanded her soldiers to fall upon Slabata's party. The latter proving victorious, she withdrew with precipitation to an inner apartment, where she had hoarded a few barrels of powder; and here having plied the men with wine, she presented them with pipes for smoking, and encouraged them, by fair promises, to renew the attack, though, from an effort so desperate, she could expect only destruction. Slabata, exulting in success, was proudly conducting his men to the hall, happy to be relieved from the presence of his injured kinswoman. But vain were his speculations. A fatal spark, a accidentally communicating from a torch to a small powder magazine which the lady had hoarded as her last resource, at once awarded justice to the rapacious Slabata and the vindictive wife of Otto. In a few moments an explosion was heard, beyond description terrible; the walls of the castle were lifted from their foundations; in a single instant one wing was leveled with the earth, and, with the exception of five or six favored individuals, who almost miraculously escaped, nobles, peasants, vassals, children, horses, were involved in one fate, and, above all, the lady and the baron, who had been the primary cause of the catastrophe.

No sooner was the intelligence received at Prague, than the wretched Otto was released from the tower, apparently at liberty to take possession of the melancholy ruins; but, though audacious, he was not obdurate; and so overwhelming were the impressions of horror and grief which this catastrophe produced on his frame, that he did not long survive his miserable consort. Such was the state of society in Bohemia, that this tremendous outrage was perpetrated in a castle only ten miles distant from the gates of Prague.

TRAVELS IN NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, &c.

by William Rae Wilson, F. S. A.

NOT satisfied with a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land, Mr. Wilson still felt that "curiosity which prompts us to take an interest in whatever concerns our globe and its inhabitants," and was

strongly prompted to take a survey of Scandinavia, by the consideration of our imperfect knowledge of that portion of the continent. He seems to have been an attentive observer of the prominent features of the north; and, although neither a very acute and enlightened man nor a good writer, he has at least given us a variety of information respecting its present state.

To a long account of Christiania, the capital of Norway, he adds the following sketch of society and manners.—“As my stay at Christiania happened to be during summer, I had little opportunity of seeing what is called Norwegian genteel society, since most of the nobility and gentry retire to their country seats for the summer months: however, I had the formal parties during the winter described to me; and one custom, which appeared highly ludicrous, I cannot forbear mentioning. When a guest enters a saloon, where the company is assembled, the servant in waiting is not contented, as in England, to call his name and title aloud, but uses a speaking trumpet, as on board of ship during a storm, through which it is announced formally, so that no part of the name or high-sounding title may be lost to any one in the crowd. Music seems to be the favourite amusement; and most of the young folk of both sexes are performers on several instruments, and also sing. At the only party to which I was invited during my visit here, I heard a little boy of thirteen years of age sing several songs with a very sweet voice, and accompany himself with great precision on the piano, although he had never received any instructions; but his talent and natural inclination had taught him to overcome, without any assistance, those difficulties from which many of our young ladies and gentlemen shrink in despair.

“The evening’s entertainment concluded with a supper, which was as substantial in quantity and quality as could be set, in this country, before a party of ploughmen of the keenest appetite, and under which, in fact, the table appeared absolutely to groan. Huge pieces of roast meat, smoking hot, formed the principal dish; there were, besides, black cocks of immense size, a large pudding, a great quantity of rich pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats. The hospitality was actually overwhelming: every person was supplied most bountifully; and the master and mistress of the house

showed their hospitality, which reminded me of old Caledonia, by pressing their guests with such assiduity, that, although they were unable to eat more, their plates were heaped. As all who were at table rose simultaneously, there was, of course, no separation of the sexes, as in England, on such occasions. Such entertainments, I would remark, at a late hour of the night, cannot fail to be injurious to the constitution. It must be allowed, that we are all inclined to eat much more than nature requires. Suppers may not be considered bad if we have not dined; but restless nights and frightful dreams will inevitably follow when these are taken after bountiful dinners, and they are too often followed by apoplexy.

“I shall here allude briefly to the costume and manners of both sexes in Norway. The females are supposed to possess a superiority over those of Sweden, and are married at an earlier period than the men. On this occasion the parties receive presents from all their friends, in money, clothes, and provisions. The women, like the men, have a healthy and masculine appearance, not unlike the brawny inhabitants of the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. The lower classes are dirty in their appearance, and inferior in point of dress and cleanliness to the Swedes. Men wear coats of a coarse dark-brown cloth, and boots; and women wear a druggel dress and white handkerchiefs. Some tie a three-cornered handkerchief over the head, so as to hide the hair, which is in general bushy and not attractive; and others bind up their cheeks with a handkerchief, as if afflicted with the tooth-ache; while not a few wear black silk caps, tied under the chin; farther, many have no head-dress at all: dresses of British manufacture are, however, preferred by most women of the higher classes of life, as also white and black straw bonnets.

“The natives are extremely polite, not only to strangers, but to each other. Men are in the constant practice of taking off their hats on meeting in the street, and with great formality. The natives, on the whole, are frank, hospitable, and temperate. Separated by mountains from other nations, they appear to be kept in a certain degree of ignorance, and uncontaminated by the vices and bad example of crowded cities, which have been so appositely called by a distinguished dignitary of the church the ‘graves of mankind, the nurseries of

vice, and hot-beds of corruption.' There are numerous beggars in the streets, whom the police do not notice; and it was more extraordinary, from the circumstance that I had not observed any in those Swedish or Norwegian towns I had hitherto visited."

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"On midsummer-day great rejoicings took place; the houses were adorned with branches of trees, and flowers and may-poles were erected in all the villages, decorated with ribands, flowers, and other devices. Early in the morning, carts, loaded with branches and flowers, were brought into town, and during the whole day there was an unusual air of festivity. In the afternoon I observed a crowd of men, women, and children, leave town in the same direction, and had the curiosity to follow them. They proceeded to a hill, where I found a vast number of people. At the top of the hill two large poles were fixed, with one end in the ground, and planks laid across at the top, giving it exactly the appearance of an English gibbet; and nothing was more natural for an Englishman than to suppose that the multitude had assembled to witness the execution of some unhappy criminal. This, however, was not the case, as I soon discovered, there being placed two tar-barrels on the platform, which were instantly lighted. The moment this was done, corresponding fires were suddenly seen in a great blaze on all the surrounding hills, and loud reiterated shouts from the assemblage expressed their satisfaction on the accomplishment of this favourite object. Booths of branches were erected in great numbers at the bottom of the hill; a regimental band played national airs and tunes to those who danced; refreshments were offered for sale in every direction, and the most heartfelt glee took possession of the whole assembly; in short, there appeared more charms in their leaping about, rough manners, and homespun finery, than in all the dress, splendour, and studied graces of the first ball-room. This scene of laughter and enjoyment continued during the whole night, and every one who could walk, or even limp with a crutch, and had not been detained by most important duties at home, came to the field to witness this ancient national ceremony, so that the town was for some hours completely deserted. Some officers of police were walking about to

prevent disturbances, but I did not hear of their having been obliged to act."

Mr. Wilson dwells on the advantages of Gothenburg as a commercial town, and also notices its inconveniences and deficiencies: but we can only extract a few passages.—"In a general point of view, Gothenburg may be considered to resemble the towns of Holland. It is situated in a marshy plain, surrounded with rocks, and has rather an imposing appearance. The streets are in straight lines,—a circumstance by no means common to old towns in any part of the continent; and, in the principal streets, a canal runs through the middle. These canals are sufficiently large, not only to allow vessels of a considerable size to enter them, but to unload close off the houses of their owners; and four moveable bridges facilitate the communications from one part of the town to another. As in Holland, also, we find beautiful trees planted and protected in many of the streets, as if the inhabitants, when they first secured themselves within walls, were desirous, as far as possible, of retaining with these the charms and health of the country."

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Most of the houses are plastered, and painted in front either white or yellow; and, their roofs being made of bright red tiles, they have a neat cleanly appearance. In general the entrances are spacious, and many of them ornamented with columns and figures in a fantastic form. The windows are made in the French style, opening on hinges like half-doors, and without shutters; and small mirrors are placed on the outside, so as to reflect into the room objects in the street."

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Among the public buildings, the German church, with its copper roof and steeple, is a conspicuous object. The council-house and offices contiguous, in which the courts of justice are held, are elegant edifices, as is also the exchange; and the governor's house is a spacious and handsome structure."

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"In this part of Sweden, the people are robust, and have a look of health and contentment. Their mildness of character may be considered as equal to their bodily strength, and their innocence and inoffensiveness are rendered the more valuable by their power to do mischief. I could not discover any thing in their conduct approaching to cunning or deceitfulness, nor a hasty, intemperate, and

revengeful disposition, so often to be found in some countries. Their demeanor is composed, even under circumstances which would ruffle a disciple of the impostor Mohammed, whose peculiar gravity is supposed to exceed that of all other nations. Their complexions are remarkably fair; and the Swedish women may, in the literal sense of the term, be denominated the 'fair sex.' I may add, that the politeness of every class to strangers exceeds almost any thing I have met with among other people."

The author speaks very favorably of the character, manners, and government of the king of Sweden, with whom he had the honor of an interview. The king of Denmark also gratified him with an audience. Of this prince he says, "The king is slender, but of a handsome figure, and about five feet nine inches in height. His hair and eye-brows are white, and he has blue and rather large eyes, a small aquiline nose, and a pale countenance. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, and is strictly temperate in his habits. Perhaps few monarchs in Europe are more distinguished for affability than his majesty, he being most easy of access, and totally divested of every kind of *hauteur* and ostentation. He is frequently to be met walking in the streets, sometimes alone, at other times accompanied by the princess royal leaning on his arm, but unattended even by a single servant."

A NEW ACCOUNT OF PORTUGUESE AMUSEMENTS.

IN the evening societies of the *fidalgos* (says a recent delineator of Portuguese life) the chief amusement is gambling, which they carry to the highest pitch. Their games are principally rondo and loto, which are played to excess among the *fidalgos* and those rich citizens, whose purse is their passport into circles where they are otherwise despised as commoners.

In the *soirées* of the genteel classes, music and dancing are the usual amusements. The former is chiefly vocal, accompanied by the guitar, or else the piano, the harp not being much in use. The airs sung are in Italian or Portuguese; but they would do best to confine themselves to their *modinhas*, which are really beautiful and national, rather than attempt to sing in a language which, with

their pronunciation, becomes the most disgusting of all sounds. Nothing can be more offensive to the ear than the Portuguese pronunciation of any other tongue than their own. Even the Spanish, which, in point of fact, has so great a resemblance to theirs, when spoken by them, loses all its majesty.

The music which the Portuguese play, on their wire-strung guitar, consists principally of waltzes, landums, and the accompaniments of their *modinhas*. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The landums are more particularly Portuguese than any other music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of music. To be well played, it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the *motivo* or *thema*, which is a beautiful and simple species of arpeggio, whilst the other improvises the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and rich imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvised. This kind of music is always of an amorous melancholy nature; to such a degree indeed, that I have seen it draw tears on many occasions from those hearers, whose hearts were at all tender, or who found in the words of the musician something analogous to their own situation. It is customary that, in an improvised *modinha*, strictly speaking, the words as well as the music should begin with a *motivo*, to which all the rest shall have reference.

The Portuguese piano music is chiefly that of Bontempo, the Mozart of Portugal. Although many opinions are entertained as to his compositions, his powers of execution are indisputably very great. Marcos Antonio Portugallo has composed some very fine pieces, amongst which his *sinfonias* of *Il Ritorno di Xerxe* and *Il Morte de Mithridate* stand very high, and, when well played by a good orchestra, have a very fine effect.

In many societies, particularly in the provinces, the English country-dances are still in use, although they are gradually discarded to make room for the more elegant and less fatiguing quadrille. Minuets are still much in use, particularly with antiquated *belles* and *beaux*, who are always anxious to show

how much more graceful were the solemn paces of their time, than the livelier motions of our days. The gavotte generally follows the minuet. In the frontier towns, most of the young people learn of their Spanish neighbours the bolero, but they have as downright an incompatibility for performing it properly, as they have for speaking Spanish. The Portuguese, in fact, to appear to advantage, must confine themselves to their own language, music, dances, and peculiar manners.

The game of forfeits is very common in societies of young persons, (the parents being present,) and this is usually preceded by solutions of enigmas, &c. One of these I thought so *naïf*, that I cannot help recording it. It was this: "White it is, the hen lays it," and this puzzled exceedingly a young gentleman (of no great acuteness, to be sure,) who solved it at last by "a pair of white pantaloons."

The time of the year when amusements are most frequent is that of the *Intrudo*, or Carnival, which lasts for about a fortnight before the commencement of Lent. The higher classes of society, on these occasions, dance and play at round games; but, with the exception of a few masks, nothing particularly distinguishes it as a season of carnival. These masks are more calculated to create gloom than to excite gaiety; for the persons who wear them stalk awkwardly into the room without even an attempt to support the characters which they have assumed; and, if any children be present, they are sure to be almost pulled to pieces; for children, it must be observed, instead of being sent early and wholesomely to bed as in England, are initiated into company at the most tender age, are taught to punt at bank, to play at rondo, to enter into every conversation, and to do in every respect as full-grown people. The consequence is, that both girls and boys have the most pale, meagre, vigil-like aspects imaginable.

Among the middling classes, the frolics of the carnival consist in throwing hair-powder and water in the face and over the clothes, and pelting the passengers in the streets, with oranges, lemons, eggs, and other missiles. Ladies are not unfrequently seen hiding behind a balcony or window shutter, with a huge syringe, watching the approach of a gentleman, who may be coming along the

street, in order to squirt its contents into his eyes. Many, instead of using the latter projectile, provide themselves with small bottles made of Indian rubber, having an ivory pipe at the end, which, when the bottle is squeezed, projects the water contained in it to a great distance.

Among the rabble there is no low contrivance left untried, in order to vex and plague each other; and this is what they consider as admirable sport. A blackguard boy will be seen with a long hollow cane in his hand, filled with hair-powder, walking behind some poor peasant woman with a basket of fruit on her head. He taps her on the shoulder with one end of the cane, to make her look round, and, applying his mouth to the other, blows its contents into her face and eyes, giving her a most sepulchral look, which excites the merriment of every one but herself. Other fellows have a stuffed glove smeared over with grease and chimney-black, at the end of a long stick, with which they tickle the ears of passengers, who, if they happen to look round, receive from it a slap in the face.

A circumstance which happens to almost every person who dares to walk the streets on the three last days of the *intrudo*, is having a long tail of cut paper hooked on to his dress behind, which is no sooner done than a cry, "he has a tail," is set up on all sides, and will follow him every-where, until he becomes aware of the cause of it.

Another common trick is to cut out of a piece of old hat the figure of an ass with very long ears, which, being rubbed over with whiting and slapped upon a man's back, leaves a good and distinct asinine impression, and never fails to excite a hearty laugh at the expense of the bearer.

In some places, the quantity of oranges scattered about the streets on these occasions, by being thrown at people, would suffice, at least, I am convinced, to load three or four vessels of two hundred tons burthen. None but eye-witnesses of the fact can form an idea of the waste of this delicious fruit in the brutal manner above-mentioned. In all the towns of the *Alemtejo* the same custom is observed; and the whole of Portugal, I may safely say, presents, during those three days, a scene revolting and disgusting to any civilised being.

Donkey rides are favorite diversions with all classes at Lisbon. Those ani-

mals which are intended for the ladies have a chair strapped on the saddle; but many, like the late queen of Portugal, ride astride. The sport chiefly consists in tickling the *burro* under the tail, that he may plunge and throw his rider.

NEW INTELLIGENCE FROM THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, CHIEFLY RESPECTING THE FEMALE INHABITANTS.

MAJOR DENHAM and captain Claperton, to whose interesting accounts of the African discoveries we lately called the attention of our readers, seem to have taken great notice (and more particularly the former) of the *fair* sex. The ladies of Fezzan, indeed, were previously known to Europeans: but the major has extended our knowledge of their persons and manners. The account of his interview with *Omhal-henna* [the mother of peace] is amusing:

“She had a wooden bowl of fresh milk in her hand, the greatest rarity she could offer; and held it out, with some confusion, towards me, with both her hands. As my taking the milk from her would have prevented the amicable salutation we both seemed prepared for, and which consisted of four or five gentle pressures of the hand, she placed the bowl upon the ground, while the ceremonies of greeting, which take a much longer time in an African village than in an English drawing-room, were, by mutual consent, most cordially performed. I really could not help looking at her with astonishment, and I heartily wish that I had the power of conveying an idea of her portrait. She was *covered* (for I cannot call it *dressed*) with only a blue linen barracan, which passed under one arm, and was fastened on the top of the opposite shoulder with a silver pin, the remaining part being thrown round the body behind, and brought over her head as a sort of hood: this had fallen off, and my taking her hand, when she set down the milk, had prevented its being replaced. This accident displayed her jet-black hair in numberless plaits all round her expressive face and neck, and her large sparkling eyes and little mouth, full of the whitest teeth imaginable. She had various figures burnt on her chin with gunpowder; her complexion was a deep brown; and round her

neck were eight or ten necklaces of coral and different coloured beads. So interesting a person I had not seen in the country; and on my remaining some moments with my eyes fixed on her, she recommenced the salutation, ‘How is your health?’ &c. and smiling, asked, with great *naïveté*, ‘whether I had not learned, during the last two months, a little more Arabic?’ I assured her I had. Looking round to see if any body heard her, and having brought the hood over her face, she said, ‘I first heard of your coming last night, and desired the slave to mention it to my brother. I have always looked for your coming, and at night, because at night I have sometimes seen you: you were the first man whose hand I ever touched; but they all said it did not signify with you, as you are a Christian. God turn your heart! but my brother says you will never become Moslem—won’t you, to please Abdi Zeleel’s sister? My mother says, God would never have allowed you to come, but for your conversion.’ By this time again the hood had fallen back, and I again had taken her hand, when the sudden appearance of Abdi Zeleel was a most unwelcome interruption. *Omhal-henna* quickly escaped.”

On his return from Bornou, he again met his Fezzanese charmer:

“*Omhal-henna* was now, after a disappointment by the death of her betrothed, a wife of only three days. She sent me a present, and her old slave who brought it, inquired ‘whether I did not mean to go to her father’s house, and salute her mother?’—I replied, ‘Certainly;’ and just after dark the same slave came to accompany me. We found the old lady sitting over a handful of fire: she hugged me most cordially, for there was nobody present but ourselves; the fire was blown up, and a bright flame produced, over which we sat down, while she kept saying, or rather singing, ‘How are you? How do you find yourself?’ I was just regretting that I should go away without seeing *Omhal-henna*, while a sort of smile rested on the pallid features of my hostess, when in rushed the subject of our conversation. I scarcely knew her at first by the dim light of the palm-wood fire; she, however, threw off her mantle, and, kissing my shoulder, shook my hand, while large tears rolled down her fine features. She said, ‘She was determined to see me, although her

father had refused.' She was now seventeen; she was handsomer than any thing I had seen in Fezzan, and had on all her wedding ornaments. Indeed, I should have been much agitated at her apparent great regard, had she not almost instantly exclaimed, 'Well! you must make haste; give me what you have brought me! You know I am a woman now, and you must give me something a great deal richer than you did before: besides, I am Sidi Gunana's son's wife, who is a great man, and when he asks me what the Christian gave me, let me be able to show him something very handsome.'—'What,' said I, 'does Sidi Gunana know of your coming?'—'To be sure,' she said, 'and sent me; his father told him you English were people with *great hearts and plenty of money*; so I might come.'—'Well, then,' said I, 'if that is the case, you can be in no hurry.' She did not think so; and my little present was no sooner given, than she hurried away, saying, she would return directly, but not keeping her word."

The Shouaas, a tribe of Arabian origin, were found in the vicinity of the Lake Tchad, and the major was visited by some of their women, who appeared to him beautiful. The tribes in the course of their progress southward may therefore be supposed to have mended their looks; for nothing can be more homely than the features of the Arab women of the north, according to some accounts. The complexions of the Shouaas, though a dingy copper, are called white by the negroes, with whom black is the only hue that subdues the heart of the spectator. The Shouaas, in their turn, were not pleased with the excessive whiteness of the Europeans. The manners and language of this people are primitive and interesting. A Shouaa girl will sit down at your tent with a bowl of milk, and say, 'A happy day to you! your friend has brought you milk: you gave her something so handsome yesterday, she has not forgotten it. Oh! how her eyes ache to see all you have in that wooden house,' pointing to a trunk. 'We have no fears now; we know you are good, and our eyes, which before could not look on you, now search after you always; they bade us beware of you at first, for you were bad, very bad; but we know better now. How it pains us that you are so white.' Their costume is a dark blue cotton wrapper tied round

the waist, with a mantilla of the same materials and color thrown over the head; with this they hide the face, but leave the bust naked.

Dr. Oudney and captain Clapperton made an excursion from Mourzouk to Ghraat, and this led them among the Tuaricks, whose women are described as having full round faces, and a copper complexion, with large, black, rolling eyes, eye-brows a little arched, and long curling hair black as jet, and from a negro mixture inclined to be crispy. They are Moslems in religion, but in some respects their manners are very different from those which are deemed generally characteristic of the Mohammedan nations. In particular, the freedom enjoyed by their women forms a striking contrast to the jealousy with which the Moorish ladies are guarded. In the presence of the men they are lively and unconstrained; and those of the other sex pay them the sort of marked attention which is common among Europeans. A custom prevails among the Tuaricks, indicative of the estimation in which they hold their females. A woman does not necessarily bring a portion to her husband; but it is absolutely requisite for the man to pay a sum, greater or less, to his bride's father, for his consent to the marriage. Where the parties are wealthy, the price is, usually, six camels. The women are sensible of the advantages they enjoy, and are proud of their liberty. They asked the strangers how English women were treated—whether they were locked up like the Moorish females, or allowed to go abroad freely like themselves: and they were pleased at the answers which they received. Their dress consists of a baracan neatly wrapped round, with a cover of dark-blue cloth for the head, which is sometimes made to cover the lower part of the face,—a fashion very prevalent among the men. Like the Arabs, they are fond of singing and story-telling. The men, who are very sedate in their deportment, seldom sing, regarding it as an amusement fit only for females.

To the south of Fezzan reside the Tibboos, a light-hearted people. At Dirkee a numerous assembly of their females appeared before the tents of our adventurers, and danced for some hours. On approaching Bilma, their capital, the mission was welcomed by a party of fifty men at arms, and double the number of

women. The men shook their spears in the air as they approached; after which salutation, they all moved toward the town, the females dancing and throwing themselves about, with strange screams and songs.

"They were a superior class to those of the minor towns; some having very pleasing features, while the pearly white of their regular teeth was beautifully contrasted with the glossy black of their skin. The triangular flaps of plaited hair also, which hung down on each side of their faces, *streaming with oil*, with the addition of the coral in the nose, and large amber necklaces, gave them a very *seducing* appearance. Some of them carried a sheish, a fan made of soft grass or hair, for the purpose of keeping off the flies; others a branch of a tree, and some fans of ostrich feathers, or a bunch of keys: all had something in their hands, which they waved over their heads as they advanced. A wrapper of Soudan, tied so as to leave the right breast bare, formed their covering, while a smaller one was thrown over the head, which hung down to the shoulders, or was thrown back at pleasure. Notwithstanding the apparent scantiness of their habiliments, nothing could be farther from indelicate than was their appearance.—On arriving at Bilma, we halted under the shade of a large tulloh tree, while the tents were pitching; and the women danced with great taste, and, as I was assured by the sultan's nephew, with skill also. As they approach each other, accompanied by the slow beat of an instrument formed out of a gourd, covered with goat-skin, for a long time their movements are confined to the head, hands, and body, which they throw from one side to the other, flourish in the air, and bend without moving the feet: suddenly the music becomes quicker and louder, when they start into the most violent gestures, rolling their heads round, gnashing their teeth, and shaking their hands at each other, leaping up and on each side, until one or both are so exhausted, that they fall to the ground, when another pair take their place."

Many of the Tibboos are adepts in the art of thieving.—"An old woman, who was sitting at the door of one of the huts, sent a very pretty girl to me, as I was standing by my horse, whose massy amber necklace, greased head, and coral nose-studs and ear-rings, announced a person of no common order, to see what

she could pick up. After gaining possession of my handkerchief and some needles, while I turned my head, in an instant she thrust her hand into the pocket of my saddle-cloth, as she said, 'to find some beads, for she knew I had plenty.'"

Arriving at Lari, a town of the Kanem territory, the party found "good-looking, laughing negresses, all but naked," most of whom had a square or triangular piece of silver or tin hanging at the back of the head. Here a company of thirty persons, liberated by the pasha of Tripoli, took their departure for another part of Kanem, of which country they were natives. "They had all," says the major, "been my friends for more than five months, and to some I had rendered little services, by carrying their bags of salt. They were not ungrateful, and our parting had something in it affecting, which, considering negroes in the degraded light they do, seemed greatly to astonish the Arabs." One of the party was a poor deaf and dumb woman, whom the late sultan of Fezzan (distinguished for a rapacity that spared neither sex, nor age, nor infirmity) had sent off to Tripoli.—"She had left two children behind her, and the third, which was in arms when she was taken by the Arabs, had been torn from her breast after the first ten days of her journey across the desert, in order that she might keep up with the camels. Her motions in describing the manner in which the child was forced from her, and thrown on the sand, where it was left to perish, while whips were applied to her, lame and worn out, to quicken her steps, were highly significant and affecting."

The whiteness of the European face seemed to create, in the minds of the natives, sensations of pity and astonishment, if not disgust. At Koua, a small town near the lake, the major's hands and face raised such curiosity and alarm, as almost induced him to doubt whether they had not been changed in the night. At Angornou, a crowd followed him through the market, while others fled at his approach. In their anxiety to get out of his way, the women overset their wares, and two of them, whom astonishment had fixed to the spot, unconscious of the flight of the rest, no sooner perceived him close at hand, than they ran off, "*irresistibly* affrighted." With the benevolent policy by which he guided himself in his intercourse with the na-

tives, he set himself to overcome these feelings of dislike. On every market-day he showed himself among them, and observed that they gradually betrayed less alarm at his approach; still, when he happened to smile or stretch out his hand, or turn his head, they would start from his side.—“As the people became more accustomed to my appearance, they became more familiar; and a young lady, whose numerous bracelets of elephant’s teeth, heavy silver rings on each side of her face, coral in her nose, and amber necklace, proclaimed her a person of wealth, nimbly jumped off her bullock, and tore the corner from my handkerchief, as she said, for a *souvenir*. I could do no less than request her to accept the remainder, and I was happy to see that this piece of gallantry was not lost even upon savages. They all clapped their hands, and cried ‘Barca! Barca!’ and the lady herself, whose hands and face were really running down with grease, generously poured into the sleeve of my shirt nearly a quart of ground nuts.”

Although some very young females were thrown into an agony of apprehension at the sight of his white visage, the elder portion of the fair population appear not to have shown any excessive diffidence. The sight of beads quickly drew them to his side; and when some one of the number, seeing him take a few strings from the pocket of his Turkish trowsers, cried out,—“Oh! those trowsers are full of beads, only he will not give them to us,” they surrounded him, apparently bent upon ascertaining the fact. His endeavours to propitiate their good-will were at length eminently successful, both young and old coming near him without visible alarm; and the feeling of better acquaintance was mutual.

Among the women of Bornou, the marks of tatooing, common to all the negro nations, are ugly beyond measure. They have twenty lines on each side of the face, drawn from the corners of the mouth to the angles of the lower jaw and the cheek-bone. The torture endured by the children, when under the operation, aggravated as it is by the heat, and the attacks of millions of flies, is distressing to witness. As wives they are the most humble of women, and never approach their husbands except on their knees, nor speak to any men but with the head and face covered. After marriage, they are more subject to jealous observa-

tion than before. The punishment of adultery is most severe: the guilty individuals are bound hand and foot, and their brains are dashed out by the club of the husband and his male relations. It is well that no evidence, but that of detection in the fact, is admissible.

The present ruler of Bornou is a great reformer of female abuses, and takes the most severe measures for the preservation of morality. He has adopted a system of strict *espionage* in this department, and little time is allowed to elapse between the discovery of the offence and the cruel suspension of the fair offender. Head-shaving is a milder form of punishment, which he is with difficulty sometimes persuaded to adopt: riches, plenty, and prosperity, he observed, without virtue, were not worth possessing. One morning the gates were kept shut after day-light, and his emissaries despatched, who brought before him sixty women of unsound reputation: five were sentenced to be hanged in the public market, and four to be flogged, which latter punishment was inflicted with such severity, that two expired under the lash. The other five were dragged with their heads shaven round the market, on a public day, and then strangled and thrown into a hole previously dug. The Bornouese, a humane and forgiving people, exclaimed loudly against this act of cruelty; and more than a hundred families quitted the capital in consequence. In Kouka, the women declared there was no living, where only to be suspected was enough to consign them to execution. It is the custom of the country for the sheikh, with his sons and court, to ride in procession to welcome in the birthday of the prophet, and pray on the outside of the town. They return firing and skirmishing, and the women assemble before their huts, dressed in their finery, and scream a salutation to the chief as he passes. But, on the present occasion, the women who remained in Kouka refused flatly to scream a welcome, and the procession passed through the streets in silence.

The following decision also excited a considerable emotion among the people:—“The slave of one man had been caught with the wife of another, a free man, and the injured husband demanded justice. The sheikh condemned both the man and the woman to be hanged side by side: the owner of the slave, however, remonstrated, and said that the decision,

as far as respected the woman, was just; for she was always endeavouring to seduce his slave from his work; and that if he (the sheikh) condemned his slave to death, the man, whose wife was the cause of it, ought to give him the value of his slave, as he was poor: this the husband objected to. 'Ah!' exclaimed the sheikh, 'how often is a man driven to his destruction by woman: yet of all his happiness she is the root or the branch.' He himself paid the value of the slave to the owner, and next morning the guilty pair were suspended outside the walls."

The major witnessed some marriages among the Bornouese. On one occasion of this kind, the bride made her appearance on a bullock, attended by her mother and five or six young ladies, and followed by four female slaves, laden with straw baskets, wooden bowls, and earthen pots; while the rest of her dower, consisting chiefly of apparel, was packed upon the backs of two other bullocks. The bridegroom's friends, in their best clothes, were ready to welcome her. "We galloped up to them repeatedly, which is the mode of salutation. The women cover their faces, and scream their thanks; the men wheel their horses quickly, and return with their eyes cast down, it being considered as indelicate for them to look upon the bride: The lady, after this, proceeds to the bridegroom's house with her mother, and there remains shut up until the evening, when she is handed over to her justly impatient lord; for the whole day he is obliged to parade the streets, with a crowd after him, or sit on a raised seat in his house, dressed in all the finery he can either borrow or buy; while the people crowd in upon him, blowing horns, beating drums, and crying, 'May you live for ever! God prosper you!' to all which he makes no answer, but looks foolish."

The Bornouese, even of the wealthier classes, seldom take more than from two to three wives at a time, but they divorce them as often as they please, on paying their dower. The poor are contented with one. The marriage portion necessarily varies according to the means of the parties, and often consists, in part at least, of slaves. When the sheikh El Kanemy, to confirm a treaty of alliance with the sultan of Mandara, espoused his daughter, the dower was fixed at the produce of an expedition into a neighbouring country by the forces of the two

confederates. The result was, that about three thousand wretches were dragged from their homes by the ruffian marauders, and sold to slavery.

At Maffatai, the major met with some female friends, and was kindly nursed after his fatigues. Ittha, the senior wife of a man who was employed in the fields, visited him at his lodging, and told him, "she could do many things then that she could not when her lord was at home."—"She came repeatedly with her sister Funha, a negress with an expression of countenance more pleasing than I had ever before seen; who, Ittha said, was most anxious to see me. Luckily, she added, Funha had divorced her husband only two days before, or she could not have had that pleasure. Ittha, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, uncovered my hands, arms, and breast, to show her sister my extraordinary whiteness; but what seemed to both the greatest wonder was, the sight and touch of my head, which had just been shaven: it was literally passed from the hand of one to the other, with so many remarks, that some minutes elapsed, ere I was allowed to replace my turban. When at length they left me, Ittha exclaimed, pressing my hand with both hers, that I was fit to be a sultan. She then said that Funha should shampoo me, and try to bring on sleep, as I must be tired and fatigued by the heat of the sun. This was not all: toward evening, more than a dozen of Ittha's friends, the principal ladies of the town, came, in consequence of the liberty she enjoyed while the good man was away, to look at the white man, each bringing me something—a few onions, a little rice, or a bowl of milk, as a present. Funha performed all the duties imposed on her to perfection. I had a supper of pounded rice, milk, and honey, with something like bread made with cakes; and verily I began to think, that I not only deserved to be a sultan, but that I had actually commenced my reign."

On another occasion, at Kussery, the sultan's sister honored him with a visit:—"The officer in attendance on us announced her with great secrecy, about ten o'clock at night. For the only light in our hut we were indebted to the pale moonbeams, which shone through the door-way, as we had neither candles nor lamp: and I had been some time fast asleep when she arrived. Her attend-

ants, three in number, waited for her at the entrance, while she advanced and sat down beside my mat: she talked away at a great rate, in a sort of whisper, often pointing to my sick friend, who was at the farther end of the hut; and did not appear at all to wish for a reply. After remaining nearly half an hour, and feeling and rubbing repeatedly my hands, face, and head, which she uncovered by taking off my cap and turban, she took her leave, apparently much gratified by her visit."

The ladies of Loggun, a populous country to the south of the Tchad, were among the last with whom he became acquainted. The people are handsomer than the Bornouese, and more intelligent—the women particularly so; and they have a carriage and manner superior to those of any negro nation he had seen. The ladies of the principal persons of the country visited him, accompanied by female slaves. They begged every thing, and they all attempted to steal something; laughing heartily when detected, and crying, "Why how sharp he is! Only think! Why he caught us!" "To give them their due," he adds, "they are the cleverest and the most immoral race I had met with in the Black country." The sultan particularly inquired of him if he wished to purchase handsome female slaves, "because," said he, "if you do, you need go no farther; I have some hundreds, and will sell them to you as cheap as any one." The major discovered the next day that there were two sultans, father and son, both at the head of strong parties, and detesting each other. Of the latter point he was fully convinced; for both sent to him, in secret, for poison. The younger sultan sent him three female slaves under fifteen years of age as an inducement; but he dismissed them with an answer expressive of his abhorrence at the proceeding: for this he had the satisfaction of hearing himself and all his countrymen pronounced fools a hundred times.

In an excursion made by captain Clapperton, an incident occurred, which, though trivial, seems to have highly pleased him. Being harassed by a fit of the ague, he was obliged to rest under the shade of a tree.—"A pretty Felatah girl, going to market with milk and butter, neat and spruce in her attire as a Cheshire dairy-maid, accosted me with infinite archness. She said, I was of

her own nation; and, after much amusing small talk, I pressed her, in jest, to accompany me on my journey, while she parried my solicitations with roguish glee, by referring me to her father and mother. I do not know how it happened, but her presence seemed to dispel the effects of the ague."

Another of his adventures would furnish a pleasing subject for the skill of a designer.—"We rode to-day through little valleys, delightfully green, lying between high ridges of granite; and, to add to the beauty of the scenery, there were many clear springs issuing out of the rocks, where young women were employed in drawing water. I asked several times for a gourd of water, by way of excuse to enter into conversation with them. Bending gracefully on one knee, and displaying at the same time teeth of pearly whiteness, and eyes of the blackest lustre, they presented it to me on horseback, and appeared highly delighted when I thanked them for their civility, remarking to one another, 'Did you hear the white man thank me?'"

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

2 vols. 8vo. 1826.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY is, apparently, an indication of vanity; but, when the writer, instead of being perpetually the hero of his own story, transfers his attention, in the course of a desultory narrative, to the lives and characters of many other personages, the reader's objections to egotism are so far removed or suspended, that he is ready to enjoy the variety of entertainment which is set before him. The present work is more likely to please than that of Mr. Kelly; for the dramatist has a better memory and more tact than the vocalist, and writes with a greater degree of animation.

Mr. Reynolds is now in his 62d year; and, therefore, if the garrulity of age should sometimes appear in his volumes, he may plead some excuse for it. He gives an amusing account of his meeting with a *great* man when he was a *little* boy:

"Pope says of Dryden, '*Virgilium tantum vidi*;' so I may say of Dr. Johnson. He called on my father concerning some law business, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I and my three brothers, eager to see, and still

more eager to say we had seen, the leviathan of literature, soon followed. All were, or affected to appear, struck with awe, except my brother Jack, who, having just published his *Indian Scalp*, was most anxious to elicit the doctor's opinion. Accordingly, he seated himself close to him, and began. 'Any news in the literary world, sir?'—'Sir!' cried the doctor.—'Any thing new, doctor, I say, in the literary world?' continued the unhesitating poet.—'Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall; of what you *may* understand; but not a word on literature.'—We all smiled aside; but the author was omnipotent in Jack's mind, and, scarcely ruffled, he returned to the charge. 'Have you heard of a new poem, sir?'—(No answer.) 'A new poem, sir, called' (with rising confusion) '*the Indian Scalp*—rather—I believe' (confusion increasing,) 'I believe it is tolerably well spoken of.—You don't know who wrote it, doctor?'—'No; but I do,' cried I, eagerly seizing the opportunity of making myself conspicuous in my turn; 'don't I, Jack?—Indeed, sir, he awakened me so many nights, and taught me so many verses, that, if you like, I can repeat you almost the whole poem, sir, with the same rapidity and facility with which he wrote it.'—'*Facilis descensus Averni*,' muttered the doctor; and then added, in an authoritative tone, 'Ring the bell, one of you,' and the servant was ordered to summon my father; on whose appearance, the doctor formally arose, and said, 'When next I call here, sir, show me where there is civilisation—not into your *menagerie*.'—Almost immediately afterwards he left us; Jack and I muttering, as he departed, 'What a brute!'—The conclusion of this memorable day is too characteristic of the family to be omitted in this description. About seven in the evening my father's carriage drove to the door empty. My mother, expressing surprise, sent for the coachman, and asked him who had ordered it. 'Master Frederic, ma'am.'—'Frederic, who gave you permission to order the carriage?'—'Myself,' I replied, pertly; 'I intend to go to Ranelagh this evening.' I need not mention the storm that ensued. This was the first serious rebuff I had encountered in my characters of *pet* and *pest*."

He has drawn a lively sketch of a card-party at his grandmother's house:

"Were I to live a thousand years, I never should forget the stately dullness

and formality of this antiquated party. Nothing was heard above the sipping and gurgling of tea, but whispering comparisons on their losses and gains at cards, congratulations on the others' and their own 'extreme good looks,' and mutual informations on the state of the weather. Some admired the parrots and patted the dogs, while others displayed their ignorance in learned disquisitions on the Indian bonzes and Chinese josses.

"Among the first that entered from Montpellier Row, were Manille, Spadille, Basto, and Punto*. Huge caps and little heads; rouged faces, white wigs; compressed waists, extended hips, and limping gaits, were the characteristics of this antediluvian quartetto. At sight of them, whether from astonishment, fear, or laughter, the cup from which I was drinking slipped from my grasp, into the lap of a lady next to me. Here was confusion! All the stately corpses immediately came to life, buzzing about the scene of disaster. The lady screamed that she was scalded; I blushed, and begged pardon, and my grandmother almost wept over the fragments of one of her choicest cups.

"As soon as tranquillity and formality were restored, quadrille was proposed, and all immediately took their stations, either as players or betters. Impelled by my dramatic propensity, I stationed myself close to Mrs. Clive; now mentally giving the preference to her, and now to Mrs. Barry. Of this occupation, however, I soon began to be weary, and closing my eyes, uttered a loud and protracted yawn. Then approaching Manille and Co., I tweedled their chairs and their gowns, mixed their tricks by hunting for the court cards, and stole snuff from their boxes, which I continued to cram up my nose, till I had induced a fit of sneezing, violent enough to threaten the destruction of every ligament in my little frame. Then, the paroxysm finished, more wearied than ever, I began to yawn again. In course, all these various manœuvres drew on me the black looks of my grandmother; but, unhappy that I was, my destiny led me to merit yet blacker, before the close of the evening.

"It did not require much discrimination or knowledge of the game, to discover the loser from the winner. I soon observed Mrs. Clive's countenance al-

* Four old maids were thus nick-named.

ternately redden and turn pale; while her antagonist vainly attempted the suppression of a satisfaction that momentarily betrayed itself, in the curling corners of her ugly mouth, and in the twinkling of her piggish eyes. At this sight, Mrs. Clive's spleen seemed redoubled. At last, her Manille went, and, with it, the remnants of her temper. Her face was of an universal crimson, and tears of rage seemed ready to start into her eyes. At that very moment, as Satan would have it, her opponent, a dowager, whose hoary head and eye-brows were as white as those of an Albiness, triumphantly and briskly demanded payment for the two black aces.—'Two black aces!' answered the enraged loser, in a voice rendered almost unintelligible by passion; 'here, take the money, though, instead, I wish I could give you *two black eyes, you old white cat!*'—accompanying the wish with a gesture, that threatened a possibility of its execution. The stately starched old lady, who, in her eagerness to receive her winnings, had half risen from her chair, astounded at her reception, could not have sunk back into it with more dismay, if she had really received a blow. She literally closed her eyes, and opened her mouth; and for several moments thus remained, fixed by the magnitude of her horror. The words sounded through the room, with an awful clearness of articulation, that fixed every guest, (like the stone subjects of the king of the Black Isles,) in the action of the previous moment. One old lady's hand stuck midway between her snuff-box and her nose, while Basto, who had turned the cock of a lemonade urn, stood abstractedly staring, as the fluid overflowed her glass, then the tray, and at last the floor.

"At this sight, or rather combination of sights, I never shall forget my delight; it seemed to accumulate in despite of myself, until, totally unable longer to retain it, I burst into a loud and continued laugh. This sound, that at any time would have been scaring to ears long unaccustomed to any audible expression of gratification above that of a whimpering and accordant titter, now, by its strong contrast with their stilly horror, was rendered terrific. Recovering herself with dignity, my grandmother advanced, and, with imperial frowns, expressed her commands for an immediate silence—in vain: like an alarm, whose spring, once removed, will not

cease till unwound, so my risible machinery, once set in motion, was only to be stopped by satiety. In fact, I remained roaring with increasing glee, till a hand was placed on my shoulder, and I was genteelly turned out of the room."

An Irish theatrical benefit is ludicrously described:

"We took a hurried dinner, and, after it, went to the theatre, which was so nearly empty, (though for a favorite's benefit,) that the hero of the night, on his entrance, suddenly receded with a start of horror; then again advanced, and, bursting with rage, exclaimed,—'Now, ladies and gentlemen, ought ye not to be ashamed of yourselves? and is this the way you support sterling talent?'—'By the pow'rs,' replied a spectator near the orchestra, 'I only know the *whole pit here*—that is myself, my son Lary, and Donaghadoo, my mother's son,—paid to support you—and is this your gratitude, jewel?'—'Feeth, and that's just our way of thinking,' cried a voice from the gallery; 'so, go it, my *pippins!*'—Three cheers for the *present* company, and three groans for the *absent!*'—These opinions opened Randall's eyes, and he apologised, and thanked his few, but real benefactors. The play then proceeded, for some time, with only a few interruptions; when suddenly, a new and most unexpected actor made his appearance;—no less a personage than our old enemy, father Neptune; who, owing to an uncommonly high spring-tide, followed us up even into a theatre. At first, however, he only invaded the passages, and lower parts beneath the stage; but soon filling them, and bending his irresistible course through the orchestra to the pit, it appeared probable, that more personages than Ophelia would have 'too much of water.' At length the manager stepped forward, and informing us, that rather than see an *existence* put to our *lives*, he begged *we would return* our money, and *humbly gave us leave to depart.*"

Though Mr. Reynolds is chiefly known as a comic writer, his first play was of a tragic complexion; and he considered its appearance as a very important incident.—"As Dr. Johnson is reported to have dressed himself in a gold-laced waistcoat, and other decorations, on the first performance of his tragedy of *Irene*, I thought, though one of the *minores poëtæ*, I was yet bound to attempt some

little display on the first performance of my tragedy of Werter. I was therefore conveyed in a sedan chair to the very door of the green-room, where I got out in a dress of which, though I cannot now detail the component parts, I can very well remember it was on the whole a perfect failure. Not finding myself sufficiently noticed by the company, I indignantly withdrew, and peeped through the hole in the green curtain, with the intent of noticing the audience. To my infinite gratification, I beheld the house crammed to the ceiling; and by the number of white handkerchiefs spread on the fronts of the boxes, in imitation of a similar ceremony which was regularly performed during the Siddons mania, I guessed that fashion had prejudged Werter, and was even induced to hope that, amongst the worshippers of this popular name, a contest might arise as to which should render him or herself most conspicuous in the various arduous arts of clapping, weeping, and fainting.

"The actor who played Sebastian, stared, started, and paused, as if his memory had been playing the traitor to him. The frantic Charlotte, with the view of screening him from detection, or of recalling his recollection, seised him by the arm, and in a tone of agony exclaimed,

'Fly, lose not a moment—suicide!'

'Heavens!' replied Sebastian, in a most evident state of confusion; and then added,

'I'm rooted here, and have not power to stir!'

As he thus spoke, he crossed Charlotte, and made as *rapid* an exit as ever was witnessed on any stage. The circumstance of this actor being a comedian, and rarely employed in tragedy, gave, if possible, additional zest to the sudden roars and confusion which now ensued. For a short time, the ardor of our predetermined admirers received a check; but, toward the close, fashion again carried all before it. On the death of Werter, and the madness of Charlotte, the curtain dropped amidst thunders of applause, and the play was announced for repetition on the ensuing evening with *nem. con.*—I need not remind the theatrical reader that, though we fortunately survived the effects of the above ludicrous exit, it had very nearly laid the foundation for a second death for Werter at the close of the last act, and a first and final death for

the whole remainder of the characters. It is almost awful for a dramatist to reflect on the infinite number of fortunate causes which must conjoin, or rather, of unlucky events, that must *not* occur, to ensure the success of his piece. The banging of a box-door has often engulfed the most admirable witticism in its 'noise of horror'; an inch of gauze or silk 'absent without leave' from the *corsage* of an indecorous *entree*, attracting the turbulent and dissonant reprehension of the moral galleries, has ruthlessly marred the effects of a whole scene of polished hexameters and poetical imagery; and a north-east wind, through its subservient coughs, catarrhs, and defluxions, has often commenced and continued its outrages on harmony and taste during the finest *cadenza* of the most brilliant *bravura*.—Dramatists, dramatists, on this latter grievance (I speak from sad experience), produce your plays in summer, autumn, winter, if you will, but—'beware the ides of March!' Independently, however, of errors in actors, an author is frequently indebted to his own incidents for his failure; which, though perhaps good in themselves, unfortunately allowing a double interpretation, afford the malicious or witty part of the audience opportunities for a dangerous misapplication or allusion. Many are aware of the incident that occurred during the first representation of Voltaire's *Marianne*, which had proceeded with every mark of approbation to the middle of the fifth act, when the heroine takes poison. During this operation, a wag exclaiming, with assumed astonishment, '*ma foi*, the queen *drinks*,' converted the whole pathos into burlesque, and the piece concluded amidst hisses, laughter, and execrations. Another cause of failure is somewhere related, where the two heroes of a tragedy agreeing to divide the crown between them, a stentorian voice from the gallery exclaimed, 'Then there's *half-a-crown* a-piece for you, my boys!' But a more ludicrous perversion than either of the above, in my opinion, was that which I myself witnessed during the first performance of a play called, to the best of my recollection, the *Captives*. In the fifth act, a character, named Rhyno, rushed on the stage, declaring to the hero, 'My lord, the citadel is taken!' while we, the audience, had no idea that there was either a war, or even a pretence for one. The person

addressed, after commanding various military manœuvres, and reciting an invocation to Mars, turned toward Rhyno, exclaiming with chivalrous enthusiasm,

‘Charge, then charge!’

Now—art thou ready, Rhyno?’

The laugh which followed this pecuniary interrogation scarcely subsided after the falling of the curtain.”

Eloisa, his next and last tragic attempt, returned him eight pounds. Macklin told him that this was “very good pay too,” and bade him go home and write two more tragedies; and (he added) “if you gain four pounds by each of them, why, young man, the author of *Paradise Lost* will be a fool to you.” His comedies were much more productive, though he seems to have a great aversion to being considered (what most people wish to be thought) rich.

Some jocular anecdotes are pointedly given.—At the rehearsal of the opera of the Crusaders, the late duke of Cumberland (a great theatrical amateur) attended, accompanied by an old colonel. “The carpenters were all engaged that morning in setting the platform for the storming of Jerusalem, the grand event of the piece; consequently, there was no scenery on the stage. The duke, who evidently had expected a grand display, expressed his surprise and disappointment at seeing only a wide waste; when one of the stage carpenters, a simple but officious fellow, advancing towards his royal highness, told him, with great humility, that, as the flats (a part of the scenery) and the corresponding side-pieces could not be set, owing to the platform, he hoped that he and his friend would condescend to *imagine* them in their respective situations. “I don’t understand,” exclaimed the duke and the colonel together. “Don’t you?” rejoined the green-coat man; “then, with your royal highness’ and the other gentleman’s permission, I will explain my meaning.” Ceremoniously conducting them to the back of the stage, and stationing himself at the side, with great self-sufficiency, he said, “There! now please your royal highness, look! I am the side-scene, and you are the *pair of flats*. Now you understand?”—Every body, even the duke and the colonel, enjoyed heartily the unintentional allusion.”

At the performance, “during Mrs. Billington’s *bravura* in the last act, Mr. Billington, who was seated in the orches-

tra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him, in a subdued tone, ‘Louder, louder!’ The leader of the band repeated the same command so often, that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and, turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, ‘It be very easy to cry, louder! louder!—but, by gar! vere is de *vind*?’”

A journal affords several humorous extracts.

“Met a free-and-easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the marquis and marchioness of —, *without any invitation*, convinced (as proved to be the case) that, my lord and my lady not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the *other* had asked him.

“Accompanied Mrs. Wells, the leading stage beauty, to Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, who, smiling, asserted that he was not only a painter, but a dentist; ‘for see, sir,’ he continued, ‘how well I draw teeth.’—Q? can this be *new*? *Mem.* my dentist’s incident. Catching lover hid under sofa, in his wife’s boudoir. ‘Rascal! what brought you here?’ ‘Why—wheugh!—the tooth-ach to be sure!’ ‘Sit down, and we will see;’ and then *jealousy* cooled *love* by the extraction of three sound teeth.

“Andrews being unwell, and *ergo* somewhat irritable, Merry told him that he received illness not as a misfortune, but as an affront. Kemble not so amusing as before; no man, indeed, pleasant under the dominion of wine. He abused nobody, however; only praised himself: and heard Merry whisper me, ‘I would go barefoot to Holyhead and back, only to see a fellow one-half so clever as he thinks himself.’ Colman, as usual, playful and entertaining. Another guest, in the midst of this ‘chaos come again,’ constantly amused himself after every glass by repeating,

‘Who is a man of words and deeds?’

Who—but his grace the duke of Leeds?’

“Andrews, from anxiety, equally civil to every body. Topham (after many of his neat repartees) fast asleep; but occasionally awakened by the noise, yawning and muttering,—‘Reynolds is a *humorist*, not a *wit*—yaw! yaw! I am a *wit*!’ then relapsing into his slumber. At twelve, all rose and retired, except Kemble, who exclaimed, ‘Stop, some of

ye! I see this is the last time I shall be invited to this house, so now I will make the most of it! Here, more coffee! more wine!' I was flying, but Andrews detained me, saying, 'If you leave me alone with this tiresome tragedian, my dear sir, *you* shall never be asked again!' More influenced by sheer charity than by the threat, I consented to stay; and not till *ten* the following morning did the curtain drop; Kemble, the whole time, lauding the classical drama, and attacking modern comedy."

Old Mr. Reynolds tells a story "of a King's Bench prisoner, who, when he got a rule for the day, always passed the whole of it in the Fleet."

Wilkes had a villa in the Isle of Wight, and the author, on a visit, says, "Observing that I admired his numerous collection of pigeons, he described to me the difficulty he had experienced in his attempts to make them stay with him. Every bird that he had procured from England, Ireland, and France, having flown back to its native land the moment the latch was raised, he was about to abandon his scheme as impracticable, 'when,' he continued, 'I bethought myself to procure a cock and hen pouter from Scotland; I need not add, that they never returned to their own country.'"

"The lady who lived with Wilkes was nearly as plain as Wilkes himself; so, though a *happy*, they certainly could not be called a *handsome* couple. After dinner, the servant brought in various London papers and publications, in one of which were bantering allusions to the worthy alderman and his beauteous *cara sposa* :—

'Ah, sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature.'

"His remark on the circumstance was very apt. 'You see, madam, the most censorious cannot say there is any *difference between us*.'"

No man ever better loved his friend, his joke, and his bottle, than the duke of Richmond, "jocularly offering, as his excuse for the latter propensity, 'that, when a man had once had *too* much, he could never have *enough*.'"

A fighting Barrister.—"I dined at the Old Beef-Steak Club, where I was invited by my friend, serjeant Bolton, the recorder of the club, who had then lately fought his duel with lord Lonsdale, in which he had not only been nearly shot by his antagonist (the ball grazing his ear), but the worthy serjeant had nearly

shot himself. Having very gallantly received his lordship's fire, he was proceeding to return it, when his pistol accidentally going off, as he raised it to take aim, the ball carried off the top of his pointed shoe, just touching the foot; a circumstance which he used to describe with much humour, adding—

'I see I am no serjeant *at arms*.'"

Irish Spirit.—"Conversing about dramatic literature, Sheridan furnished us with some particulars relative to the first night's performance of the *Rivals*. During the violent opposition in the fifth act, an apple hitting Lee, who performed Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he stepped forward, and, with a genuine rich brogue, angrily cried out, 'By the pow'rs! is it *personal*? is it me, or the matter?'"

Humor of Curran.—"To repeat any of this celebrated wit's stories is a hazardous task, on account of the notoriety usually attached to them; however, I will venture one. A garrulous gentleman having, during a whole evening, interrupted Curran and the rest of the company with dull, incongruous stories, at length, unable to proceed beyond the middle of one of them, continued to repeat, 'And so—and so—no, and so it being dark, Sir John said—no, the cook said—so——'—'Stop, sir,' impatiently cried Curran, 'I will finish your story for you. So—they wanted a rushlight! and—so, the great *she*-bear was walking about the town—so, *he* popped his head into the barber's shop, and said, 'What! *no soap*?'—so,—*he* died—*she* married the barber—the powder flew out of the counsellor's wig, and all Mrs. Mac-Dab's puddings were spoiled—and so—so!—that's all!' The unfortunate buffo to whom this *coup de grace* was addressed, seemed at first doubtful whether quietly to receive or violently to resent it. He stared, looked fierce, seemed bewildered, but spoke no more during that evening."

THE CHOICE OF FLORA ;

a classical Effusion by Herder.

As Jupiter was pondering on the creation which he was about to call into being, he beckoned to the blooming Flora, whose beauty shone pre-eminent amongst the goddesses. All the gods gazed upon her with amazement, and all the goddesses were envious of her charms. "Choose for thyself a lover," said Jupiter, "from

the assembled company of gods and genii; but let thine election be such as thou wilt have no cause to repent." Wanton as light, and giddy with the glory of her new-created charms, Flora glanced thoughtlessly around—and oh! that her choice had fallen upon the godlike Phœbus, whose soul burned with the desire of possessing her; but his beauty was of too high, too noble a cast to fix the heart of so volatile a maiden. She cast a hasty look around her, and chose—ah, who could have thought it?—one of the least in the rank of gods, the sportive Zephyr. "Thoughtless one!" exclaimed Jove, "that thy species, even in its celestial original, should prefer each amorous joy, each gaily striking charm, to a higher and more placid love! Had thy happier choice fallen upon Phœbus, thou and thy race with him might have shared the blessings of immortality. But now enjoy thine own elect." Zephyr embraced his delicate spouse, and vanished as the dust of a flower into the realm of air.

When Jupiter had called his ideal creation into being and reality, and the bosom of the earth was prepared to give life to the dormant germs, he called to Zephyr, who was slumbering over the ashes of his beloved—"Up, stripling—

up—bring hither thy beloved, and behold her *earthly* form and destiny." Zephyr came with the collected dust—all that remained of his tender spouse; the pollen dispersed itself over the wide expanse of the earth; Phœbus, from the love he had borne to the goddess, gave animation to her delicate remains; the Naiads of the brooks and springs, out of sisterly affection, watered them with their streams; Zephyr embraced them; and Flora once more shot forth in a thousand variegated germinating blossoms.

How each new-created bloom rejoiced as it found out its heavenly lover, and gave itself up to the fondling kisses—the soft, the gently waving arms of the playful Zephyr! Short-lived joys! No sooner had the children of Beauty opened their bosoms, and prepared the nuptial bed with all the charms of delightful sweets and variegated colors, than the satiated Zephyr left them to revel on the charms of other beauties; and Phœbus, compassionating their too easily deceived love, darted on them his radiant beams, and put an early period to their grief.

Each spring, ye fair ones, brings with it a repetition of the same story; you bloom like Flora: be warned, then, by her, and choose a more suitable lover than Zephyr.

THE FAIRY.

GAY enchanter, sprightly elf,
Fancy's child, reveal thyself!
Art thou sprung from ocean foam?
Is the sparry cave thy home?
Or in secret was thy birth
'Mid the rolling mists of earth?
Or com'st thou from distant skies —
Marking mortals' destinies,
Haunting sea and earth and air,
Keeping vigil every where,
Going through thy round of calls,
Noiseless as the moon-beam falls?

Rid'st thou on the storms that part?
Shepherds hail thy wond'rous art,
As thy magic fingers fly
Weaving rainbows in the sky.
Now it pleases thee to stir
On the white-wing'd gossamer,
Creeping in the vernal bloom,
Fanning forth its sweet perfume;
Now with sun-beam motes thou'rt playing,
Now with glitt'ring dews arraying
Sweetest flowers of every dye,
While the morning opes her eye;

Till th' admiring king of day
Steals thy sparkling gems away.

When the zephyrs cease to rove
Loit'ring through the silent grove,
Thou stealest in the hallow'd shade
Where reclines the sleeping maid :
Though thy witchery may lie
Unrevealed in her eye,
Hidden by its lid-eclipse,
Yet it breathes upon her lips,
While thy spells divine are seen
Playing round her marble mien,
Bidding prying sinners flee
This abode of sanctity.

While the spirit of the seas
Slumbers with the languid breeze,
Sitting on the coral rocks,
There thou comb'st the mermaid's locks,
List'ning to her witching strain,
Floating on the waveless main ;
Warning mariners who sleep,
That storms may come to rouse the deep :
Then thou sail'st for fairy land,
By the soft-wing'd zephyrs fann'd,
Catching up the diamond spray
Sun-lit sea-waves fling away,
Springing from thy leafy skiff,
Climbing up the whiten'd cliff,
Wooing wild flow'rs rooted there
In the golden summer glare,
Till the sun retires to rest
In the rosy-curtain'd west.

Round the hearth thine orgies spring,
While kittens purr and crickets sing,
And the gossip tale is told
Of lady fair and knight so bold ;
Poets' wild imaginings :
Goblins grim and unreal things,
Sporting lanterns at their backs,
Luring strangers from their tracks ;
Now the merry friends are tried,
Clinging closer side to side,
Holding fix'd their fearful sight,
Lest it meet thy fellow-sprite.

At the gleaming casement flitting
Where the musing lady's sitting,
In her lonely tower far
Pinnacled by twinkling star ;
On the moon-lit waters glancing,
While the pallid waves are dancing ;
Like a sage thou com'st at night
By the glow-worm's em'rald light ;
Till Aurora, robed in dew,
Like a bride of roseate hue,
Bids thee to the east repair
To adorn her golden hair.



THE DELIGHT OF FEMALE SOCIETY ;
from the novel of Woodstock.

AN hour with thee !—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old ?—
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee !—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon ;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labor on the sultry plain ;
And, more than care or shelt'ring bough,
Cool fev'rish blood and throbbing brow ?—
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee !—When sun is set,
O what can teach me to forget
The thankless labors of the day,
The hopes, the wishes, flung away,
'Th' increasing wants and less'ning gains,
'The master's pride who scorns my pains ?—
One hour with thee.

THE SONG OF THE CAVALIER ;
from the same Work.

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim ;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt, ye base carles !
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to king Charles !

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estrang'd from his own ;

Though 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honor and faith,
And a health to king Charles !

Let such honors abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword ;

But the time shall come round,
When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
The loud trumpets shall sound,
Here's a health to king Charles !

A CURE FOR ALL ILLS ;

the Song of a jovial Party.

If aught be found wrong in our frolics to-night,
 A hundred years hence will set it to right :
 'Tis folly to sacrifice comforts to fame ;
 A hundred years hence it will all be the same.
 And what though the cynic approves not our glee,
 A hundred years hence he's not wiser than we.
 Live long, or live short, we shall live while we can,
 As the hundred years hence will make it all one.
 The present is ours, we know nought of to-morrow ;
 A hundred years hence there's an end to all sorrow.
 Dismiss'd by the doctor, or by the disease,
 A hundred years hence we'll be all at our ease.
 And spend we now freely, or hoard up our pence,
 We're not poorer or richer—a hundred years hence.
 Come, then, a bumper, a bumper o'erflowing !
 Where is the heart not with gratitude glowing,
 To honor the man who, by deep meditation,
 Has found out at last this grand consolation,
 This fact of all facts, this astonishing truth,
 Which ought to be known from the north to the south,
 From the east to the west ? and specially why, as
 Compar'd to the trash in our pharmacopœias,
 'Tis diamond to dross : so let nations and tongues
 Proclaim it aloud, in the strength of their lungs,
 That a cure is found out for the worst of all evils,
 For heart-aches, for sulks, and all kinds of blue-devils,
 Of course for all ailments, whate'er they may be ;
 And, wonder of wonders, nought's said of a fee
 For that which, in giving contentment and ease,
 'Midst the troubles of life and the plagues of disease,
 Exceeds every thought that man has been able
 To gather from facts, or to read of in fable.
 With all kinds of drugs then henceforward dispense ;
 The cure of all cures is the ' hundred years hence.'

THE PROUD LADY,

by the Authoress of the Troubadour.

OH, what could the lady's beauty match,
 If it were not the lady's pride ?
 A hundred knights from far and near
 Woo'd at that lady's side.
 The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
 Its lily upon her breast,
 And her eyes shone forth like the glorious star
 That rises the first in the west.
 There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,
 And some for her noble name,
 And more that woo'd for her loveliness ;
 But her answer was still the same—
 " There is a steep and lofty wall,
 Where my warders trembling stand ;
 He who at speed shall ride round its height,
 For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more,

At last there came a youthful knight,
From a strange and far country;
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love
Now bow'd before its might,
And the lady grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,
And flung him on his steed;
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If Heav'n had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side:
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the lady Adeline
From her hair a jewel'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

"And deem'st thou that I dared this deed,
Lady, for love of thee?
The honor that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

"Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear,
But not in honor of the eyes
Of any lady there.

"I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud cruelty;
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

"I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell;
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell!"

And from that hour the lady pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,
 And bade the world farewell,
 And she now dwells a veiled nun
 In Saint Mary's cell.

THE DEAD WARRIOR ;

from Mrs. Radcliffe's Metrical Tale of St. Alban's Abbey.

WHERE were his friends when he sunk low ?
 Knew they no strange presaging woe ?
 Ah, no ! they talk'd, or laugh'd or sang,
 Unconscious of his dying pang.
 No eye wept o'er his lowly bier,
 The dew of heaven his only tear ;
 And sighs of eve alone were here,
 Rustling the light leaves o'er his head,
 As if they mourn'd the warrior dead ;
 Making his stillness seem more still,
 More sad the shade of grove and hill.

Here shall he rest till distant day,
 In the deep forest's untrod way,
 Coffin'd in steely arms alone ;
 And, for carv'd sepulchre of stone,
 And foliaged vault of choral aisle,
 The living oak, with darker smile,
 Shall arch its broad leaves o'er his form—
 Poor shroud and guard from sun and storm !
 The woodlark shall his requiem sing,
 Perch'd high upon his branchy tomb ;
 And every morn, though morn of Spring,
 Shall o'er him spread a mournful gloom ;
 And every eve, at twilight pale,
 His chantry-bird shall sweetly wail ;
 And glow-worms, with their watch-torch clear,
 Wait mutely round his grassy bier,
 Keeping aloof from his dark rest
 Reptiles that haunt the hour unblest,
 'Till other morn her cold tear shed,
 And 'balm anew the soldier dead.

THE ADVENTURERS ;

from the Specimens of German Romance.

ALBERTO, a vocalist of moderate talent, was induced by a spirit of adventure to remove to Milan from Turin, which was his native city. He hoped to be much better received there than at home, where, indeed, he had never been particularly admired. Relying upon the maxim, that a prophet is nothing in his own country, he got every thing ready, and now he only wanted a companion, who might defray two-thirds of the traveling expenses, and at the same time be a sort of servant to

him. This very person he thought he had found in his neighbour Xavier. This was a joiner, somewhat slow in understanding, but stout, kind-hearted, brave, and true. His greatest folly was his having taken such a prodigious fancy to Alberto, that he could not bear to be away from him, and, therefore, dedicated all his leisure hours to his society. His simplicity had always served as a butt for the would-be witticisms of his friend : that he bore willingly. As a boy, Alberto had often drubbed him : that also he bore patiently, comforting himself in his mind with being in reality the stouter. When any one reproached him

with his passiveness, he would cite as his authority the example of the mastiff Cæsar, who suffered the little Dido to bite his ears every day without being angry. Then on a Sunday he would wash his hands with almond-paste, put on his best clothes, and thus would visit Alberto, and think himself highly fortunate if that elegant gentleman walked out with him, and allowed himself to be entertained at his expense.

When the two friends had arrived at Milan, Alberto carried the vanity of a citizen into the world of fancy, and preferred playing a stupid Holofernes in Judith to any part of low but real humor. He at length obtained permission to make a trial,—and it was high time; for neither he nor Xavier had a farthing left, and the host had for some days past been threatening to turn them out of his house. The evening came after a day of toil to poor Xavier, who had been running about ever since the morning to provide the necessaries for his friend—not to speak of the preceding night, when he had gone to bed with tearful eyes, beseeching the holy Virgin to let all go well with Alberto, and to send him abundance of applause. In his simplicity, he did not recollect that, according to catholic ideas, the holy Virgin was not in the habit of meddling with theatrical matters; he only knew that Mary was good and powerful, and that was enough for him. Alberto was now equipped with a mighty helmet of gold paper, a prodigious beard, a formidable sword at his side, and innumerable spangles on his cuirass, like stars in a winter's sky. Xavier had scarcely boldness enough to embrace his Hebrew excellency, and wish him luck as he set out for the theatre, whither he himself followed at the proper time, but with a beating heart.

Alberto, being hissed off the stage, rushed out of the theatre in the greatest despair. For the first few moments he resolved that he would not outlive such a disgrace, and, wrapped in a black mantle, under which he still wore his romantic dress, he resolved to drown himself; but, as no water was at hand, he thought it would be more convenient to use Xavier's traveling pistols. It was in this mood he reached the inn, which he scarcely dared to enter; he knew that the patience of his host must be exhausted after this unlucky trial, and he expected to be kicked out of doors. His

spirit was now at its lowest ebb; he feared he should die of hunger, the only hope of preventing which, seemed to be in Xavier's supporting both by the labor of his hands. Entering his room, he found it desolate and abandoned: "Ah," thought he, "the host has already seized our little property. Where are you, my brother Xavier, my friend in life and death?"—His meditations were stopped by the appearance of the host, who told him that Xavier had taken off every thing, paid for all, and gone to a grand hotel. Alberto would not believe his own ears, and, even after the host had repeatedly assured him of it, he left the house in great doubt, or rather with the certainty that it was all mockery, and that Xavier, turned out of the house, was running distracted about the streets in search of him. Still he went, for he had no alternative. With tottering steps and trembling voice he approached the dashing servant who stood at the door of the hotel, in a fine white apron, tucked up on one side, and silk stockings. When the man heard his name, he said, "Quite right, sir; be pleased to follow me."—With these words he caught up a silver candlestick, and lighted Alberto up stairs into a magnificent chamber, where he found Xavier, lying at full length on a sofa in his boots. No sooner did the latter see his friend than he ran up to him with open arms. He had heard of Alberto's ill success, and hoped to console him by the relation of his own good fortune, for he had in the mean time won a large sum at a gaming-house. "Forget all cabals," he cried, "and let the theatre go to the devil; you are now no longer in need of it."—But this success, instead of comforting Alberto, only vexed him still more.—"Do you suppose," he said, with a scornful look, "that I worshiped the Muses only for the sake of eating and drinking?"—"Well, then," replied Xavier, "you may worship them for amusement as much as you please. Take heart, brother: here comes the supper; the wine is already on the sideboard, and the musicians only wait for the signal to begin while we enjoy ourselves."—"Quite right!" exclaimed Alberto, bitterly; "they who can neither write nor read should have all those things! It is quite in rule that I should receive alms from you."—With this, he began a song in derision of stupidity, which always attains to posts of honor. Xavier, however, quietly submitted to his friend's noble

anger, seated himself at the table with infinite resignation, and revenged himself only upon the provisions. When Alberto found how little effect his anger produced, he placed himself opposite to Xavier, and, notwithstanding his vexation, condescended to enjoy the supper. In the Lethe of wine he drowned his cares; but the musicians were obliged to desist, for he could not tolerate music, since the hissing of the pit had mingled with the tones of the orchestra, and put him out in his singing. Hitherto he had only despised Xavier; now he began to hate him, and only thought how he could best help him to dissipate his property. But, simple as Xavier was in other things, he yet understood very well that it would be mere madness to attack the capital when he might live comfortably on the interest. This he kindly divided with his associate; and they now resolved to quit Milan, as Alberto did not wish to remain an object of mockery for the loungers of that city.

At Florence, Alberto was hurried by youthful passion into a love-adventure; and Xavier also lost his heart. When his friends visited him, they found him thoughtful and abstracted; he paid no attention to their jokes; his laugh had lost much of its heartiness: he was sometimes even heard to sigh. Alberto endeavoured to find out the meaning of this change, and it was not long before Xavier unbosomed himself to his friend. —“No one,” he said “knows where the shoe pinches him but he who wears it; and I have often wondered how you could fall in love; now I begin to comprehend the possibility of it, for I myself have lately begun to experience something of the sort.”—Alberto was all ear. Xavier continued;—“You have imagined that I could never be loved; but it is very possible that you may have reckoned without your host, for, to speak candidly, I have fallen desperately in love.”—“With whom, brother?” exclaimed Alberto.—“I know as little of her as you do of your *incognita*. All that I can tell you is, she is a lady of virtue and honor, although she sits at her window the whole day long. The only thing I cannot bear in her is the daily change of her head-dress, which no doubt might be attributed to vanity; but in other respects she is so quiet and thoughtful, that I cannot believe it of her. Other women are running backwards and forwards from their windows, like fools, to jeer at

the passers-by, while she never looks out, but only straight before her. Probably she is occupied with some sort of work, and this it is which gives me courage to gaze at her. Oh, you have never seen such blue eyes, such cherry lips, such a lovely bosom!”—“Is she then handsomer than my church *incognita*?” asked Alberto.—“That I cannot precisely say,” replied Xavier, “for I never fairly looked at the young lady whom you admire; but this girl’s features are deeply engraven upon my heart, and, if she should prove as handsome in mind as she is in body, I am resolved to marry her as soon as possible, provided she may have no objection.”—Upon Alberto’s questioning Xavier more closely, he drew from him that the fair one lived at a milliner’s in the next street, and he comforted him with the assurance that such people were seldom very cruel. But love, which always doubts, overpowered Xavier, so that he could not rest without hearing the confession from her own lips. The next morning, therefore, they both passed by the house. Alberto looked very attentively at all the windows, but could only discover a handsome milliner’s block, painted white and red, and wearing a new head-dress to entice customers. He turned round to Xavier, and was about to complain of their having taken their walk to no purpose, when the latter heaved a deep sigh from the very bottom of his breast, exclaiming, “There, she has put on a new cap!—always changing her head-dress!—always sitting at the window! It does, indeed, please me in a certain measure, as it constantly gives me an opportunity of seeing her; but, after all, it is being somewhat too vain.”—Albert opened his eyes to double their usual size, and stared at Xavier as he asked, “Is it she, brother, who sits yonder in the window? Is it she with whom you are so desperately in love?”—“And does she not deserve it?” said Xavier.—“Yes, undoubtedly,” replied the knavish Alberto, who had formed his plan on the instant.

It was now arranged, that in a few days the elopement should take place to Fiesole. Alberto took charge of all. The carriage came at the appointed time; the fair one was already in her place; Xavier got in; Alberto pressed him again to his breast, tore himself away amidst a flood of tears, and bade the coachman drive on. For a time, Xavier scarcely dared to speak. At last he

opened his lips with a timid question, but received no answer.—“Perhaps she sleeps,” thought he to himself—“should this decisive step trouble her? I must not be importunate. Doubtless she is bashful from being alone with me in a carriage so early in the morning twilight. But the daybreak will restore courage to both of us, and with the evening she is mine.”—This mode of thinking reconciled him to all, and, after having ventured one or two more fruitless questions, he seated himself opposite to his mistress, which position he occupied in silence till the sun rose, and showed him that he had run away with—a puppet.

Abruptly leaving his *doll*, he ran toward the church, at the very time that Julia, whom Alberto loved, was taking the same direction. It seems that she lived in a house close by; a garden too was her property, and, just as she came out of the gate, she was met by Xavier, who, heated by the sun and by his wrath, felt himself tormented by an intolerable thirst. Without fairly looking her in the face, he greeted her with looks in which good humor and vexation were strangely mingled, and asked for some fruit from her garden to quench his thirst; upon this she invited him to come in. An old servant was despatched to fill a basket with fruit; and Xavier devoured the melons with an eagerness that surprised Julia, whose curiosity was now excited to learn the cause of his agitation and alarm. Little persuasion was requisite to bring him to confession, for he was eager to lessen the burthen of his grievances by imparting them to some one. “*Madonna*,” he said, “I verily believe there has not been a man since the age of Methuselah who has suffered such an injury as I have.” Hitherto he had not observed with whom he was speaking, and had only considered Julia as a medium through which he might unburthen himself of his resentment. Now, however, that he was going to relate his love adventure, he began to notice her more closely. Her beauty blazed upon him at once, and he blushed up to the ears, and was forced to collect himself before he could recover his fluency. This confusion, however, gave him a pleasing expression, while the heat and his anger had added unusual animation to his well-formed features; his large hazel eyes sparkled with unwonted fire, and his very bashfulness lent him a gentle character,

which contrasted wonderfully with his manly form.

When he had ended his story, Julia smiled, and said, “You should not take this affair so much to heart; for, if Alberto enticed your short-sightedness to run away with a doll, he himself has fallen in love with a living maiden who in good truth has made him plainly feel how profoundly she despises him.”—Xavier stared at this declaration, for in his fervor he had entirely forgotten to mention the episode of Alberto’s fair one.—“How do you know that, *madonna*?” he exclaimed. “From whom did you hear it?”—“Do you then not recognise me?” said the fair Julia, laughing. “Well, it is evident you have no eyes for ladies, either real or artificial.”—“Is it possible?” cried Xavier,—“you, *madonna*, are that fair one?”—“I, and none but I.”—“And how then came you here?”—“My little property is here. At that time I was on a visit to my aunt.”—“And where then are your parents?”—“It is many years since they have rested in the grave,” replied Julia with a sigh.—“I too have neither father nor mother,” said Xavier, while the tears stood in his eyes. “And do you live here alone?”—“I possess this house and these gardens. Sometimes I go to the city to my aunt, but the greater part of my time I spend here, never so happy as in my solitude.”—For the first time in his life, Xavier gazed at a woman boldly. “Hark ye, *madonna*; are you resolved never to marry?”—“That is a very close question,” replied Julia, laughing. Here she would have broken off the conversation, but Xavier held her back, and said, “I have ventured for once, and if it do not take place now, it never will. You are beautiful,—that your face tells me: you are good,—that your beauty tells me. You have said that you are an orphan; a strange accident has united us, and, if I do not strike while the iron is hot, all’s lost. I came out to be married, and it rests with you whether I shall return as I set out, and be a laughing-stock for the abominable Alberto, or triumph over him, and rout him entirely, not with a dagger, but with your presence.”—In this way he continued to press the fair one, till he at last wrung from her a consent. The suddenness of her yielding did not at all strike him; and, that it may not surprise any one else, we must observe, that, at the time when Julia had inquired into the cir-

cumstances of Alberto, she had also learned all about Xavier and his simple honest character.

It may be easily supposed with what triumph Xavier carried back his bride with him to Florence. All his good friends were already collected at the city gate to receive him. Alberto himself opened the door, and cried out,—“Well, Xavier, how have you prospered? Have you brought back your beautiful bride?”—“Yes,” replied Xavier, coolly, “there she sits.”—“What do I see!” exclaimed Alberto, confounded.—“Another ingenious trick of the capricious lady Fortune, Master Alberto,” said Julia, laughing: “sometimes one plays *below* and is hissed, while another plays *above*, and gains twenty thousand *scudi*. Sometimes an honest soul is supposed to marry a wooden puppet, and the puppet suddenly changes to a living maiden, who has actually refused the gallant Alberto. Xavier is much indebted to you, sir; and though you have lived upon him, and made him your butt, what does that signify? To you alone he owes his property and his bride.”

GASTON DE BLONDEVILLE,

a Romance, with some poetical Pieces, by Anne Radcliffe; also, a Memoir of the Author, and Extracts from her Journals.

4 vols.

THE sway exercised over the feelings, but more particularly over the imagination, by this ingenious lady, cannot easily be forgotten;—the forcible impression will long remain. Without the use of supernatural terrors, the agency of magic, or enchantment, or the adduction of miracles, she enchained the minds of her readers by a potent spell, which could not be altogether broken before she brought every thing, however improbable, within the bounds of possibility and the laws of nature. But, in the present romance, as if she wished to gratify those who had blamed her for not leaving them in doubt, suspense, and perplexity, she has introduced a spectre as a real agent, not a fabricated object of temporary terror.

Gaston de Blondville is a Gascon knight, who has found favor with his country-woman, queen Eleanor, and her royal consort, Henry III. of England. As a mark of his high regard, the king seconds the suit of Gaston, who pretends

to the hand of the daughter of the earl of Huntingdon. The earl is by no means delighted with the match, partly on account of the inferior rank of Blondville, and partly because he joins with the people in their prejudices against the crowds of foreign courtiers who flock around the queen. Henry, however, finds the means of gaining over the old earl, and he and all his court proceed to hold their revelry at Kenilworth, where the nuptial ceremony is to be performed. The story opens with a description of the procession into Kenilworth.

“It was at the feast of Saint Michael, that king Henry, with his queen and sundry nobles of the realm, and a marvellous train of estates and gentils, came to keep court in Ardenne, in his castle of Kenilworth. The day was drawing to an end ere they arrived: and it was a goodly sight to see this noble company coming over the forest, till then so lonesome; and the last light of this day’s sun glittering upon the helmets and lances of the king’s guard; likewise on the gorgeous appareling of the horses, and trumpets with banners unrolled, that went before his grace; also on the litters of the queen, covered with cloth of gold and with tapestry of rich colours brought from her own land beyond the sea. This noble train, with all the spear-men attendant on the king, was like to a little army covering the paths and tracks, for many miles, as they wound amongst the woods: or like to some mighty river, that, flowing along, appears, where the shades open, in shining bends upon the plain, and is lost again as they enter beneath the gloom; but yet you may judge of their course throughout all the prospect; like as you may the broken lines of the great aqueduct, stretching over the plains of our dear father of Rome, which, as we perceive its distant point athwart those solitudes, we connect in our minds into one great whole, grander in its sweep than it might have shown when it stood complete.”

This procession is interrupted by the sudden fainting of a man near the person of the king. On his recovery, he gives utterance to dark and mysterious ejaculations, which seem to throw suspicion on some of the royal train. The next day he falls at the feet of the king, and demands justice upon Gaston de Blondville, whom he accuses of murder. The accuser, Hugh Woodreeve, a merchant of Bristol, traveling through a forest

near Kenilworth, with a large sum of money, in company with two other merchants and a knight returning from Palestine, had been attacked by robbers, who killed the knight, and plundered the rest of the party. Gaston, being declared to be the ruffian leader, seems to be confounded at the charge; and, as he for a moment conducts himself in a suspicious manner, the merchant's tale is listened to. An examination takes place, but the witness appears to prevaricate, and the immediate result is, that he is confined in a lofty tower for presuming to charge a courtier with so foul a crime. The marriage now proceeds, in spite of the renewed disinclination of the lady's father, who doubts the innocence of his future son-in-law. During the ceremony a stranger is observed to be present.

"There was that day in the chapel, among the crowd, by some unknown hap, a stranger, who seemed to observe, with more attention than the greater part, all that passed; yet did he never ask a question, nor speak to any one there. He was seen in different parts, although the press of people was so great, that it was difficult for any one to change his station. At last, having reached the sepulchre of Geoffrey de Clinton, he leaned among the tomb-lights there, and moved no more. There was in his countenance a touching solemnity, while he watched the progress of the ceremony, which was noticed by many present; for, in his whole demeanor there was something (though it was difficult to explain what) that drew away the attention of many from the sight they came to witness, and that was a pity, for it was such a sight as is seldom seen."

The sight almost overpowers the bridegroom, who cannot conceal his consternation.

"When the archbishop asked, who gave away the maiden, his highness, advancing, graciously delivered her to the baron, who, bending one knee, received her of the king; but, as he rose up, his countenance showed not joy, or love—it showed consternation. His eyes had glanced on the tomb of Geoffrey de Clinton, and were now riveted where the stranger stood. The stranger, as he still leaned amidst the torches there, seemed, however, unmoved by the dismayed looks of the bridegroom; his gloomy sternness was unshaken. But the emotion of the baron increased: his looks became deadly pale, and he could no longer repeat the

words that were necessary in the ceremony. All eyes were soon directed upon him, and then upon the lady Barbara, who fell into a swoon, and would have sunk on the ground, had not the king's arm sustained her. Her maidens, and some of the queen's ladies, hastened to her assistance; but, though almost every one in the chapel looked upon her with pity and care, the baron regarded her not, nor seemed to know what had happened to her. His attention was still fixed upon the tomb, whither, too, directed by his looks, all other eyes now turned; but they perceived only the extended marble image of the dead one within, and the torches burning round it. The stranger was no longer there. The hasty surprise of the king, the calm displeasure of the archbishop, the severe curiosity of the young prince Edward, the distress of the lady mother, and the wonder of all, where this might end, may not be told."

The ceremony, however, is completed, and an entertainment is given. In the course of the festivity, the eye of the king is arrested by the sight of a peculiar figure in armour, standing in a place to which, by his orders, no spectator had been admitted.

"The king had given back the cup into the hands of the lord Norfolk, and was resting in his chair, when he saw the curtain drawn back of that window, which opened from his own chamber upon the gallery of arms, and a person standing there. While his highness marveled by what means any one could have admittance into that chamber, the keys being in the custody of the lord-constable, the window was unfolded, and the person, advancing into the gallery, came forward to the front, and there stood still, and with great seeming confidence, beside the armour of Richard the Lion. Although the light, that fell there from the roof, was not so strong that his highness, at such a distance, could distinguish the countenance of this person, yet, by the grey gleam reflected there, he seemed to be clothed in steel, with a helmet on his head; and so like was he to the form of king Richard, that, had not his highness seen him advance, and the real shape of motionless armour standing by, he would have thought this but a figure for show, like the others there. The king, no less surprised by the strangeness of this appearance, than displeased by the boldness which had thus openly defied his command respecting that chamber,

ordered an esquire to repair to the lord-constable, who was himself in the hall, and learn whom he had admitted there. The baron, who stood by, looking whether the king looked, on a sudden changed countenance; and his highness again observed that stupor and dismay, which he had noticed in the morning, beginning to fix his eyes and to spread over every feature. The king spoke sharply to him, to rouse him, as was supposed, from his trance; but without effect, for he stood fixed and stiffened, like to a marble statue, yet with looks bent on the gallery where the stranger stood."

This circumstance, the appearance of a strange harper or *jongleur*, and the representation of the alleged murder by mysterious mummers, seem to countenance the charge of Gaston, that the merchant is a sorcerer, or in league with sorcerers, the malignant enemies of the royal favorite, who forged this accusation for the purposes of revenge. The solitary prisoner is visited by a stranger in the night, who pretends regard for his safety, and proceeds to persuade him to retract his charge against Blondville. When he finds that he cannot prevail in this instance, he tempts the merchant to trust himself to his guidance, with a pretended view to his escape. The wanderings through the dark mazes of the castle are curiously described. The guide is called the prior of St. Mary's; but he is found to be an armed ruffian. In the course of the subterranean expedition, — "The merchant followed down a very long flight of steps, ending in a passage, which he supposed lay under the fosse. Here the air was so changed by an unwholesome vapour, that it was painful to breathe it; and the lamp burned so dimly at times, that he feared it would expire. The prior often stopped to nurse the flame, and once, as he lifted the lamp high, and it revived, his garment flew back, and Woodreeve now saw, beyond all possibility of doubt, a dagger at his girdle. His eyes were fixed upon it, till his conductor saw that he observed it; and then, laying his hand upon the hilt, he said, 'In times like these, every one should be somewhat armed.' But now another object had seized the attention of the merchant, and he stood in horror. In drawing forth the dagger, his companion had turned aside his vesture, and, behold! a chain of gold hung about his neck, which,

from its ponderous but highly wrought ornaments, Woodreeve instantly thought was the very chain worn by his kinsman at the time of his death; and he doubted not that in the prior he saw one of the assassins. At this conviction, he lost all presence of mind, so that he foresaw not how much he might hasten his peril, and lessen his chance of finally avoiding it, in betraying his thoughts to the prior, whose revenge might be accomplished in such a place without danger (as it appeared) from any human means of discovery. He seized the lamp, and holding it close to the chain, cried out, 'It is the same—there are the very links, that shape—the initials of his name.'—'Of whose name?' said the prior, eagerly; and, as he spoke, Woodreeve recollected the voice of the very robber to whom he had delivered up his own treasure. The prior, still without having changed his voice, repeated the question. 'Of my unfortunate kinsman,' answered Woodreeve: 'I now know you.' Instantly the discovered ruffian, without one word, drew the dagger from the imperfect grasp which Woodreeve had of it, and upraised his hand with a fierce and deadly intention; but the blow descended not: the poignard fell from his hand, and his eyes seemed fixed upon some object beyond. The poor merchant, who for an instant had been motionless and confounded with terror, seeing this, gathered courage, and turned to discover what held his enemy in this trance; but nothing could he perceive save the dusky avenue. Then, losing not another moment, he fled, with the lamp, along that unknown way; but he had neglected to seize the dagger, which had fallen on the ground, and might easily have been made a weapon for himself. He followed the avenue till his breath failed, and he was compelled to stop; but, soon thinking he heard steps behind him, he again went on, and, flying for very life, hope and fear supplied him with strength. He had now gone a great length of way without having discovered any thing like an outlet, and he rested again for breath, and to revive his failing lamp. He listened, and, though he heard no footsteps in pursuit, he remembered the soundless steps with which his treacherous conductor had, this night, passed along several chambers, and he was not convinced that he was distant, though unheard. The intenseness with which he listened for any remote or lone

sound seemed to sharpen his sense of hearing, as the seaman's sight discovers things which are so small and distant as to be unseen by others. Thus now, while Woodreeve listened, he thought he heard—not footsteps, but a little strain of music, so faint and fleeting, it was more like the moonlight shadow of a fleecy cloud that glides along the hills, and fades ere you can say it is, than any certain truth. It served, however, at first, to revive his hopes; he judged it came from without the castle walls; but then, perhaps, from soldiers on their watch, and if so, his deliverance could not be nigh. Still, as his only hope lay that way, he hastened forward, and presently he again thought he heard music. He stopped, and no longer doubted this; the sound was nearer, and he gradually distinguished a faint, solemn swell of voices and instruments. As he advanced, they sank and were lost awhile, and then a high and long-continued strain of many mingling voices was heard. Soon after, it sank away at a distance, and he heard it no more. But now he fancied steps were coming behind him, and, quickening his own, he came to a bend of the avenue, and espied a door which seemed to close its dreary length. Three massive bars secured it; but there was also a lock. While he stood before it, and looked back on the long sloping avenue, almost as far as his lifted lamp could throw its blunted rays, he heard no sound either of step or breath from within or from without that door, nor saw the prior advancing through that dim way behind him. The bolts gave way to his returning strength, and even the lock did not long resist. Already he thought he felt the fresh air from without the castle walls; but, opening the door, he stepped not out upon a platform of grass, or under the boughs of the free forest; he stepped upon a little winding stair, that went up a turret (as he verily believed) of another tower—some out-post of the castle. At this, his heart sank nigh to fainting; for how should he escape detection from those who guarded it, and whose voices he now thought he heard singing, in dreary chorus, on their night-watch? Having considered a moment, to little purpose, for he had no choice but to go on, he went up the stair, and came to another door. He listened for a while, but all within was still, and he undrew the bolt that held it, and would have stepped forward, but was baffled by what

he thought a curtain that hung before it. In this he deceived himself: it was the tapestry of a chamber. Perceiving this, he stopped again, before he lifted it, to consider how best he might disclose himself, if any one were within; but all being silent, he ventured to lift the arras, and found himself in a great arched chamber. A lamp was burning near a reading-desk; but no person appeared, and he looked round with a mixture of terror and curiosity, still holding up the arras with one hand, and with the other his lamp, to survey the limits of the room; and he still kept one foot on the doorstep, as ready to retreat on the first alarm. At length, perceiving that he was indeed alone in this chamber, he let the hangings drop, and ventured forward in search of an outlet, through which to escape; but he saw none. The walls were covered with tapestry, which concealed whatsoever doors might be within them, and presented in colours various good deeds. A large oriel-window of fretted stone-work rose in sharp arches, closed with glass, stained in a mosaic of diverse rich colours. This window showed also the emblazoned arms of Geoffrey de Clinton, with many a golden rule in scroll-work and labels on the glass. All this Woodreeve espied, while, with his lamp in hand, he searched around for some outlet to depart by. It seemeth not expedient to set down here all the objects he saw in this chamber; suffice it to say, it was an oratory, and the histories on the tapestry, and all the garniture, were such as are meet for such a place. On a table lay diverse folios, well bossed with silver; among them were Matthew of Westminster and the Golden Legend. An arm-chair with purple cushions stood by the reading-desk, on which lay open a copy of the venerable Bede, and a missal beside it, freshly illuminated. At all he saw, his mind misgave him that this was some chamber, not of the castle, but of the priory; and if so, whither could he turn, to flee from destruction? His eye again glancing round the walls, he observed a part of the tapestry enclosed in a kind of framework, different from any other part of the arras; and hoping there might be a door behind this, he was advancing towards it, when he heard a rustling sound in another part of the chamber, and, turning, beheld the arras lifted, and the prior himself standing in the same arch through which he had entered. His countenance

was livid and malicious, and he held in his hand the dagger he had dropped in the avenue. Hardly did Woodreeve cast a look behind him, but rushing toward that frame-work, he found it held a door, which opened upon a vaulted passage of the priory, ending in a cloister. As he fled, he turned to see whether his pursuer advanced, and observed him standing at the great door of the chamber, making sign for his return, as if, after having let that dagger and that murderer's look be seen, it were possible to lure him back again."

The merchant at length escapes from the castle, and seeks an asylum at the altar in the priory; but the monks do not venture to protect him against the authority of the king, who orders him to be tried. He is pronounced guilty, but is saved by the re-appearance of the spectre. The king sees in his chamber a gleam of light, and, observing an indistinct figure, exclaims, "What art thou? wherefore art thou come?"—A voice answered, 'Give me rest—the mist of death is on me!'—The phantom repeated,—'Give me rest!'—'How may that be?'—'Release an innocent man.'—'How may I know him to be such?' said the king.—'By the sword of justice, that lies before thee. A knight-hospitaler was slain by that sword; it has, this day, slain his slayer, Gaston de Blondville. The prior of Saint Mary's was his accomplice. Punish the guilty: release the innocent. Give me rest!' The king had now sufficiently recovered from his surprise, to demand proof of the prior's guilt, on which the vision answered, 'I will call up one who may no more deceive.' It is said that the king's courage here failed, and he called out, 'Forbear!'—'Recall your warrant, then,' demanded the spectre solemnly, 'ere it be too late to save an innocent man.' At that moment the matin bell sounded. 'My time is short,' said the vision; 'if he perish for my sake, he shall not fall alone. Be warned!' While these words still vibrated on his ear, the king again heard the chant from the chapel, and knew that they were performing the second requiem. 'I am summoned,' said the vision; 'my bed is in darkness; the worm is my sister: yet my hope——' The king on looking up saw only the dim countenance of the knight; his form had disappeared; in the next moment, the face too had passed away. But who may speak the horror of the king, when in its place he beheld that

of the baron, but as in death; an expression of solemnity and suffering overspread his visage; and the king heard the words, 'My guilt was my doom; I shall behold you no more. The prisoner is innocent. The prior is gone to his account. Be warned!'—At these words, cold drops stood on the king's forehead, and his eyes remained fixed on the vacant air where the countenance of Gaston had just appeared. At the same instant, these words of the distant requiem rose on his ear; 'I go unto the dark lane, that is covered with the mist of death. The eye of man may no more behold me.'"

This romance will please those who are fond of chivalrous antiquity, and of the traces of religious and courtly solemnity: but it is not deeply impressive or interesting. Some parts are dull and tedious: there is little variety in the detail; and the style, though occasionally forcible, is not distinguished by elegance; but the character of the ghostly personage is well sustained, and that was probably the chief object which the fair writer had in view.

WOODSTOCK, OR THE CAVALIER;
(concluded from page 279.)

THIS novel has been overpraised by some, and too freely censured by others. To neither set of critics, in this case, can the superiority of judgement belong; for both have overshot the mark, and transgressed the bounds of moderation. Like all the novels of the same author, it contains much superfluity, and some extravagance, has little regularity of plot, and exhibits frequent instances of haste and carelessness; but, at the same time, it gratifies us with well-drawn characters and characteristic dialogues, traits of sentiment and strokes of humor. The commencement is striking; and the narrative becomes still more interesting in its progress, and forcibly recalls to our notice the remarkable period to which it refers.

Sir Henry Lee, having dislodged the intruding party, recovers the lodge, and his daughter prepares with alacrity to act as housekeeper.—"With a prouder and a lighter heart than had danced in her bosom for several days, she went forth to contribute her assistance to the regulation and supply of the household, by bringing water from fair Rosamond's well."

We introduce this seemingly trivial

notice, because it leads to an adventure which our designer has selected as the subject of illustration*.

"With a light step and a laughing brow the young lady was approaching the fountain, usually so solitary, when she paused on beholding some one seated beside it. She proceeded, however, with confidence, though with a step something less gay, when she observed that the person was a female;—some menial perhaps from the town, whom a fanciful mistress occasionally despatched for the water of a spring supposed to be peculiarly pure, or some aged woman, who made a little trade by carrying it to the better sort of families, and selling it for a trifle. There was no cause, therefore, for apprehension. Yet the terrors of the time were so great, that Alice did not even see a stranger of her own sex without some apprehension. Denaturalised women had, as usual, followed the camps of both armies during the civil war, who, on one side with open profligacy and profanity; on the other with the fraudulent tone of fanaticism or hypocrisy, exercised nearly in like degree their talents for murder or plunder. But it was broad day-light; the distance from the lodge was trifling; and, though a little alarmed at seeing a stranger where she expected deep solitude, the daughter of the haughty old knight had too much of the lion about her to fear, without some determined or decided cause.

"Alice walked, therefore, gravely on toward the fount, and composed her looks, as she took a hasty glance of the female who was seated there, and addressed herself to her task of filling her pitcher. The woman, whose presence had surprised and somewhat startled her, was a person of the lower rank, whose red cloke, russet kirtle, handkerchief trimmed with Coventry blue, and coarse steeple hat, could not indicate at best any thing higher than the wife of a small farmer, or, perhaps, the helpmate of a bailiff or hind. It was well if she proved nothing worse. Her clothes, indeed, were of good materials; but, what the female eye discerns with half a glance, they were indifferently adjusted and put on. This looked as if they did not belong to the person by whom they were worn, but were articles of which she had become the mistress by some accident, if not by some successful robbery. Her

size, too, was unusual; her features were swarthy and singularly harsh, and her manner altogether unpropitious. 'The blessings of this bright day to one as bright as it is,' said the stranger.—'I thank you,' said Alice, and continued to fill her pitcher busily.

" 'Are the good dames of Woodstock so careless of their pretty daughters as to let the flower of them all wander about without a mother, or somebody to prevent the fox from running away with the lambs?—that carelessness shows small kindness.'

" 'Content yourself, good woman,' said Alice; 'I am not far from protection and assistance.'—'Alas, my pretty maiden,' said the stranger, patting with her large and hard hand the head which Alice had kept bended down toward the water which she was laving,—'it would be difficult to hear such a pipe as yours at the town, scream as loud as you would.' Alice shook the woman's hand angrily off, and said, not without fear doubtless, but with some dignity, 'I have no reason to make my cries heard as far as Woodstock; I have help nearer at hand.' The noble hound Bevis instantly broke through the bushes, and stood by her side."

The old woman, not daunted by the appearance of the dog, continues to importune the young lady, follows her on her return to the house, drops a gold ring into the pitcher, and then disappears.

Reflecting on this strange incident, and watching over her parent, as he slumbers in his arm-chair, "with the affectionate zeal, if not the effective power, of a guardian angel," Alice amuses herself with an observance of the shifting clouds in a moonlight night. An impressive simile is suggested by this view of the face of nature.—"There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination, in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is *wading* among the vapors which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her way through good and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny."

In the midst of her contemplation.

* See the elegant Engraving annexed.

Alice is alarmed by a noise at the window. Two persons are preparing to enter: one is attacked by the old knight, whose son he proves to be; the other is a young cavalier in the disguise of a page. He it was who had appeared to Alice in the garb of an old woman; and, captivated by her attractions, he now aims with vile gallantry at her seduction. She pretends to have no idea of his meaning, and treats him with that contempt which excites his indignation. He retires from her presence, and hastens into a wood to vent his anger and mortification. He is suddenly stopped in his course by colonel Everard, who produces the ring which he had dropped into the pitcher, and accuses him of having endeavoured to requite the hospitality of a worthy family by the basest arts. A combat ensues, which is prevented from being fatal or injurious by the interposition of sir Henry Lee. Soon after his return to the house, the amorous youth is left alone with Alice; and an interesting scene takes place. He first amuses her with a love-song, and then proceeds to unpleasing importunities. She coolly remonstrates against the impropriety of his conduct, in disturbing the family of a respectable knight, who has incurred danger by affording an asylum to a page and a fugitive.

"I would to Heaven, fair Alice," said the youth, "that your objections to the suit which I am urging, not in jest, but most seriously, as that on which my happiness depends, rested only on the low and precarious station of Louis Kerneguy!—Alice, thou hast the soul of thy family, and must needs love honor. I am not the needy Scottish page, whom I have, for my own purposes, personated. This hand, poor as I seem, can confer a coronet."—"Keep it," said Alice, "for some more ambitious damsel, my lord; for such I conclude is your title, if this romance be true. I would not accept your hand, could you confer a duchy."—"In one sense, lovely Alice, you have neither over-rated my power nor my affection. It is your king—it is Charles Stuart who speaks to you!—he can confer duchies, and, if beauty can merit them, it is that of Alice Lee. Nay—nay—do not kneel—it is for your sovereign to kneel to thee, to whom he is a thousand times more devoted, than the wanderer, Louis, dared to profess himself. My Alice has, I know, been trained up in

those principles of love and obedience to her sovereign, that she cannot, in conscience or in mercy, inflict on him such a wound as would be implied in the rejection of his suit."

"In spite of all the attempts of Charles to prevent her, Alice had persevered in kneeling on one knee, until she had touched with her lip the hand with which he attempted to raise her. But this salutation ended, she stood upright, with her arms folded on her bosom—her looks humble, but composed, keen and watchful, and so possessed of herself, so little flattered by the communication which the king had supposed would have been overpowering, that he scarce knew in what terms next to urge his solicitation.

" 'Thou art silent—thou art silent,' he said, 'my pretty Alice. Has the king no more influence with thee than the poor page?'—"In one sense every influence," said Alice; "for he commands my best thoughts, my best wishes, my earnest prayers, my devoted loyalty, which, as the men of the house of Lee have been ever ready to testify with the sword, so are the women bound to seal, if necessary, with their blood. But beyond the duties of a true and devoted subject, the king is even less to Alice Lee than poor Louis Kerneguy. The page could have tendered an honorable union—the monarch can but offer a contaminated coronet."—"You mistake, Alice,—you mistake," said the king, earnestly. "Sit down, and let me speak to you—sit down—What is't you fear?"—"I fear nothing, my lord," answered Alice. "What *can* I fear from the king of Britain—I, the daughter of his loyal subject, and under my father's roof? But I remember the distance betwixt us, and though I might trifle and jest with mine equal, to my king I must only appear in the dutiful posture of a subject, unless where his safety may seem to require that I do not acknowledge his dignity."

"Charles, though young, being no novice in such scenes, was surprised to encounter resistance of a kind which had not been opposed to him in similar pursuits, even in cases where he had been unsuccessful. There was neither anger, nor injured pride, nor disorder, nor disdain, real or affected, in the manners and conduct of Alice. She stood, as it seemed, calmly prepared to argue on the subject, which is generally decided by passion—showed no inclination to escape from the apartment, but appeared

determined to hear with patience the suit of the lover—while her countenance and manner intimated that she had this complaisance, only in deference to the commands of the king.

“ ‘Know, simple girl,’ said Charles, ‘that, in accepting my proffered affection and protection, you break through no law, either of virtue or morality. Those who are born to royalty are deprived of many of the comforts of private life—chiefly that which is, perhaps, the dearest and most precious, the power of choosing their own mates for life. Their formal weddings are guided upon principles of political expedience only; and those to whom they are wedded are frequently, in temper, person, and disposition, the most unlikely to make them happy. Society has commiseration, therefore, toward us, and binds our unwilling and often unhappy wedlocks with chains of a lighter and more easy character than those which fetter other men, whose marriage ties, as more voluntarily assumed, ought, in proportion, to be more strictly binding. And therefore, ever since the time that old Henry built these walls, priests and prelates, as well as nobles and statesmen, have been accustomed to see a Fair Rosamond rule the heart of an affectionate monarch, and console him for the few hours of constraint and state which he must bestow upon some angry and jealous Eleanor. To such a connexion the world attaches no blame; they rush to the festival to admire the beauty of the lovely Esther, while the imperious Vashti is left to queen it in solitude; they throng the palace to ask her protection, whose influence is more in the state a hundred times than that of the proud consort; her offspring rank with the nobles of the land, and vindicate by their courage, like the celebrated Longsword, earl of Salisbury, their descent from royalty and from love. From such connexions our richest ranks of nobles are recruited; and the mother lives, in the greatness of her posterity honored and blessed, as she died lamented and wept in the arms of love and friendship.’

“ ‘Did Rosamond so die, my lord?’ said Alice. ‘Our records say she was poisoned by the injured queen—poisoned, without time allowed to call to God for the pardon of her many faults. Did her memory so live? I have heard that, when the bishop purified the church at Godstowe, her monument was broken

open by his orders, and her bones thrown out into unconsecrated ground.’

“ ‘Those were rude old days, sweet Alice,’ answered Charles; ‘queens are not now so jealous, nor bishops so rigorous. And know, besides, that, in the lands to which I would lead the loveliest of her sex, other laws obtain, which remove from such ties even the slightest show of scandal. There is a mode of matrimony, which, fulfilling all the rites of the church, leaves no stain on the conscience; yet, investing the bride with none of the privileges peculiar to her husband’s condition, infringes not upon the duties which the king owes to his subjects; so that Alice Lee may, in all respects, become the real and lawful wife of Charles Stuart, except that their private union gives her no title to be queen of England.’

“ ‘My ambition,’ said Alice, ‘will be sufficiently gratified to see Charles king, without aiming to share either his dignity in public, or his wealth and regal luxury in private.’

“ ‘I understand thee, Alice,’ said the king, hurt, but not displeased. ‘You ridicule me, being a fugitive, for speaking like a king. It is a habit, I admit, which I have learned, and of which even misfortune cannot cure me. But my case is not so desperate as you may suppose. My friends are still many in these kingdoms; my allies abroad are bound, by regard to their own interest, to espouse my cause. I have hopes given me from Spain, from France, and from other nations; and I have confidence that my father’s blood has not been poured forth in vain, nor is doomed to dry up without due vengeance. My trust is in Him from whom princes derive their titles; and think what thou wilt of my present condition, I have perfect confidence that I shall one day sit on the throne of England.’

“ ‘May God grant it!’ said Alice; ‘and that he *may* grant it, noble prince, deign to consider whether you now pursue a conduct likely to conciliate his favor. Think of the course you recommend to a motherless maiden, who has no better defence against your sophistry, than what the natural feeling of female dignity inspires. Whether the death of her father, which would be the consequence of her imprudence; whether the despair of her brother, whose life has been so often in peril to save that of your majesty;—or the dishonor of the roof

which has sheltered you, will read well in your annals, or are events likely to propitiate God, whose controversy with your house has been too visible, or recover the affections of the people of England, in whose eyes such actions are an abomination, I leave to your own royal mind to consider.'

"Charles paused, struck with a turn to the conversation which placed his own interests more in collision with the gratification of his present passion than he had supposed.—'If your majesty,' said Alice, curtsying deeply, 'has no farther commands for my attendance, may I be permitted to withdraw?' 'Stay yet a little, strange and impracticable girl,' said the king, 'and answer me but one question:—Is it the lowness of my present fortune that makes my suit contemptible?'—'I have nothing to conceal, my liege,' she said, 'and my answer shall be as plain and direct as the question you have asked. If I could have been moved to an act of ignominious, insane, and ungrateful folly, it could only arise from my being blinded by that passion, which I believe is pleaded as an excuse for folly and for crime much more often than it has a real existence. I must, in short, have been in love, as it is called—and that might have been with my equal—but surely never with my sovereign, whether such only in title, or in possession of his kingdom.'—'Yet loyalty was ever the pride, almost the ruling passion, of your family, Alice,' said the king.—'And could I reconcile that loyalty,' said Alice, 'with indulging my sovereign, by permitting him to prosecute a suit dishonorable to himself as to me? Ought I, as a faithful subject, to join him in a folly, which might throw yet another stumbling-block in the path to his restoration, and could only serve to diminish his security even if he were seated upon his throne?'—'At this rate,' said Charles, discontentedly, 'it would have been better to retain my character of the page, than assume that of a sovereign, which it seems is still more irreconcilable with my wishes.'—'My candor shall go still farther,' said Alice. 'I could have felt as little for Louis Kerneguy as for the heir of Britain; for such love as I have to bestow (and it is not such as I read of in romance, or hear poured forth in song), has been already conferred on another object. This gives your majesty pain—I am sorry for it—but the wholesomest medicines are

often bitter.'—'Yes,' answered the king, with some asperity, 'and physicians are reasonable enough to expect their patients to swallow them, as if they were honeycomb.—It is true, then, that whispered tale of the cousin colonel; and the daughter of the loyal Lee has set her heart upon a rebellious fanatic!'—'My love was given ere I knew what the words fanatic and rebel meant. I recalled it not; for I am satisfied that, amidst the great distractions which divide the kingdom, the person to whom you allude has chosen his part, erroneously perhaps, but conscientiously—he, therefore, has still the highest place in my affection and esteem. More he cannot have, and will not ask, until some happy turn shall reconcile these public differences, and my father be once more reconciled to him. Devoutly do I pray that such an event may occur by your majesty's speedy and unanimous restoration!'—'You have found out a reason,' said the king, pettishly, 'to make me detest the thought of such a change; nor have you, Alice, any sincere interest to pray for it. On the contrary, do you not see that your lover, walking side by side with Cromwell, may, or rather must, share his power? If Lambert does not anticipate him, he may even trip up Oliver's heels, and reign in his stead. And think you not he will find means to overcome the pride of the loyal Lees, and achieve an union, for which things are better prepared than that which Cromwell is said to meditate betwixt one of his brats and the no less loyal heir of Faalconberg?'—'Your majesty,' said Alice, 'has found a way at length to avenge yourself—if what I have said deserves vengeance.'—'I could point out a yet shorter road to your union,' said the king. 'Suppose that you sent your colonel word that there was one Charles Stuart here, who had come to disturb the saints in their peaceful government, which they had acquired by prayer and preaching, pike and gun—and suppose he had the art to bring down a half-score of troopers, quite enough, as times go, to decide the fate of this heir of royalty—think you not the possession of such a prize as this might obtain from the Rumpers, or from Cromwell, such a reward as might overcome your father's objections to a roundhead's alliance, and place the fair Alice and her cousin in full possession of their wishes?'

" 'My lord', said Alice, her cheeks

glowing, and her eyes sparkling—‘this passes my patience. I have heard, without expressing anger, the most ignominious persuasions addressed to myself, and I have vindicated myself for refusing to be the paramour of a fugitive prince, as if I had been excusing myself from accepting a share of an actual crown. But can you think I can hear all who are dear to me slandered without emotion or reply? I will not, sir; and were you seated with all the terrors of your father’s Star-chamber around you, you should hear me defend the absent and the innocent. Of my father I will say nothing, but that, if he is now without wealth,—without state, almost without a sheltering home and needful food—it is because he spent all in the service of the king. He needed not to commit any act of treachery or villany to obtain wealth—he had an ample competence in his own possessions. For Markham Everard—he knows no such thing as selfishness—he would not, for broad England, had she the treasures of Peru in her bosom and a paradise on her surface, do a deed that would disgrace his own name, or injure the feelings of another. Kings may take a lesson from him. My lord, for the present I take my leave.’

“‘Alice, Alice—stay!’ exclaimed the king. ‘She is gone.—’This must be virtue—real, disinterested, over-awing virtue—or there is no such thing on earth.’”

The vigilance of Cromwell at length discovers the retreat of his rival Charles, and he repairs to Woodstock to secure him; but, in the mean time, the bird flies away, and crosses the channel in safety. Alice, freed from her persecutor, becomes the wife of Everard, when he is induced to exchange the character of a republican for that of a royalist. Charles is recalled to England by a fortunate change of circumstances; the intelligence is communicated by Wildrake, with humorous quaintness, to him and his little council; and his progress to London, after his landing, is well described.

During the procession, a party peculiarly attracts the royal notice—“It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated on a chair, having a complacent smile on his face, and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, ‘God save king Charles!’

His cheek was ashy pale, and his long beard bleached like the thistle down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that its vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grand-children, or asked a question of his daughter, who sate beside him, matured in matronly beauty, or of colonel Everard, who stood behind. Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings; while Alice, assisted by Wildrake, took off the children’s attention from time to time, lest they should weary her feeble parent.

“The monarch sprang from his horse, and walked up instantly to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise and do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat, ‘Bless,’ he said, ‘father, bless your son, who has returned to you in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.’—‘May God bless and preserve’—muttered sir Henry, overcome by his feelings.

“The effect of the whole procession was so splendidly dazzling, that even Alice’s anxiety about her father’s health was suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked at him again, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some color during his conversation with the king, had relapsed into earthy paleness; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up, and expired in one exhilarating flash.”

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY OF
FASHION TO A MALE FRIEND;

from the Novel of Vivian Grey.

DEAR GREY,—We have now been at Alburys for a fortnight. Nothing can be more delightful. Here is every body in the world that I wish to see, except your-

self. The Knightons, with as many outriders as usual:—lady Julia and myself are great allies; I like her amazingly. The marquis of Grandgoût arrived here last week, with a most delicious party; all the men who write John Bull. I was rather disappointed at the first sight of Stanislaus Hoax. I had expected, I don't know why, something juvenile and squibbish—when lo! I was introduced to a corpulent individual, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, looking dull, gentlemanly, and apoplectic. However, on acquaintance, he came out quite rich—sings delightfully, and improvises like a prophet—ten thousand times more entertaining than Pistrucci. We are sworn friends; and I know all the secret history of John Bull. There is not much, to be sure, that you didn't tell me yourself; but still there are some things. I must not trust them, however, to paper, and therefore pray dash down to Alburies immediately; I shall be most happy to introduce you to lord Devildrain. There was an interview! What think you of that? Stanislaus told me all, circumstantially, and after dinner—I don't doubt that it is quite true. What would you give for the secret history of the “rather yellow, rather yellow,” *chanson*? I dare not tell it you. It came from a quarter that will quite astound you, and in a very elegant, small, female hand. You remember Lambton did stir very awkwardly in the Lisbon business. Stanislaus wrote all the songs that appeared in the first numbers, except that; but he never wrote a single line of prose for the first three months: it all came from Vivida Vis.

I like the marquis of Grandgoût so much! I hope he'll be elevated in the peerage:—he looks as if he wanted it so! Poor dear man!

Oh! do you know I've discovered a *liaison* between Bull and Blackwood. I'm to be in the next Noctes; I forget the words of the chorus exactly, but Court-down is to rhyme with *port-down*, or something of that kind, and then they're to dash their glasses over their heads, give three cheers, and adjourn to whiskey-toddy, and the Chaldee chamber. How delightful!

The prima-donnas are at Cheltenham, looking most respectable. Do you ever see the Age? It is not proper for me to take it in. Pray send me down your numbers, and tell me all about it; that's a dear. Is it true that his lordship paragraphises a little?

VOL. VII.

I have not heard from Ernest Clay, which I think very odd. If you write to him, mention this, and tell him to send me word how Dormer Stanhope behaves at mess. I understand that there has been a *melée*, not much—merely a *rouette*; do get it all out of him.

Colonel Delmington is at Cheltenham, with the most knowing beard you can possibly conceive; lady Julia rather patronises him. Lady Doubtful has been turned out of the rooms; fifty challenges in consequence, and one duel; missed fire, of course.

I have heard from Alhambra; he has been wandering about in all directions. He has been to the Lakes, and is now at Edinburgh. He likes Southey. He gave the laureate a quantity of hints for his next volume of the Peninsular War, but does not speak very warmly of Wordsworth: gentlemanly man, but only reads his own poetry. I made him promise to go and see De Quincy; and, like a good boy, he did; but he says he's a complete humbug. What can he mean? He stayed some days at sir Walter's, and met Tom Moore. Singular, that our three great poets should be together this summer! He speaks in raptures of the great baronet, and of the beauties of Abbotsford. He met Moore again in Edinburgh, and was present at the interview between him and Hogg. Lalla Rookh did not much like being called “Tam Muir,” and rather kicked at the shepherd.

Edinburgh is more delightful than you can possibly conceive. I certainly intend to go next summer. Alhambra is very intimate with John Wilson, who seems indeed a first-rate fellow, full of fun and genius, and quite as brilliant a hand at a comic song as at a tragic drama. Do you know it struck me the other day, that comic songs and tragedies are “the lights and shadows” of literature. Pretty idea, is it not?

Here has been a cousin of yours about us; a young barrister going the circuit; by name Hargrave Grey. The name attracted my notice, and due inquiries having been made, and satisfactorily answered, I patronised the limb of law. Fortunate for him! I got him to all the fancy balls and pic-nics that were going on. He was in heaven for a fortnight, and at length, having overstaid his time, he left us, also leaving his bag and only brief behind him. They say he's ruined for life. Write soon. Yours ever.

CYNTHIA COURTOWN.

2 x

THE GENERAL ELECTION;
a Dialogue.

Son.—Father, I wish to know precisely the cause of the present bustle and agitation.

Father.—A general election is the cause,—not merely the nomination of common-council-men or church-wardens, but the choice of more distinguished and influential persons, who, under a representative government, are thought worthy to form the legislative body of the nation.

Son.—I should be glad to know, exactly, what is a representative government.

Father.—There are many arbitrary governments in the world, in which the king not only executes the laws, but makes them at his pleasure. Fortunately, that is not the case in this country; for our king is limited in his authority, and is obliged to act in concurrence with the lords and commons of the realm.

Son.—I can easily guess who are the lords; but I have some doubt about the commons, because the majority of the people may be called the commons.

Father.—I mean the *house of commons*,—a certain number of parliamentary representatives, or deputies, chosen, or supposed to be chosen, by the whole nation, to control the king and the peers, and to assist in making laws.

Son.—How is it possible that the whole nation should choose them? At any rate, that cannot be done without the greatest confusion.

Father.—In fact, they are elected only by a very small part of the community. Those who represent counties in the great council of the realm are chosen by all who have freeholds of forty shillings a year or more; and, in this case, there is some freedom of election. In the boroughs, either all the freemen vote, or only a few leading men who form what is called the corporation; and many of these are so influenced by the aristocratic land-holders, as to be obliged to choose any person, however incompetent, who may be arbitrarily imposed upon them.

Son.—This, I should suppose, was not the intention of the original framers of our constitution; but perhaps I do not precisely know what a constitution is.

Father.—It is, according to etymology, an *appointment* or *settlement* of the course which the ruling power ought to follow, in curbing by law and justice

that irregularity and licentiousness, and that outrageous spirit, which would otherwise prevail in every society.

Son.—Men certainly ought not to be left to themselves, any more than school-boys. What a state a school would be in, without masters or monitors!

Father.—To preserve order, there must be a regular government. The reflecting members of society must give up a portion of their natural liberty, to secure peace and quietness; they must check and restrain themselves, that they may more effectually repress the effervescence of the rabble. Hence arose the necessity of a constitution. A great historian, indeed, says, that we had nothing which could be properly called a constitution before the Revolution: but the assertion is not strictly true, and seems to have been hazarded only with a view of vindicating the arbitrary conduct of Charles I., as if that prince acted rightly, because he had no code to guide him, and was therefore not amenable to any law. We had a constitution as early as the reign of Egbert, the West Saxon, and, even at that time, something like a parliament; but I admit that it was not then a sufficient check upon the sovereign. Even Magna Charta had not a proper influence; and, so late as the time of Henry VIII., the parliament was in general an ineffective body.—I mean, ineffective to the purposes of liberty; for it rather promoted than restrained the power of the king.

Son.—At what time was our constitution settled in its present form?

Father.—In the year 1689, when the prince of Orange, invited from Holland by the nobility and people, had driven a tyrant from the throne. But the parliamentary representation, as it now stands, was adjusted in the time of king Henry III.

Son.—You say that the members are returned only by a few electors. Ought there not to be some new regulations in that respect?

Father.—A reform is evidently advisable, because the influence of the crown is too prevalent and over-bearing, and the voice of the people is not, so far as it ought to be, the language of the house of commons.

Son.—Has the king any concern in the elections?

Father.—Not personally, but by the medium of his ministers.

Son.—The peers, I suppose, are not

chosen by the people to sit in parliament.

Father.—No—they sit and vote by hereditary right, except those of Scotland and Ireland, who make choice of a few of their number to represent them, as the house of peers would otherwise be too numerous.

Son.—Cannot the king dissolve the parliament when he thinks proper?

Father.—That is a part of his prerogative; but he is bound to call another without delay.

Son.—If he should not, what are the people to do?

Father.—They must remonstrate, and put him in mind of his duty. But there is no fear of that contingency in the present age.

Son.—As parliaments are allowed, from what I have heard, to continue for six or seven years, would it not be an affront to dismiss them long before the regular time?

Father.—It is an affront which the people are ready to *pocket*, as every fresh election puts money into their hands.

Son.—Do you mean to say that they are paid for their votes?

Father.—In many small boroughs, the voters privately receive money, and are also entertained, in defiance of the law against treating.

Son.—They say that gentlemen are sometimes ruined by a contest for a seat in parliament.

Father.—Some undoubtedly have been; but, as it is their own fault, no one pities them.

Son.—But the people say, that nobody would expend so much money, without expecting to derive some benefit from a seat in parliament.

Father.—Some of the vulgar think that all members who vote for the measures of the court are paid in one way or another; but this is a gross error. It is impossible to remunerate *so many* friends. Undoubtedly, the court has great patronage, and can provide for its strenuous supporters by civil, naval, and military employments, and sometimes by pensions and sinecures; but the majority of the house of commons cannot be thus bribed or rewarded.

Son.—Why, then, are gentlemen so eager to get into parliament?

Father.—Men of a rapacious turn entertain the hope of sharing the public spoils; the ambitious look to the ac-

quisition of power and consequence, for every legislator is raised above the mass of the people by that privilege which gives him an opportunity of repressing eventual tyranny; and some, I have no doubt, are actuated by a sense of disinterested patriotism.

Son.—I could put some more questions; but I shall be content to hear your opinion of the probable effect of the new elections.

Father.—As far as I can judge from imperfect evidence, I should conceive, with regard to two important questions, that the advocates for a revision of the corn laws, and the opposers of the catholic claims, will be more numerous than in the last parliament; and, with respect to other points, that the new majority will, *in general*, support those ministers who, though not always attentive to the true interest of their country, seem to have established on a firm basis their habitual sway and domineering influence.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern, continued to the present Time by Dr. Coote. 6 vols. 8vo.

—The reputation of Dr. Mosheim's elaborate work is so fully established, that it is unnecessary to recommend it by the formality of encomium. The materials are drawn from the most authentic sources, and candor and impartiality appear to have guided the pen of the learned writer. Dr. Maclaine's translation is faithful and correct, and his notes are usefully illustrative. The continuation embraces a history of the three great divisions of the Christian church,—the Romish, Réformed, and Lutheran establishments,—and also of the collateral sects, for the whole of the last, and the first quarter of the present century. This part, for a particular reason, we shall neither praise nor blame.

Suspirium Sanctorum, or Holy Breathings.—Conceiving that an unvaried and habitual form of prayer is at length repeated almost mechanically, and has not a due effect upon the feelings, a lady composed for the use of her family a series of prayers, each of which is introduced by a verse from the book of psalms.—To frame a collection of prayers

like these, varying the daily petition so as to prevent the attention from flagging, and yet preserving that unity of thought and feeling which ought to characterise the supplication, is undoubtedly a difficult task. In the present instance, however, it has been successfully accomplished. Throughout all her "holy breathings" the writer has maintained a tone of pure piety, deep gratitude, wise humility, mild resignation to the will of God, and warm benevolence toward his creatures. It ought to be added, that the style is graceful and pleasing, and that some portions of the prayers are finely written.

The Innocents, a sacred Drama.—The author of this piece seems to possess a poetical talent and a purity of feeling, as far as we can judge from a cursory survey. The following is a passage that will please many readers.

—"She had retired at noon
Beneath the roof which for a little while
Had canopied the fairest and the first
In bright creation. As I rose from prayer,
I watch'd her steal with timid steps, and lay
Her sleeping infant (half in sacred fear)
On the same couch late hallow'd by his God.
She knelt, and on her circling arms reclined;
The babe's soft breathings to her matron heart
Made blessed music, and her innocent thoughts,
Free from distracting care, had wov'n a dream
So light 'twas scarcely slumber, yet more warm
Than life. I mark'd it on her glowing cheek,
And the sweet smiles which lighten'd, play'd
and went
Like sunbeams on the dark and heavy cloud
Which even then hung o'er her. Suddenly—
I cannot now define that wildering pause
Of doubt and horror—the quick flash of steel—
The boisterous rush of men—the murderous
blow,
Ere his sweet sleep had vanish'd—consecrate
Upon the holiest shrine of guilty earth,
The first young martyr in his Saviour's cause
Died with that smile upon his rosy lips
His spirit wears in Heaven."

Memoirs and poetical Remains of Jane Taylor.—This lady had a strong sense of religion, which mingled itself with all her writings. She earnestly wished to promote what she considered as the "one thing needful;" and for this, not less than for her talents, her memory is entitled to our respect. Some of her poems are pleasing; and the extracts from her correspondence, and the sketch of her life, will perhaps be found still more agreeable.

A Word in Favour of Female Schools, by a Lady.—The charges adduced against schools—such as an encouragement of the love of dress, the practice of idle gossiping, the propagation of indelicacy of thought and expression, and other imputations, are answered in a spirited manner by one who has been a school-mistress for thirty years, and who, without disparaging the merits of private teachers, thinks that they have not such opportunities of doing their duty amidst the caprices and partialities of parents, as an intelligent school-mistress and her assistants may be supposed to have. "Order and regularity (she says,) are the leading advantages in a good school; and I do not believe it possible that in any private family these can be obtained in the same degree, and with so little hardship to the pupil, as at school. The advantage next in order, perhaps, is the pleasure of having many companions in our employments. That this stimulates exertion seems to be evident. The very cleverest are improved by it, the indolent will scarcely work without it; and the dullest will feel its beneficial influence." She adds, "It is one of the strongest evidences in favour of schools, that all who have been educated in them, whether male or female, remember with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction, provided their own conduct was creditable therein, the years so employed; and I have had occasion to remark, that gentlemen are usually favorers of school education, and also those mothers, for the most part, who judge of it from their own experience."

Passatempi Morali; ossia scelta di Novelle e Storie piacevoli, da Autori celebri Inglesi e Francesi, tradotte ad uso delle Giovani, studiose dell' Italiana Favella, 1826.—This little work has been written with a view to beguile and forward the studies of young ladies in the Italian language. The attention of students is often won by the charms of narrative, when dry precepts, however sound, would fail; a fact of which the French seem to be fully aware, and which has given birth to the many beautiful tales of Madame de Genlis, Florian, and others. But in the Italian tongue there is a deficiency of these pleasant little aids to the acquisition of knowledge. There are, indeed, short novels in that language; but they are, with scarcely an exception, utterly unfit, in consequence

of their profligacy and indecency, to be put into the hands of youth. Those who have read Boccaccio and the *Cento Nouvelle* will at once perceive the force of this objection.

But here is a little work to supply this desideratum; and we cordially recommend it to our fair readers. The stories are from the celebrated pens of Dr. Johnson, Addison, Mackenzie, Berquin, &c., and are rendered into very graceful and idiomatic Italian. We wish that it may be favorably received by the public, no less on account of the translator, than on behalf of those juvenile students whose progress it is so well and so pleasantly calculated to promote.

Truth, a Novel. 3 vols.—This is the history of a young lady who, by the bad management of parents of different religious persuasions, falls into errors and doubts on the subject of faith. Alarmed at the state of her mind, they exert all their efforts to direct her wavering opinions into what each conceives to be the right path; but they do not appear to meet with the desired success. The writer would have made the novel more useful, if the doubting lady had been fully convinced of her error.

De Clifford, a Romance of the Red Rose.—The modern attempts in the field of epic poetry are, in general, mere gleanings, without fullness or substance: they are dull abortions, without the strength that would bring them into life. There is, however, some merit in this poem. The hero is the tenth lord de Clifford, son of the ninth baron, the bloody Clifford of Shakspeare, whose character the author endeavours to clear from some of the odium which the chroniclers and our great dramatist have cast upon it. On the death of the ninth lord, his possessions were confiscated, and his son was brought up as a peasant on the lands which ought to have been his inheritance. The ballad of the Nutbrown Maid is generally supposed to be founded on his adventures, which also supply the subject of the present poem.

We quote a pleasing passage near the conclusion of the piece:

“’Tis done; now leave we sorrowing: tears
are due
To moisten graves; but, where the brave man
lies,
Honour will plant spring blossoms, and the
bees

Suck from their bells sweet honey-dews, and
birds
Wild warbling keep their Valentines, and
choose

Such spot as meetest for their tales of love!
Nay, smile not thou; in sooth the soldier’s
grave

Hath round it halo; and there is a sigh,
Which, rising there, may come upon thy soul
With such a swell of gentleness, ’twill leave
Its trace unrazed through many a busy scene.

“Now fare thee well! our legend has its
close;

Our English lay. ’Tis even such a wreath
As may be gather’d from the hedgerow banks,
When linnets sing and all is glad in June.

’Tis even such; perchance of worthless weeds
’Twill seem, nor win one little day of smiles.
Yet frown not thou. Who mocks the legend’s
hour

Of olden times, or deems the minstrel’s song
An empty strain, or jingle of vain sounds,
Were better shunn’d than cherish’d. Hard his
heart

Whom fancy never leads beyond the coil
O’th’ workday world! So be not thou; but lend
Thy soul to pensive musings, and good deeds
Shall follow, and in gentlest course run round
Thy quiet years. Farewell! a closing verse,
And then our legend of the rose is done.”

The Sibyl’s Leaves; Poems and Sketches; by Elizabeth Willesford Mills.—For many years past, we have witnessed with peculiar pleasure the displays of female talent; and the present volume will not discredit the general reputation which the ladies of our time have acquired. Some of the pieces which it contains evince taste and feeling, and afford a promise of better things, consequent on progressive merit.

Lion-Hunting.—This is an amusing volume of travels. The author visited the Netherlands, Germany, and Switzerland, in 1825, and observed “men, manners and things,” with a quick, if not with a very accurate eye. His details of foreign scenes and manners have nothing of the labor and high finish which distinguish the works of some of our travelers, but rather resemble the slight drawings which fill the sketch-book of a pedestrian Rambler; they therefore possess a good deal of the simplicity and liveliness which often render a first sketch valuable in despite of its roughness. His remarks on the political and moral condition of the people among whom he traveled, are frequently pertinent, though they do not display any very deep or novel views.

Papero-Plastics.—The art of forming models in paper will be found an instructive amusement. When children are too young to be troubled with abstract ideas, it is expedient to direct their curiosity to palpable objects; and, with this view, it is proposed that they should be taught to make, in paper, neat representations of tables, chairs, houses, ships, and other objects, on a small scale. The employment consists in drawing, cutting, folding, joining, and painting; and the young mechanics, by studying this little volume with the aid of their parents, will soon be able to produce specimens of their dexterity.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

WE had declined all farther notice of the character and concerns of the emperor; but, as captain Maitland, to whom he surrendered after his retreat from France, has lately favored the public with what he styles the "Narrative of the Surrender of Bonaparte and of his Residence on board of the Bellerophon," we think ourselves bound to introduce a few circumstances and particulars relative to that extraordinary personage.

"On coming on board the Bellerophon (says the captain,) Bonaparte was received without any of the honours generally paid to persons of high rank; the guard was drawn out on the break of the poop, but did not present arms. His majesty's government had merely given directions, in the event of his being captured, for his being removed into any one of the ships that might fall in with him: but no instructions had been given as to the light in which he was to be viewed. As it is not customary, however, on board a British ship of war, to pay any such honours before the colours are hoisted at eight o'clock in the morning, or after sunset, I made the early hour an excuse for withholding them upon this occasion.

"Bonaparte's dress was an olive-coloured great coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugle horns embroidered in gold; plain sugar-loaf buttons and gold epaulettes. He wore the star or grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and the small cross of that order; the iron crown; and the union, appended to the button-hole of his left lapel. He had

on a small cocked hat, with a tri-coloured cockade; a plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches. The following day he appeared in shoes, with gold buckles, and silk stockings."

"On leaving the Epervier, he was cheered by the ship's company as long as the boat was within hearing; and Mr. Mott informed me that most of the officers and men had tears in their eyes. General Bertrand came first up the ship's side, and said to me, 'The emperor is in the boat.' He then ascended, and, when he came on the quarter-deck, pulled off his hat, and, addressing me in a firm tone of voice, said, 'I am come to throw myself on the protection of your prince and laws.' When I showed him into the cabin, he looked round and said, *Une belle chambre*, 'This is a handsome cabin.' I answered, 'Such as it is, sir, it is at your service while you remain on board the ship I command.' He then looked at a portrait that was hanging up, and said, *Qui est cette jeune personne?* 'Who is that young lady?'—'My wife,' I replied. *Ah! elle est très jeune et très jolie*, 'Ah! she is both young and pretty.' He then asked what countrywoman she was, begged to know if I had any children, and put a number of questions respecting my country, and the service I had seen. He next requested I would send for the officers, and introduce them to him; which was done, according to their rank. He asked several questions of each, as to the place of his birth, the situation he held in the ship, the length of time he had served, and the actions he had been in."

"During breakfast he asked many questions about English customs, saying, 'I must now learn to conform myself to them, as I shall probably pass the remainder of my life in England.' When dinner was announced, viewing himself as a royal personage, which he continued to do while on board the Bellerophon, and which, under the circumstances, I considered it would have been ungracious in me to have disputed, he led the way into the dining-room. He seated himself in the centre at one side of the table, requesting Sir Henry Hotham to sit at his right hand, and Madame Bertrand on his left. For that day I sat as usual at the head of the table; but on the following day, and every other, whilst he remained on board, I sat by his request at his right hand, and Ber-

trand took the top. He conversed a great deal, and showed no depression of spirits: among other things, he asked me where I was born. I told him in Scotland.—‘Have you any property there?’ said he.—‘No, I am a younger brother, and they do not bestow much on people of that description in Scotland.’—‘Is your elder brother a lord?’—‘No; lord Lauderdale is the head of our family.’—‘Ah! you are a relation of lord Lauderdale! he is an acquaintance of mine; he was sent ambassador from your king to me, when Mr. Fox was prime minister: had Mr. Fox lived, it never would have come to this; but his death put an end to all hopes of peace. *Milord Lauderdale est un bon garçon*,’ he said, adding, ‘I think you resemble him a little, though he is dark, and you are fair.’

“No sooner was his arrival in Torbay known, than the ship was surrounded by a crowd of boats, people being drawn from all quarters to see him. He came often upon deck, and showed himself at the gangways and stern windows, apparently for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity, of which, as he observed to me, the English appeared to have a very large portion.

“The concourse of people round the ship was afterwards still greater, and the anxiety of the Frenchmen was considerably augmented by the confidence with which the newspapers spoke of the intention to remove Bonaparte to St. Helena. In the afternoon, he walked above an hour on deck, frequently stood at the gangway, or opposite to the quarter-deck ports, for the purpose of giving the people an opportunity of seeing him and, whenever he observed any well-dressed women, pulled his hat off, and bowed to them.”

When the alarming intelligence of his deportation was announced to him, he appeared to be confounded.—“The idea of it (he said) is perfect horror to me. To be placed for life, on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing that I hold dear in it!—*c’est pire que la cage de fer de Tamerlan*. ‘It is worse than Tamerlane’s iron cage.’ I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. If your government should confine me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England, (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the

English people,) I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the tropics! As well may my death-warrant be signed at once; for it is impossible that a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate.”

He soon, however, became cool and composed. The captain says, “I felt convinced that, after the notification he had received, he would be too much depressed in spirits to make his appearance on deck that day, and sent a boat to some of my friends, who were waiting in hopes of seeing him, to say that there was no chance of his coming out, as he was much distressed at the communication which had been made to him. I was, therefore, surprised, on turning round, to find him standing at my elbow; and I can only account for his showing himself as usual, by supposing either that he was not in fact so much annoyed as I had believed him to be, or that he was actuated by a desire of creating a feeling of commiseration among the English people in his behalf. At dinner he conversed as usual; and, indeed, it was quite astonishing with what elasticity his spirits regained their usual cheerfulness, after such trials and disappointments. He never, in my hearing, threatened to commit suicide; nor do I believe he did on any occasion: the only expression I ever heard him make use of, that could in any way be construed into such a threat, was that he would not go to St. Helena.”

When he was desired to quit the *Bel-lerophon*,—“he walked out of the cabin with a steady firm step, came up to me, and, taking off his hat, said, ‘Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of once more returning you my thanks for the manner in which you have treated me;’ then turning to the officers, he added, ‘Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude to you for your attention to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes.’ He then went forward to the gangway; and, before he went down the ship’s sides, bowed two or three times to the ship’s company; he was followed by the ladies and the French officers, and lastly by lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off, he stood up, pulled his hat off, and bowed first to the officers, and then to the men; and immediately sat down, and entered into conversation with lord Keith,

with as much apparent composure as if he had been only going from one ship to the other to pay a visit."

Of his person and demeanor the captain has given a favorable description. "He was a remarkably strong well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were of a light grey, teeth good; and, when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark-brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow color, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board; for, though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable: he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured in every way to promote good humor. He even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, in a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favorable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation: this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to points which the person he was addressing was acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good humor with himself; after which it was not a very difficult matter to trans-

fer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it."

A MEMOIR OF MR. SERRES, HUSBAND
TO THE PRETENDED PRINCESS OF
CUMBERLAND.

WHEN marriages have been contracted without that due deliberation which so important an act requires, their ill effects, in many instances, are felt during the whole subsequent life of the thoughtless lover.

Mr. John Thomas Serres was the son of Dominic Serres, an able artist, who acted as marine painter to George II. The youth followed the same profession, but did not attain his father's skill or eminence. He was on the point of leaving England for Italy, when a young lady attracted his notice, and, though not distinguished by beauty, appeared to him in a very engaging light. She was the niece of the rev. Mr. Wilmot, with whom she occasionally resided, and from whom she acquired "a superficial education, which, aided by an unblushing confidence, has enabled her to surprise the ignorant, and even stagger the better informed." He married her after his return from the continent; but her freaks and misconduct (as he observed) soon "banished happiness from his dwelling, and repose from his pillow."

On the death of his father, he was appointed marine painter to the king; and he was employed, during the last war, to go into the harbours on the enemy's coast, and make sketches; for this purpose he was allowed to have a vessel, and 100l. a month while on service. During his absence, his wife is said to have visited masquerades, and given extravagant entertainments, which involved her husband in such difficulties, that he became a bankrupt. Worse offences are imputed to Mrs. Serres, which we shall not enumerate; suffice it to say, that they separated. He allowed her 200l. a year, but stopped it, when her conduct became worse than equivocal, until he could get the charge of his children. He was arrested on the bond given to the trustee for the observance of the deed of separation, and was thrown into prison. On his release, he went to live out of town.

"About this time (says a friend) an event occurred, which restored to him

his younger daughter Britannia. The mother had given the child into the care of a woman at Hampstead, and had neglected afterwards either to visit it or to pay for its maintenance. The poor woman, induced by charity to keep it, had begun to consider it as her own. It chanced that Serres was visiting in the neighbourhood of the cottage where the poor woman resided, who was the tenant of the friend at whose house he was staying. This child became the subject of conversation; it was a favorite of the family; and Serres immediately recognised it as his own. After satisfying the woman, he conveyed the child to his own house. But he was still thwarted in his schemes, and annoyed at every turn by

the interference and influence of his 'evil spirit.' Actions were frequently brought against him for debts incurred by his wife: but he defended them; and, after he had been successful in three trials, tradesmen became more cautious in giving credit, and he was less annoyed by their importunities. The notoriety which his domestic dissension had now acquired, even operated in his favor."

Misfortunes fell heavy upon Serres: he had acquired some money, but lost nearly the whole of it in the Coburg Theatre. At length death released him from a troublesome world and a bad wife, on the 28th of December last, in the purlieus of a prison.

Fine Arts.

Second Notice of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—Mr. Westall's principal performance is styled the Entombing of Christ. It is a striking piece; for, though it does not, as a whole, fully answer the expectations of the amateurs of art, great skill is displayed in various parts. The head and body of the sacred personage, the figure of Mary Magdalen, and that of the apostle on the left, are ably executed. The minor productions of the same artist,—Market-Day and the Child's Bed-Time,—evinced his *mannerism*, but are pleasing and attractive.

Mr. Danby's only picture represents, in a fine style, Christ walking on the sea. The red light from the lantern is well contrasted with the gray light of the moon; the chief figure is noble, and the whole composition is good.

Joseph expounding the Dreams of Pharaoh's chief Butler and Baker, though it has procured a gold medal for Mr. Wood, is rather a specimen of rising talent than of practised skill.

Mr. Howard's Sabrina, from the masque of Comus, is a very pleasing display of taste and skill. The damsel, "commending her fair innocence to the flood," is beautifully depicted.

Canova crowned by the Genius of Grecian Sculpture, by J. P. Davis, is placed in an obscure situation, as if the *hanging committee* did not think it worthy of a good light: but it is a piece

that will bear a close inspection, without discredit to the ingenious artist.

Among the paintings connected with English history, we observe two (and there may be more) which have considerable merit. One is the production of Mr. Cattermole, entitled, "King Henry II. discovering the relics of King Arthur in Glastonbury Abbey." The supposed remains were probably not genuine; but this is not the place for entering into that dispute. The figures are small; but they are correctly drawn, well grouped, and properly occupied. The other piece is by R. T. Bone (not the academician), and it represents cardinal Wolsey, with a brilliant train of prelates, nobles, and gentlemen, negotiating at the French court. Mr. Derby's Catharine Parr, supplicating the pardon of those catholic bigots who aimed at her ruin, may be considered rather as a failure than an instance of success.

Mr. F. Howard exhibits several good portraits; and, in the representation of a country wedding in the time of Henry V., he has delineated the sports and tricks of the bridal procession from the church with some degree of humor.

Mr. Pickersgill has distinguished himself by a characteristic portrait of Poole, the dramatist, and by an interesting picture of Medora, from lord Byron's poem of the Corsair.—Stothard's *Fête Champêtre* reminds us of Watteau; it is elegant,

graceful, and picturesque.—Allan's Auld Robin Gray has an air of pathos, and the countenance of the intended bride seems to mingle a sense of gratitude to the old man with strong affection for a youthful and more engaging lover.

The Chevy-Chase of Mr. Edwin Landseer is one of the chief ornaments of the present exhibition. It evinces great and increasing talent. The figures are very well drawn, and the countenances are admirably expressive of the strong feelings which urged the hunters of that period to the higher darings of war. The contest which ends in the death of the stag is pregnant with animation, and the hurried action, throughout, is finely displayed.

From Mr. Thomas Daniell we have an excellent representation of Hindoo antiquities at Mahabalyporam; and from his brother we have eight pictures, most of which possess great merit. The Cambria brig receiving on board the crew of the Kent, with a distant view of the burning ship,—the Lizard Lights, with a vessel in the greatest danger,—and the wild elephants in the Anemallee Woods,—are striking pieces, correct in their details, and very appropriately colored. Mr. Turner's View of Cologne in the evening is spirited; but we cannot praise the coloring, which is unnaturally glaring. His Forum Romanum is finely classical; but his view of Mr. Moffat's seat at Mortlake is more pleasingly picturesque.

Mr. Calcott has not been very liberal in contributing to the display of the current year; but he manifests his usual excellence, and, in one instance, upon a difficult subject. We allude to the Dutch fishing-boats running foul in the endeavour to board. Mr. Collins has three pieces, with each of which we are pleased, though the fastidious critic may wish to detect some fault in them. The young shrimp-catchers are prettily and properly employed; the children picking hops are cheerfully doing their duty; and the fisherman, in the eager hope of a good *marine harvest*, leaves his home for the night.

Mr. Corbet shows a turn for humor in his Dame Quickly's Latin. Sir Hugh and the dame are amusingly represented, and the archness of the boy is forcibly given.—H. P. Bone's scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is not unworthy of the pleasing subject,—the discovery of Julia by Protheus in the "immodest raiment" of a man.—Another

dramatic scene is taken by Stephanoff from the *Taming of the Shrew*, where "good sweet Kate" is desired by her tyrannical lover to be merry.

Curiosity detected, by Mr. Sharp, cannot, we think, be viewed without a smile. The lady's maid is slyly looking into a letter directed to her young mistress, who observes the whole proceeding; and a man-servant is highly diverted at the detection.

Some of the architectural pieces are magnificent, more particularly those of Soane and Gandy. The former has given "elevations, sections, and a perspective view of a design for completing the south side of Downing Place, and connecting the same with the new Council-office, the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, by a triumphal arch;" and also a design for a national entrance into the metropolis, intended to combine the classical simplicity of the Grecian architecture with the magnificence of the Roman style, and the fanciful intricacy and playful effects of the Gothic. Mr. Gandy offers the sketch of a grand entrance to the front of a palace, supposed to be erected in Hyde-Park; the whole scheme of which, however, would be extravagantly expensive in the depressed state of our finances.

Mr. J. P. Gandy exhibits an elevation of the Tower of Waterloo, 280 feet high, "as decided upon by the Committee of *Taste*:" but it is not an elegant or tasteful design.

In the sculptural department, there are few pieces of extraordinary merit. Chantrey's statue of Washington is apparently the best: Westmacott's figure of Lord Erskine is also striking. Baily's busts of Dr. Davis and Sir William Beechey are well executed: his groupe of Painting deriving inspiration from Poetry is fine; and Mr. Kendrick has skilfully represented the father of the human race hanging enamoured over Eve, during her troublesome dream.

Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors.—There are many good landscapes in this collection; and, among them, the productions of Mr. Barret, if not in every instance the best, are far from being the worst. His tints are well-managed, the lights and shades are natural, and the coloring is in general appropriate. The landscapes of Cris-tall, Varley, and Fielding, are also exceedingly attractive; but it is the opinion

of many, that the best picture now exhibited by this society, is the Alchemist of Mr. J. Stephanoff. It is at least superior to all the former productions of his pencil. He had previously approached the point in expression, which, if it did not fully satisfy, conciliated and interested the cautiously-approving and fault-detecting critic. Here he has largely overshot that limited point. His subject is taken from the following fact:—"An alchemist tendered to Rubens a share of his laboratory and of his hopes of the philosopher's stone. The artist carried the visionary into his painting-room, and told him his offer was dated twenty years too late; "for so long it is," said he, "since I found the art of making gold with my palette." On hearing this delicate but decisive refusal and implied discredit of the alchemist's powers of discovery, the latter would naturally feel abashed and disappointed, and more so from the polite but manly carriage which graced the manner of Rubens." Just so has Mr. Stephanoff painted the confused visitor and the great artist. The contrast of the erect but agreeable demeanor of Rubens, as he shows him his pictorial source of wealth, with the momentarily depressed experimentalist, is complete. The expression is perfected by the domestic grace of his wife, bending over her playful child; and the value of the picture is increased by the introduction of the larger part of his celebrated performance called the Descent from the Cross.

The British Institution.—This society re-opened its rooms on the 19th, with an interesting exhibition. His majesty graciously consented to the removal of his pictorial collection from Carlton-house to this gallery, for the gratification of the tasteful part of the community.

The paintings are chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and many of them are of the first class. It would be a business of supererogation to criticise works which are so well known; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to some general observations. There are in the collection several beautiful pieces by Rembrandt and Teniers. Nos. 62 and 105 by the latter are, we think, two of the artist's finest works. The first, a Woman paring Turnips, is remarkable for the very rich and harmonious effect of color which the artist has produced from an assemblage of various articles of household furniture, vegetables, fruit, &c., which are all executed with the utmost care and fidelity to nature. The second picture is called a Village Fête, a subject on which Teniers often exerted his powers, but never, perhaps, with such happy success as in the present instance. Into this work the artist has infused more of expression, and that of a more delicate character too, than we are accustomed to meet with in most of his pictures. The happy earnestness of the dancers is finely contrasted with the gravity of the old gaffer leaning on his staff, who is observing the sport, and recalling to his mind the happy days when he made one of the gay throng. But the best point in the picture is the drunken boor, who has slipped on the ground, and is making rather warm advances to a female who does not seem disposed to favor his attentions. The expression of this groupe is admirably given. There are several fine landscapes by Berghem and Hobbema, some water-pieces by Vandervelde, and some portraits by Vandyck. We must not omit to mention that the collection includes several works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which do honor to the high company they keep.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE first representation of the *Medea* of Meyer in this country would not perhaps have excited deep interest, if it had not been coupled with the benefit of Madame Pasta. Of her acting on this occasion (says a periodical critic) it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise. It is a performance full of genius, and a study for the poet, the sculptor, and the musician. It is difficult to

describe the sublime expression of voice and gesture with which she gave a mere word: when Jason asks, *Che sperar posso? Che mi resta?* [What can I hope? what remains for me?] she replies *Io,—* I remain. A shout of admiration followed this magnificent burst, which spoke a soul in a single sound. Here we had *Medea* in the agony of her pride and passion. In another scene, that of the preparations for the marriage of

Jason and Creusa, we saw her a suppliant at the hero's feet, and nothing could exceed the touching effect with which she gave the passage, *Mira, infido, a quale stato sol per te ridotto io sono*. [Look, faithless wretch! to what a state am I reduced by thee alone!] In the expression of tenderness in all its shapes, this lady is unrivaled. Her caresses are always full of grace and beauty; and is there, in the whole world, a more lovely sight than the gentle endearments which mark the affections of a fond but delicate woman? Our vulgar performers, our Romeos and Juliets, show their ardors by the extremity of their hugs—they love as bears fight. Madame Pasta, in the last scene of *Romeo*, throws back the hair from the forehead of Juliet, and simply clasps her head. There is a depth of love in that single action, that we never before saw expressed; it is not a caress of dalliance—that would be out of place when Romeo is on the brink of eternity—but of a love as pure from grossness as that which the mother bears to her child. In *Medea* her caresses of her children are unspeakably lovely; she does not smother them with kisses, but the mother's passion speaks in her eloquent face, and she bestows one kiss on her babes, single and sweet as the feeling which fills her heart. But these are beauties to be *seen*, not to be *told*; and our readers, to appreciate, must behold them in the inimitable acting of the Siddons of the lyric drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A new musical romance, called *the Knights of the Cross, or the Hermit's Prophecy*, was lately brought forward at this house. It was borrowed from the *Talisman*, one of the *Tales of the Crusaders*. The opening was rather heavy; but the interest increased as the piece proceeded; and the last act, in which the disgraced knight of the Leopard returns as a Nubian slave, and the sagacity of a fine dog is called into plenary exercise, put the audience into good humor. The music, being chiefly selected, requires little notice; it wanted what Weber has taught us to look for in operas,—we mean sounds in ideal association with the story. The old glee of the *Dutchman's Draught*, with new words, was well sung, and loudly encored; but the music in general did not highly please the audience.—Richard

Cœur-de-Lion is a species of hero so entirely in Wallack's way, that he could scarcely fail in the character; and he tore down the banner of Austria with great energy and pictorial effect. Bennet was sir Kenneth, and managed both himself and his dog with due discretion. Some of the scenes were beautiful, particularly those which were painted by Stanfield,—the hermit's cavern, the chapel in the convent, and St. George's Mount, by sunset, moonlight, and sunrise.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

Paul Pry seems to be as great a favorite as the Tom and Jerry of the minor theatres; for he has made his appearance almost every evening since the month of April, so that for many weeks no novelty was deemed requisite at this house. At length, however, Mr. Poole, having taken fresh measure of Mr. Liston, produced a new character for him, in a farce styled *'Twas the Cup and the Lip*. Pengander, a fortune-hunter from Cornwall, obtains, by the influence of a maiden aunt, the consent of old Allright to marry his daughter, and appears on the nuptial morning in his waistcoat, shivering with cold, because his new coat has not come home, and he will not be persuaded to put on an old one. The coat at length appears, when a weightier obstacle presents itself in the person of Mrs. Freeman, a widow, who produces a promise of marriage in his hand-writing, which she had procured from him in jest a few days before. A scene of embarrassment occurs, in which all the ludicrous turns of helpless distress, of which Liston's face is capable, are exhibited. The pretended agony of the lady at this proof of his infidelity was ably represented by Mrs. Glover. The perplexed beau appeals to her for pity, and declares that in his circumstances "it was not *manly* in her to press him for the fulfilment of his engagement." The difficulty is removed by the inflexible determination of the aunt to have the marriage settled; and the subsequent delays are produced by the introduction of Larkens, an apothecary, who is in the interest of Mandeville, a young lawyer. Larkens alternately frightens Pengander by persuading him that he is too ill to be married, and by the threat of a duel from a relative of the widow,—throwing into his dose a more tempting ingredient in the insinuation, that the fortune of that lady,

by a recent decision in Chancery, has placed her, in point of eligibility, far above Allright's daughter. These various attacks upon the fears and the cupidity of Pengander, keep him in a state of agitation through the remainder of the piece, and he is punished for his selfishness by the loss of both ladies. The last

hold of his hope is humorous enough, where he cannot be made to understand that a promise of marriage made by him to the widow was not equally binding on both parties. As the piece highly amused and enlivened the audience, it was received with favor and applause.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

A BEAUTIFUL frock of URLING'S LACE, of a small neat pattern, on a ground of delicate texture. A broad flounce round the border of the same material, the head and edge in scallops, finished by a fine pearl edge. Corsage, the same as the slip worn underneath, of white satin, and short full sleeves of lace. The dress relieved by a drapery scarf of celestial blue Barêge. The hair ornamented by an antique diadem of pearls. Necklace, consisting of large pearls, fastened in front with a ruby brooch, and a convent cross of wrought gold: ear-pendants of pear-pearls: bracelets of rubies *à l'antique*.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, made partially low; trimmed round the border of the skirt with a broad riband of the same color, quilled in the middle in fluted plaits. The body made plain, with a narrow pelerine cape surrounding the bust, edged with corkscrew trimming of the same material as the dress: over this falls a triple colerette formed of three rows of fine lace; the sleeves *en gigot*, but not too wide. Leghorn hat, with pink riband edged with blue, and a bouquet of blue flowers placed on the left side of the summit of the crown. Hair ornaments of pink riband are placed under the hat, on the hair.

We are indebted to Miss Pierrepont, of Edward-street, Portman-square, for the above dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

How easily do we suffer ourselves to be drawn on to admire the moving and diversified picture of Fashion! It is true, the colors are now somewhat glaring, and are mingled and laid on with unsparing hand: yet such is the witchery of the fickle goddess, that we not only become reconciled to these variegated tints, but when tolerably well associated, we follow the stream, and are led on, till we not only tolerate, but admire.

In the middle, and towards the end of the month of June, the weather was such as to admit no other out-door covering than a Barêge scarf or one of sarcenet on more elderly females, while a light *sautoir* of gay and cheerful colors shaded the necks of the young over the snow-white cambric or muslin,

trimmed with lace, or richly embroidered; the dress made only partially high, with a canezon spencer lapelled, and the lapels trimmed round with lace. When the weather is more cool, pelisses of light-colored *gros de Naples*, or pelisse dresses without any ornamental trimming, constitute the other changes in out-door costume.

The Leghorn bonnets for walking are of a beautiful shape, and infinite taste is discernible in the manner in which some ladies put them on; this is requisite, as they are awkwardly large: they are slightly and elegantly trimmed with colored riband, and under the brim of the bonnet is a kind of fan ornament of white gauze, with a bow on each side lying on the hair, of the same riband that trims the bonnet, which is reckoned most genteel when all of one color; the

bonnet being placed backward and rather on one side, a smartness is thereby imparted to this kind of hat, which we have not witnessed in the straw or Leghorn for some time. Bonnets of white *gros de Naples*, with a rich blond at the edge, are equally in favor for the carriage or for the evening walk: they are crowned with a full wreath *à la jardinière*, that is, composed of several sorts of flowers, in which sweet peas and half-opening roses are conspicuous. White chip bonnets, and also those of the new cotton fabrication, have a deep curtain veil of rich blond at the edge of the brim: the crown encircled by a band of colored riband, with a simple bow on the right side; over that, and round the summit of the crown, are full ornaments of blond quilling; two yellow ranunculuses, and a full sprig of mountain heath, ornament the crown.

White dresses, as we mentioned above, are merely confined to the very warm weather; never, we believe, will they again experience that general favor which they once boasted. Silks, however slight, however rich, maintain a decided preference; and even the most flimsy Barège, gaily striped, or of one bright color, is preferred for home costume to the robe of India muslin, however valuable: even for the breakfast-table, the morning wrap is frequently seen of flowered chintz or of finely corded striped pink gingham. Dresses of sarcelle of a celestial blue, with a muslin spencer made low, and trimmed with lace, are expected to be much in favor for rural costume during the month of July: one was lately finished for a lady of rank and fashion lately arrived from the continent: this spencer seems an improvement on the French canezon spencer. There are no preparations for ball-dresses, except those that may be worn at *fêtes-champêtres*; and they are generally of the most simple kind. In the make of gowns, and in their trimming, we have but little novelty to record: the sleeves next the wrist are usually ornamented with straps *en chevrons*, each finished in the centre by a button beautifully wrought, or sometimes only simply covered with silk. We have seen these straps wound round the arm, but they had a heavy appearance. Tulle embroidered and worn over colored slips, is a favorite material for evening dresses: the sleeves are often short, and as often long, but then they are transparent, and

discover the short colored sleeve of the slip underneath: the tucker is of fine lace.

Though the head-dresses at present consist of caps, they are daily losing favor; and the more elegant turban is again very prevalent in half-dress: the morning cornettes are of fine lace, ornamented with small bows of colored gauze riband, striped. The turbans are of one color, and are generally of crape: the caps are often made of gauze of the Japanese kind, doubled in bias, and this is preferred to either lace or blond; their shape, and the manner in which the folds are disposed, might cause them at a first glance to be mistaken for a turban; they are wide at the temples, and on each side next the hair is a full bouquet of yellow jonquils, and two bunches of the same flowers on the summit of the crown: some ladies add rosettes of two ribands of different colors; these being often of yellow and blue, formed, during the election, an appearance truly *party-colored*. Dress hats are of white crape, and are ornamented with ears of corn and blue cornflowers; but hats of this kind at the opera were generally ornamented with a profusion of feathers, seldom less than six, flat and very long.

The most approved colors for turbans, ribands, and trimmings, are damask rose-color, ethereal-blue, straw-color, pink, and jonquil. For dresses, hats, and sautoirs, stone-color, sea-green, violet, pink, celestial-blue, lilac, ivy-green, and bird-of-paradise-yellow.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Canazon spencers of white muslin or organdy, are the prevailing mode, either over white or colored dresses. They are made low, the sleeves wide, terminating by a double row of antique points in fine lace, and confined at the wrist next the hand by a very broad bracelet of gold and white enamel, clasped by an *aqua marina*. The bust and back are finished by two separate points, turning over the corsage, which are embroidered; and a plain mancheron, scalloped and embroidered, surmounts each sleeve. Fichu-mantelets are also worn, with long rounded points: they are made of organdy; the points descend as low as the hips, and are always passed through the sash. The fichu is trimmed all round with lace, or else notched, and the notches trimmed with narrow tulle. The fichu-pelerines that are made of broad

striped riband are now faced with a laced ornament as far as the belt, of the same material as the dress; the lace is set on in scallops; on the shoulders these fichus have an ornament formed of riband, in Castilian points. The beautiful barêge scarf has received an improvement in its disposal: it is fastened on each shoulder with a rosette of ribands corresponding in colors with the ends of the scarf. From the shoulders it is then brought in a bouffant drapery across each side of the bust to the girdle, and passed through it, the ends hanging gracefully in front.

Some hats of white crape are ornamented, in addition to yellow and pink riband, with a wreath of bird-weed in flower: this wreath is fastened by one end on the brim, and the other end winds over the left side of the crown. Several hats of Leghorn are adorned with large flat white feathers; these take a vertical direction; there is no riband round the crown, but there is a rosette of white satin under the feathers. The strings are fastened under the hat. A hat of white *gros de Naples* is very fashionable, lined with ruby; a very broad blond, vandycked at the edge, finishes the brim, which is fastened up in front; the crown is high, and its height increased by ornaments of bloud and *gros de Naples*, large full-blown roses, and fox-gloves.

An evening dress of white Barêge is much admired; it has two flounces edged with tartan plaid silk of lively colors: the body plain, the sleeves short and full, crossed over with plaid ribands,

braces of which, with long ends depending in front, finish the dress. A dress of very pale summer silk, fastening down the front with large gold buttons, is also very fashionable: three flounces fall over each other at the border, and are ornamented with embroidery in floize silk: above these flounces is a row of embroidered foliage, which gives the dress the appearance of a tunic-robe: the body is made partially high, and ornamented with chevrons; and the sleeves in stripes downwards are embroidered in delicate foliage: they are very full, and the fulness confined up the narrow part of the arm by silk bands. The embroidery is two shades darker than the dress. Plaid dresses, with white muslin canecons, prevail much for the promenade.

With evening dresses trimmed with plaid, it is most classical to intermingle among the hair plaid riband or gauze to correspond: the heads are dressed very high, and remarkably short at the ears; at the back of the head is an Apollo's knot, and on the left side of it is a full cluster of short ringlets: a plait of hair crosses the *chignon*. Berets are now but seldom seen, but small blond caps adorned with flowers are yet in high esteem. Sweet peas, corn-poppies, and roses, are the flowers most in request.

The favorite colors for dresses, pelisses, fichu-mantelets, and ribands, are Canary-yellow, celestial-blue, camel's-hair-brown, and grass-green. For turbans, hats, and bonnets, straw-color, ethereal-blue, Scotch plaids, and rose-color.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to lady Delamere and the wives of captain Henderson, of the royal navy, Mr. E. B. H. Pym, and Mr. F. Higginson.

Daughters to the duchess of Bedford and lady Georgiana Ryder, and to the wives of colonel Young, lieutenant-colonel Thackwell, Mr. Augustus Bosanquet, Dr. Paget, of Exeter, and Mr. G. Raikes.

MARRIAGES.

At Fonchal, Madeira, Mr. J. D. W. Gordon, to Miss Pollock.

The hon. Mr. Dutton, to the daughter of the earl of Suffolk.

Mr. S. L. Fox, to lady Charlotte Osborne.

Sir J. P. Orde, to the daughter of the late Mr. P. Campbell, of Argyleshire.

The earl of Hopetoun, to the daughter of lord Macdonald.

Mr. W. M. Tollner, to Miss Georgiana Mazzinghi.

Mr. Thomas Moss, of Chetwynd-house, Salop, to the youngest daughter of Mr. Thacker.

Mr. Robert Gresham, of Chicksands, to Miss Peachey.

The rev. Mr. Girdlestone, to Miss Morrell, of Oxford.

The rev. Herbert Oukeley, to the second daughter of the late lord Charles Aynsley.

Mr. R. C. Parker, of Greenwich, to Miss Peckham.

Mr. J. B. Wilson, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Fox, of Bridge-street, Black-Friars.

DEATHS.

The empress-dowager Elizabeth of Russia.

Lord Carteret, in his 91st year.

At Vienna, in consequence of a fall from his horse, lord Ingestrie, son of earl Talbot.

Mr. W. O. Humphry, of the privy-council office.

Mr. Alderman Cox.

Found drowned in the Regent's Canal, Miss Elizabeth Caroline Hanks, of Homerton.

In his 81st year, the dean of St. Asaph.

The lady of the bishop of Winchester.

Lord Dorchester, in his 22d year.

The rev. James Bean, one of the librarians of the British Museum.

By self-violence, William Goodram, a mechanic,—driven to insanity by the loss of his daughter, who had drowned

herself and her infant, and by the consequent death of his disconsolate wife.

Killed by the overturn of a stage-coach, Mr. Thomas Grainger.

Mr. William Milne, of Manchester, paralysed by the shock of his brother Edward's death.

By falling with his horse down a steep hill, Mr. Keith Fraser, an officer of dragoons.

The baron von Weber.—See a memoir of this great composer in our Magazine for October, 1824.

Sir T. B. Pechell.

The hon. Mrs. Vavasour.

Charlotte, the eldest daughter of sir Robert Wilson.

At Norwich, the eldest daughter of Mr. E. Wodehouse.

Drowned in the Yare, Mr. W. Roe, of the same city.

In his 80th year, Mr. William Luxmore, formerly a surgeon at Uxbridge.

Mr. Jackson, of Gracechurch-street.

Captain John Maxwell, of the royal navy.

At Paris, the lady of sir Sidney Smith.

At Boulogne, the eldest son of the earl of Abergavenny.

At Zurich, Gessner the painter, eldest son of the poet.

Karamsin, the Russian poet and historian.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Novus Homo has made an offer of literary service: but he has not sent an essay, a tale, a poem, or any other specimen of his talents and capabilities, unless his short note may be so considered. Yet, though an untried man, he may possess some merit; and we readily promise to pay due attention to his future communications. A previous pledge of acceptance he cannot expect; for his performances, "when weighed in the balance, may be found wanting."

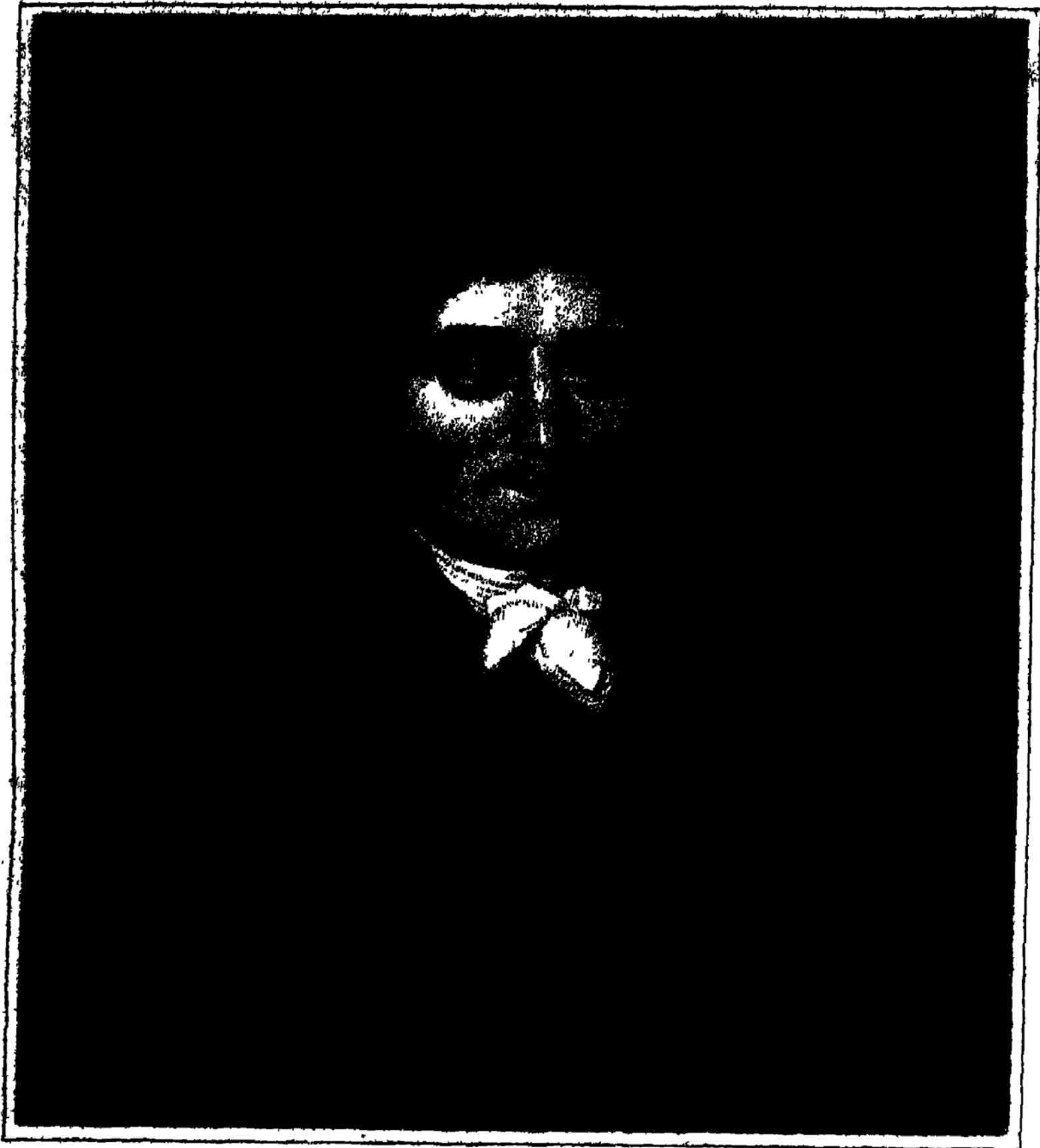
In some pastorals which Sylvia has sent, she has borrowed too freely from Pope and Ambrose Philips: she may therefore send to us for her manuscript, which may serve for curl-paper.

The Verses to the Heath-Bell of Scotland are not (like the flower itself) "simply beautiful;" but perhaps many a Highland lass may agree with the writer, when he says,

"Come, little flower!—on hill or dell
Grows not a bud I love so well,
As thee, old Scotia's sweet blue-bell!"

In the lines to Eliza, the pleasures of the walk taken with her are feebly and poorly re-traced.

The Fragment of a Tale, by J. F., is amusing, even amidst the horrors of two deaths; for it excites ridicule by its oddness and absurdity.



Engraved by B Holl

THOMAS CAMPBELL ESQ^r

Lord-Lieut. of the University of Glasgow



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

NOVEMBER 30, 1826.

REMARKS ON FASHION.

A TAME submission to tyranny seems disgraceful to the human character; yet there is one species of tyranny to which people readily submit. The yoke is by no means forced upon them, and it is not merely borne with patience, but even with pride and self-complacency. We allude to the arbitrary sway of a well-known goddess, not of the heathen mythology, but of modern life. *Fashion* is the tyrant of society, and the idol to which myriads bow. She leads the giddy throng from one extreme to another, and menaces with ridicule and scorn, or with the stigma of exclusion from respectable circles, all who do not follow her whims and caprices. There is a fascination in her demeanor, which seems to draw you into her snares, as the basilisk is said to allure the fluttering bird;—an influence which overpowers the coolness of judgment, and commands assent.

But it may be asked, 'What is the cause or the motive of this blind submission?'

The cause, we think, is to be found in that weakness which is the attendant of our imperfect nature, and the motive is a desire of rising above the level of the common people. All who have any idea of gentility scorn to resemble the vulgar in their dress, conversation, or manners.

People of fashion (says an ingenious writer), once admitted to this honorable title, form a little world of their own, and learn to look down upon all others

as beings of a subordinate or inferior nature. It then becomes a natural question,—'What is the basis or ground of this claim of superiority?'—We answer, 'It arises not from learning, for the most illiterate claim it, and are indulged in the claim; and it certainly does not spring from virtue, for the most profligate and vicious are not excluded. High birth, beauty, and elegance, are not the only qualifications for it, because we find that many enjoy it who have not those imposing pretensions. It appears to be a combination of numbers, who agree to imitate the leader of their most influential *coterie*, and to maintain, by the majority of voices, and the effrontery of pride, that whatever they do is proper, and whatever they say is pregnant with sense and judgement; that their dress is becoming, their manners are the quintessence of politeness, and their houses are, in every respect, the seats of taste and refinement. By an assumed and consequently arbitrary jurisdiction, they condemn to absolute insignificance all who do not submit to their code of fashion, and their laws of society. They stigmatise all who do not follow their rules, as 'people whom nobody knows,' as the mere refuse of the community, born only to minister to their pride, and supply the wants of their luxury.

Every person who has only a small portion of intellect, or a ray of penetration, must quickly perceive the ab-

surdity of these pretensions, and the folly of this ridiculous assumption: yet, in many instances, even the wise yield to the torrent. The philosopher, at least one of the school of Aristippus, will say, 'If you live at Rome, you must follow the prevailing customs of Rome: compliance, he will say, is wisdom, where opposition is likely to be fruitless. Yet a man of genuine wisdom, we think, will not so determine; he will act with innate politeness and social amenity, but will not enslave himself to the frivolities of fashion.

In manners, in decorum, and in taste, there is a standard which common sense seems to point out; but, as that standard is not precisely fixed or finally settled by the bulk of the world, the great and the opulent will always be desirous of regulating and directing it in such modes as may enable them to increase that notice to which they think themselves entitled; and the middle class will be ready to imitate them from pride and affectation. Whether the variation be right or wrong, reasonable or absurd, beautiful or deformed, is of little moment. The pattern is set by a superior, or by a person of acknowledged taste, and authority will at any time countenance absurdity. How inconvenient and ungraceful have been some alterations in dress! yet they have been immediately adopted by the votaries of fashion, and fancied to be inexpressibly genteel. When hair-powder was first introduced, it was pronounced to be highly ornamental to the head: but, when the late duke of Bedford, merely to show his disgust at the imposition of what he termed a poll-tax, ordered his hair to be cropped, and discontinued the use of powder, his followers exclaimed against the practice of strewing white dust over the head. There was something reasonable, indeed, in the duke's whim, though it tended in its effects to the ruin of a number of hair-dressers; but, when a lady of quality added a pad to that part of the female form which nature has made sufficiently prominent, the new fashion, though people pretended to admire it, was neither decent nor graceful. Yet frequent changes of fashion promote manufactures and trade; and thus the whims of the rich contribute to the support of the poor.—In some instances, however, the variation is injurious to artisans. When the *spencer* was introduced by the nobleman who bears that name, as a substitute for the great-coat, it diminished both the

consumption of cloth and the work of the tailor. On the contrary, the subsequent use of pantaloons led to an increase in both those respects.

In the mode of furnishing a house, and of giving entertainments, fashion has a striking influence. When a man of the *haut ton* has exhibited a set of drawing-room chairs of a new construction, strongly recommended to him by a distinguished cabinet-maker, he is immediately desired by some lady, even if the chairs are ugly and ill-shaped, to let her know where she can procure such elegant furniture: his new flower-vases also excite notice, and command imitation. In the ensuing year, perhaps, they are changed for others which are at least equally attractive.—A young and handsome duchess alters, in some trifling way, the mode of giving routs; and the supposed improvement is speedily adopted by other ladies. After a time, she reverts to the old *etiquette*, and her return to it is also followed. This reminds us of some financial resolutions, which, being proposed by the minister of the day, were blindly sanctioned by the courtly members, but which, being found to be erroneous, were superseded by others, with the same implicit subserviency on the part of the majority. Thus fashion prevails even in the house of commons; but we are glad to find that, in that assembly as well as in common life, there are many individuals who have sufficient strength of mind to prevent the torrent from bearing them away in its rapid course.

Without dwelling on the conversation of persons of high fashion, which is, in general, a sort of conventional twaddle of the most ridiculous description, we shall dismiss the subject by adverting to that *nonchalance* of polished life which borders upon apathy. Those who style themselves *les gens comme il faut*, do not appear to have the common feelings of mankind: there is nothing kind or friendly about them: they seem, like the French, to be without hearts. The middle and lower classes are not disposed to imitate them in this respect, but retain that friendliness of character which may be supposed to have descended to them from their Saxon ancestors.

THE COUNTERPARTS: *an Italian Story;*
from the STANLEY TALES.

BASILIO, a Milanese gentleman, who had practised the medical art at Paris

with great success, returned to Italy, and fixed his residence at Pisa, where he married a young orphan, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. The young lady was married in due time; the eldest son also entered into the matrimonial state, while the youngest son remained at school; the middle one, whose name was Lazarus, although great sums had been spent upon his education, made nothing of it; he was naturally idle and stupid, of a sour and melancholy disposition; a man of few words, and obstinate to such a degree, that, if once he said no to any thing, nothing upon earth could make him alter his mind. His father, finding him so extremely troublesome, determined to get rid of him, and sent him to an estate which he had bought at a small distance from the town. There he lived contented, more fond of the society of clowns and clodpoles than the acquaintance of civilised people.

When Lazarus had thus lived for many years in his own way, there happened a dreadful mortality in Pisa; people were seized with a violent fever, they then fell into a sleep suddenly, and died in that state. The disease was contagious; Basilio and other physicians exerted their utmost skill, as well for their own interest as the general good; but ill fortune would have it that he caught the infection and died, and not one individual of the family escaped death, except an old woman. The disease having ceased at last, Lazarus was induced to return to Pisa, where he inherited the riches of his father. Many were the efforts made by the different families to induce him to marry one of their daughters, notwithstanding they were aware of his boorish disposition; but nothing would avail.

There was one poor man, named Gabriel, who lived in a small house opposite to him, with his wife dame Santa. This man was an excellent fisherman and bird-catcher, made nets, &c. and, with the assistance of his wife, who spun, he made shift to keep his family. Now it happened that this Gabriel was a perfect likeness of Lazarus; both were red-haired, had the same length of beard, and every feature, size, gait, and voice, were so like, that one would have sworn they were twins. The wife herself could hardly distinguish them, except by the clothes, those of Lazarus being of fine cloth, and her husband's of coarse wool

of a different color. Lazarus, observing this extraordinary resemblance, could not help fancying that there must be something in it, and began to familiarise himself with his society, sent his wife presents, and often invited him to dinner or supper.

Gabriel, though poor and untaught, was shrewd and sagacious, and knew well how to get on the blind side of any one; he so humored him, that at last Lazarus could not rest an instant without his company. One day, after dinner, they entered into conversation on the different modes of catching fish, and at last came to the fishing by diving with small nets fastened to the neck and arms; and Gabriel told him of the immense numbers of large fish which were caught in that manner, insomuch that Lazarus became very anxious to know how one could fish diving, and begged of him to let him see how he did it. Gabriel said he was very willing, and, it being a hot summer's day, they might easily take the sport. Having risen from table, Gabriel marched out, fetched his nets, and away they went. They arrived on the borders of the Arno, in a shady place surrounded by elders; there he requested Lazarus to sit and look on. After stripping, and fastening the nets about him, he dived, and, being very expert at the sport, soon rose again with eight or ten fish in his nets. Lazarus could not think how it was possible to catch so many fish under water; it so astonished him that he determined to try it himself. The day was very hot, and he thought it would cool him. By the assistance of Gabriel he undressed, and the latter conducted him in at a pleasant part of the shore, where the water was scarcely knee-deep. There he left him with nets, giving him charge not to go farther than the stake which he pointed out to him. Lazarus, who had never before been in the water, was delighted at its coolness, and observing how often Gabriel rose up with nets full of fish, bethought himself that one must see under as well as above water, otherwise it would be impossible to catch the fish in the dark; therefore, in order to ascertain the point, without thinking of the consequences, he put his head under water, and dashed forward beyond the stake. Down he went like a piece of lead; not aware he should hold his breath, and knowing nothing of swimming, he struggled hard to raise himself above the surface. He was

almost stifled with the water he had swallowed, and was carried away by the current, so that he very shortly lost his senses. Gabriel, who was very busy, catching fish in a very good place, did not care to leave it, and poor Lazarus, after rising half-dead two or three times, sunk at last never to rise again. Gabriel now turned round to shew Lazarus his sport; but, not seeing him, he became quite alarmed, and terrified at the sight of the poor fellow's clothes that were laid on the bank. He dived and sought the body, and found it at last driven by the current on the beach; at the sight he almost lost his senses; he stood motionless, not knowing what to do, for he feared, that, in relating the truth, people would think it was all a lie, and that he had drowned his friend, in order to get his money. Driven thus almost to despair, a thought struck him, and he determined to put it in instant execution. There was no witness to the fact, for every one was asleep, it being the heat of the day; he therefore put the fish safe in a basket, took the dead body on his shoulders, laid it on some grass, put his own breeches on the dead limbs, untied the nets from his own arms, and tied them tight to the arms of the corpse. This done, he took hold of it, dived, and tied it fast with the nets to the stake under water. He then slipped on Lazarus' shirt, and all his clothes, and even his fine shoes, and sat down on a bank, determining to try his luck first in saving himself from his perilous situation, and next to try whether he might not, from his likeness to Lazarus, make his fortune, and live at ease. Being a bold and sagacious fellow, he immediately undertook the daring experiment, and began to cry out with all his might, 'Oh! good people, help, help! run and help the poor fisherman.' He roared out so, that at last the miller, who lived not far off, came running with many of his men. Gabriel spoke with a gruff voice, the better to imitate that of Lazarus, and weepingly related that the fisherman, after diving and catching plenty of fish, had gone again, and, as he had been above an hour under water, he was afraid he was drowned. When they enquired what part of the river he had gone to, he shewed them the stake and place. The miller, who could swim very well, rushed in toward the stake, and found the corpse; but, being unable to extricate it from the stake, rose up

and cried out, 'Oh! yes, he is dead sure enough, but I cannot get him up by myself:' upon which two others stripped, and got the body out, whose arms and limbs were lacerated by the nets, which (as they thought) had entangled him, and caused his death. The news being spread abroad, a priest came, and the corpse was carried to a small church, that it might be owned by the family. The dreadful news had already reached Pisa, and the unfortunate wife, with her weeping children, went to the church, and there beholding her beloved husband, as she thought, she hung over him, wept, tore her hair, and became almost frantic, insomuch that the bystanders were moved to tears. Gabriel, who was a most loving husband and father, could scarcely refrain from weeping; and, seeing the extreme affliction of his wife, came forward, keeping Lazarus' hat over his eyes, and his handkerchief to his face, as it were to wipe away his tears; and approaching the widow, who took him, as well as others, for Lazarus, he said, in the hearing of all the people, 'Good woman, do not weep so, for I will not forsake you; as it was to oblige me, and afford me pleasure, that he went fishing to-day against his inclination, methinks it is partly to me he owed his death, therefore I will ever be a friend to thee and thine; all expenses shall be paid, therefore return home and be comforted, for while I live thou shalt never want; and, should I die, I will leave thee enough to make thee as comfortable as any of thy equals.' Thus he went on, weeping and sobbing, as if regretting the loss of Gabriel, and agonised by the distress of his widow. He was inwardly praised by all present, who believed him to be Lazarus.

The poor widow, after the funeral was performed, returned to Pisa, much comforted by the promises of him whom she considered as her neighbour Lazarus.— Gabriel, who had been long acquainted with the deceased's ways, manners, and mode of living, entered Lazarus' house as if the master of it; without uttering a syllable he ascended into a room that looked over a fine garden, pulled out of the dead man's coat he had on a bunch of keys, and opened several chests, and finding some smaller keys, he opened several desks, bureaus, money-chests, and found, independent of trunks filled with cloth, linen, and jewels, which the old father, the physician, and brothers of

the deceased had left, nearly to the value of two thousand gold florins, and four hundred of silver. He was in raptures all the night, and began to think of the best means to conceal himself from the servants, and appear as the real Lazarus. About the hour of supper he came out of his room, weeping; the servants, who had heard of the dreadful situation of the widow Santa, and the report that their master had partly been the cause of the accident, were not much surprised at seeing him thus afflicted, thinking it was on account of Gabriel. He called the servant, and desired him to take a couple of loaves, two bottles of wine, and half of his supper, to the widow Santa, which the poor woman scarcely touched. When the servant returned, Gabriel ordered supper, but ate sparingly, the better to deceive the servants, as Lazarus was a very little eater; then left the room without saying a word, and shut himself up in his own room as the deceased used to do. The servants thought there was some alteration in his countenance and voice, but attributed it to the sorrowful event that had occurred. The widow, after having tasted of the supper, and considering the care that had been taken of her, and the promises made by Lazarus, began to take comfort, parted with her relatives, who had come to condole with her, and retired to bed. Gabriel, full of thought, could not sleep a wink, and got up in the morning at Lazarus' usual hour, and in all things imitated him. But, being informed by the servants that Santa was always in grief, he determined to comfort her. Having given her to understand he had some private business with her, he went into his room, and motioned her to follow; she, struck with the singularity of the case, and fearing for her honor, did not know what to do, whether she should or should not follow; yet thinking of his kindness, and the hopes she had from his liberality, and taking her eldest son by the hand, she went into the room, where she found him lying on a little bed, on which her husband used to rest when tired; upon which she started and stopped. Gabriel, seeing her come with her son, smiled with pleasurable feelings at the purity of his wife's conduct; one word that he uttered, which he was in the habit of using, staggered the poor Santa, so that she could not utter a syllable. Gabriel, pressing the poor boy to his breast, said, 'Thy mother weeps,

unaware of thy happy fate, her own and her husband's.' Yet not daring to trust himself before him, though a mere child, he took him into the next room, gave him money to play with, and left him there. Returning to his wife, who had caught his words, and partly recognised him, he double-locked the door, and related to her every circumstance that had happened, and how he had managed every thing; she, delighted and convinced, embraced him, giving him as many kisses as she had bestowed tears for his death, for both were loving and tenderly attached. After reciprocal marks of affection, Gabriel said to her that she must be perfectly silent, and pointed out to her how happy their lives would hereafter prove; he told her of the riches he had found, and what he intended to do, which highly delighted her. In going out, Santa pretended to cry on opening the street-door, and said aloud, that she might be heard by the neighbours, 'I recommend these poor fatherless children to you, signor!' to which he answered, 'Fear not, good Mrs. Santa!' and walked away, full of thoughts on his future plans. When evening came on, observing the uniform conduct of his predecessor, he went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking. No sooner did the dawn appear than he rose and went to the church of St. Catharine, where a pastor resided, who was considered by all the Pisans as a little saint. Friar Angelico appearing, Gabriel told him he wanted to speak to him on particular business, and to have his advice upon a very important case. The kind friar, although he did not know him, led him to his room. Gabriel, who well knew the whole genealogy of Lazarus, related it fully to the friar, likewise the dreadful accident, adding, that he considered himself as the principal cause of it, making him believe it was he who induced the unfortunate man to go fishing against his will; he represented the mischief that resulted from it to the widow and children of the deceased, and that he considered himself so much the cause of it, and felt such a weight on his conscience, that he had made up his mind, though Santa was of low condition, and poor, to take her for his wife, if she and her friends approved it, and to take the children of the poor fisherman under his care as his own; this, he said, would reconcile him to himself and his Maker, and be approved by men. The holy man,

seeing the worthy motives which actuated him, approved his intention, and recommended as little delay as possible, since he would thereby meet with forgiveness. Gabriel, the more effectually to secure his ready co-operation, threw down thirty pieces of money, saying, that, on the three succeeding Mondays, he wished high mass to be sung for the soul of the deceased. At this tempting sight the friar, although a very saint, leaped with joy, took the cash, and said, 'My son, the masses shall be sung next Monday; there is nothing more to attend to now but the marriage, a ceremony which I advise thee to hasten as much as thou canst; do not think of riches or noble birth, thou art rich enough; and, as to birth, we are all children of one father: true nobility consists in virtue and the fear of God, nor is the good woman deficient in either; I know her well, and most of her relatives.'—'Good father,' said Gabriel, 'I am come to you for that purpose; therefore, I pray you, put me quickly in the way to forward the business.'—'When will you give her the ring?' said the holy man.—'This very day,' he answered, 'if she be inclined.'—'Well,' said the friar, 'go thy way, and leave all to me; these blessed nuptials shall take place.' Gabriel thanked him, received his blessing, and went home. The holy father carefully put the cash in his desk, then went to an uncle of dame Santa, a shoemaker by trade, and a cousin of her's, a barber, and related to them what had happened; after which they went together to the dame, and used every possible argument to persuade her to consent to the match, which she feigned great difficulty in consenting to, saying that it was merely for the advantage of her children that she submitted to such a thing. I will only add, that the very same morning, by the exertions of the friar, they were married a second time; great rejoicings took place, and Gabriel and his wife laughed heartily at the simplicity of the good friar, and the credulity of the neighbours. They happily lived in peace and plenty, and were blessed with two more children, from whom afterwards sprang some of the most distinguished men, both in arms and in literature.

A SKETCH OF MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER'S NEW NOVEL, *with Specimens.*

A fair orphan, entitled to a good fortune, lives under the care and guardian-

ship of a reverend uncle. She evinces, as she grows up, a romantic heart and a gay humor, and, at the age of seventeen, becomes a 'curious mixture of giddiness and sensibility, of proud notions and active humility.'

'The beautiful Honor O'Hara, as she was styled in Ballygarry, was not strictly worthy of that title: hers was that kind of face in which the light, the roses, the picturesque varying of countenance and complexion peculiar to unbroken youth, passed admirably for beauty. Her features were softly moulded, and in harmony with each other: that was all their merit. There was, however, a wild brightness in her large black eyes—a glitter on her teeth—and a peachy richness in the colouring of her cheek, which the gipsy darkness of her clear smooth skin seemed intended to heighten in effect. A painter, certainly, would not have called her beautiful, though he might have given his best picture for the privilege of making what is termed a study of her.

'Honor's figure, too, was charming. Habituated, in her own careless country, to that happy indifference about dress, which, remote from slovenliness, leaves the figure to its own easy form and motion; while other ladies were laced within an inch of their lives, unable to bend in any other fashion than that of a jointed doll, she was seen swaying about like a young larch, as the breezes of youth and gaiety impelled. Nature, indeed, had so exquisitely defined the swell and slenderness of the slight waist and rounded form, that no covering, however ill-made, could disguise their proportions,—none enhance their loveliness

'She was singularly graceful, possibly from the very freedom of dress and movement just described. She never thought how she was looking when met in a fresh morning, running over the hills with her hat half blown off her head, all her locks scattered, and her cloak escaping from her laughing struggle to keep it folded round her. She never thought it might look inelegant when she sat down on some three-legged stool at the feet of a village goody,—her elbow on her knees,—her hand crushing half the ringlets of her hair over one side of her glowing face,—and, while loosening the knotted handkerchief from her throat, gazing up in the face of her companion, asking some favourite legend of the Cheviots. She never thought how she was looking

at those times; and yet more than once her figure, thus accidentally seen by wandering sons of genius, was transferred to the sketch-book of the painter, and the tablets of the poet.'

The Hibernian heroine at length finds a sweet-heart, and such a lover as ladies frequently prefer,—namely, a captain. This officer is the son of a baronet, whose old mansion is well described.

'A stately portico, with the family arms above it, finely cut in stone, surmounted by peaceful emblems, and martial trophies, gave dignity to its appearance. The entrance was at the extremity of one of the wings, to which a broad and branching avenue of enormous walnut trees conducted from the ordinary road. In days past the great size of the house was excellently balanced by the dimensions of the park, of which it formed the central point; its offices were then filled with servants and dependents, and its many stables and many stalls crowded with the horses of men-at-arms. Both stables and offices had now few tenants; and, the chief part of what was the park being turned into sundry money-returning pastures and arables, the house itself stood at the extremity of what remained unploughed or uncloved, and was said, therefore, to have a very fine lawn in its front. Behind it sloped the gardens; spacious still, old-fashioned, abundant in fruits, flowers, clipped trees, curious arbours, marble basins, and Tritons spouting water from conchs. The gardens themselves, lying much below the house, were entirely overlooked by the windows of the back apartments, and were descended into by a noble flight of stone steps from a terrace running the whole length of the house. The long line of deep embayed windows which the dark front of the court presented, was exactly matched by the formal lines of posts and chains festooning each side of this spacious walk: yet that formality was not displeasing, taste having originally planted honey-suckles by the side of every post, and time having wreathed their flowers with no ungraceful hand amongst the heavy carvings of the wood and the links of the iron. The windows, too, had their ornaments, in the rich stained glass of which they were composed. Facing the north-west, at the hour of sunset they became glorious to those without, while throwing many a mellow hue upon the thoughts as well as faces of those within. In this part of

the mansion was the picture-gallery; a stately avenue of all the beauties, warriors, statesmen, spendthrifts, and spinsters, who had borne the name of Fitz-Arthur from the time of the Conquest to the coming of the Hanoverian race. This was the only avenue belonging to the family (except the fruitful walnut-tree one), which the axe had spared, and the hammer failed to make havock with.—The present possessor of this fine old seat was the representative of a very ancient and honourable family, whose wealth had been gradually diminishing for the last two centuries: the reason was obvious; they neither made nor saved money; they married principally from motives of affection; they had large families; they were given to hospitality, and a system of indulgence to tenants; they were, besides, unluckily addicted in all political squabbles to espouse the weakest side; perhaps upon the same principle with which a man, coming unawares into a brawl, instinctively lifts his arm in defence of the person likeliest to be worsted.'

A titled personage is introduced, to whom the fair Honor seems on the point of giving up her heart: but the notice which she takes of him has no real meaning. She rejects the captain's addresses, but repents of her disdain. In going to the funeral of a friend, she meets a wedding procession, and is informed that the bridegroom is her lover: she faints at the intelligence, and, on recovering, finds herself in his arms. He assures her that he is still unmarried, and that he is ready to lead her to the altar. The conclusion may easily be guessed.

CURIOUS SPECIMENS OF A CHINESE
NOVEL.

A leading personage in the story is a man of letters, named Pe. Of his daughter it is said, that 'nature had endowed this child with extraordinary beauty. Her eye-brows were like the leaf of the vernal willow, and her eyes like the crystal of the fountains in autumn. But she had been treated still more liberally with regard to moral qualities and intellectual gifts. When she was between the ages of eight and nine years, she was marvellously skilled in the use of the needle and in all works peculiar to her sex; she surpassed in every thing all other children of the same age. She was

not more than eleven years of age when she lost her mother; from that moment she went every day into her father's apartments to study books and learn to read the characters. It might be said of her that she was formed of the purest air of the mountains and rivers, for her equal was not to be found in heaven or on earth. As she had no less intelligence and penetration than beauty, she had scarcely attained her fifteenth year, when she had already acquired a profound knowledge of books, and was even capable of composing literary works.—'This young girl might have taken her place amongst the first literators of the empire.'

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 'Every day, Pe, after public business had been despatched, gave himself up to his favorite pleasures of drinking and writing verses. After some months, he formed a society of friends, who, like himself, loved wine and poetry, and they passed their time together in celebrating willows and flowers.'

These meetings were not always under the control of strict sobriety; for on one occasion, when he and his friends were indulging themselves in potations and poetry, they were intruded upon by a disagreeable fellow named Yang. Pe refused to write upon a subject proposed by Yang, and thereby incurred a fine.

'If you will not compose,' said Yang, 'you break through your own law, and shall be doubly punished. You must drink, even though you should drop dead upon the floor.'—'If I have incurred the fine, I submit,' replied Pe; 'but, as to composing, I am resolved not to do it.'—'If you like better to drink, there is nothing more to be said,' rejoined Yang; and he called for a large cup full of wine. Ise and Gou wished to dissuade Pe, but the latter took the cup, and emptied it in two or three draughts. Yang had it filled again; when Doctor Gou observed, 'Pe Thathiouan was unwilling to compose; he has been punished by being made to drink a cup; the account is settled.'—'There must be no infraction of the rule,' replied Yang; 'he must absolutely drink twenty cups.'—'To drink under flowering shrubs is my greatest pleasure,' said Pe, laughing; 'but why do you press me so much at present?' He then took the cup, and set about drinking. The cup was many times filled, and the vapors of the wine, thus rapidly taken,

ascended into his head; his hand began to be unsteady, and he paid little farther attention to the importunities of Yang, who still continued to urge him. Feeling himself uncomfortable upon his seat, he rose up and went behind a screen, where he lay down upon a couch, and soon fell asleep. Yang wished to quit the table and follow, for the purpose of tormenting him; but Ise stopped him:—'Our friend Pe,' said he, 'has probably been drinking too precipitately; it is enough to have punished him by five or six cups. Wait till he has reposed a few minutes.—He is a poor drinker,' replied Yang, 'but he must not be spared.'—'If we are to make him undergo the rest of the punishment, wait at least till we shall have written our verses,' said Dr. Gou; 'for, if we do not compose any, by what right should we fine him?'—'The reflection is a just one,' said Ise.—'Well,' replied Yang, resuming his place, 'let us do whatever you please. But, when we three have finished, is there not reason to fear that he will refuse to drink? But, if he refuses, I shall sprinkle him well with this liquor.' Each then took some paper and pencils, and, having turned themselves toward the flowers, they set about composing, continuing to hum an air all the time.'

Pe's daughter, being informed of the dilemma in which her father was, wrote some verses, and gave them to a servant to hand to him when he should awake. On rejoining the company, Pe produced the verses, and his guests were filled with astonishment at the profundity of thought and beauty of expression which they displayed. He then informed them that they were the productions of his daughter, upon which Ise made the following observation:—'These verses are like pearls and precious stones in my eyes, and I should blush to mingle with them the worthless dust of my composition. If you will be guided by me, since we have not finished, let us proceed no farther, but condemn ourselves to drink each three cups of wine.' This proposition was acceded to; and, after putting it in execution, they returned to their respective homes.

The delusions of Chinese astrology are thus noticed:—'The horoscope of your son,—said the astrologer to Yang,—appears to me exceedingly fortunate; the five elements are there in the most perfect union; it is a branch gathered in the forest of olives; it is a piece of jasper

from the mountains of the pole, subjected to the most benign influences of the stars. It is superfluous to speak of the success with which he has gone, from his tenderest infancy, through all his examinations; but do not be at all surprised if in his twentieth year, marked with the number 10, you should see him bearing his head aloft, adorned with brilliant horns. But even that is nothing; for, when he shall have attained his twenty-fifth year, which in the cycle will be marked with the number 13, and which

will receive the influence of the south, I see that he will arrive at the lake of the phoenix, and gain admission to the academical gardens. It is then that he will be at the summit of his wishes.—There is only one thing to fear; the palace of marriage should not be opened to him too soon. Should he establish himself at too early an age, he may have reason to regret it.

Some of the poetical pieces introduced in the novel display feeling and sentiment.

‘ Rubies, worthy to be the ornaments of a throne,
Who has sown you in every part of the province of Nanking?
Whilst the literator reposes in the midst of hills covered with snow,
A beautiful woman comes to wander in the groves by the light of the moon.

In the cold season my flute is my only consolation.
In the spring I tread upon a vast carpet of perfumed moss.
What lover is there who does not delight to sing pleasing songs,
When the southern wind comes to play about his melancholy solitude?’

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‘ The dew has left its humid traces upon the flowers—
Who will spread a tent to shelter their delicate and perfumed tissues?
My verses fly ten miles to seek the reign of spring.
My pensive soul contemplates at midnight the moon suspended over the village

In my melancholy I ask of the clouds a mistress;
In my forlorn state I seek for a soul to whom I might confide my own;
In the spring I shall traverse the delicious glades of Lofeon;
At the fall of the leaf I shall shut myself up to study.

* * * * *

His body in repose, his heart tranquil, moderate in his desires,
The poet, in the midst of groves, would fill all his gallery with the fruits of inspiration.
The perfume of flowers seduces and ravishes my soul;
No words can give an idea of the intoxication into which they throw me.

Their sparkling and snowy whiteness awakens a thousand vague thoughts.
The vapory light of the moon makes me think of marriage:
In the moment I think I see a troop of beauties before my eyes.
My mistress is the flower of the peach-tree, her handmaids the branches of the willow.

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY, AND A TERRIFIC DISCOVERY.

HOFKATH, a merchant, being on the point of undertaking a long journey, is dissuaded from it by his wife, who alleges that she has had a frightful dream, in which she imagined that he was robbed and murdered. He reprimands her for her superstitious weakness, and departs. On his way he visits Waldheim, an old friend, by whom he is so kindly entertained, that he resolves to pay him a second visit on his return.

‘ I could not (he says) avoid feeling
VOL. VII.

some dread of robbery; but I consoled myself with the thoughts that my horse was excellent, and that I was provided with a pair of doubly-loaded pistols, by which I trusted, that, in the hour of need, I should be able to defend my life and property. On the first day of my homeward journey I kept on the high road, but I had many a long mile between me and the place where I intended to pass the night; so that I stopped for refreshment seldom, and as short a time as possible. My horse, therefore, shared in my sufferings from hunger and fatigue, when at last I reached the ap-

pointed station. But here, what a strange reception awaited me! The host and hostess exhibited visages that were, without exception, the most repulsive I had ever beheld in my life. It is impossible to conceive a more determined concentration of savage wildness, gloom, and malicious discontent, than was betrayed by these people. At the same time, they tried to appear courteous and friendly; but the effort rendered their aspects only more detestable. I would willingly have retired to rest, if hunger had not forced me to wait for supper, of which the preparations required unusual delay. Meanwhile they had shown me into a room; but, growing tired of its solitude, I only stayed to examine whether there were any concealed trap-stairs or tapestry-doors, and, being satisfied on this point, betook myself to the landlord's apartment, where I entered into conversation with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. I was surprised at the proofs of good education which she displayed in this dialogue, and felt myself the more interested by an appearance of reserve and melancholy which seemed to have taken deep root in her young and innocent heart. I was afraid to give her pain by rash questions, but prolonged the discourse in hopes of learning the cause of this grief, or being able to guess at her misfortunes, till her mother came and called me to supper. Then, too, as in the preceding dialogue, my desires were left ungratified; for the dishes, produced at last, were so abominably bad, that I was unable to eat a single morsel.

'Want of sleep soon drove me to my bed-room, which was on the second floor. The frightful rushing of the wind through the neighbouring fir-trees—the beating of the rain on the casements, and the gloomy *tout ensemble* of this vile habitation,—brought my mind into a strange mood, which, though I am no coward, was nearly allied to terror. That my host and his wife were not to be numbered among good people I was thoroughly persuaded; but whether they were so very wicked as to rob and murder their guest, was a question which I could not determine. The longer I thought of this subject, the more I was inclined to believe that my life was by no means safe under their care, and many stories crowded on my remembrance of secret murders, from which the most regular police cannot afford

protection. At length I heard the outward doors of the house groaning on their hinges, and violently closed for the night. It then seemed to me as if I were quite shut out from the world, and thrown into a den of murderers. I even went to the window to examine whether, in case of need, I might not venture to leap from it, which expedient, on account of the height, I found quite out of the question. Now I remembered the forebodings of my wife, which increased my agitation. I carefully shut the door; piled up some chairs against it, that, in the event of any one entering, I might be awakened by their fall; laid my pistols within reach, and betook myself to rest. Weariness soon overpowered all other sensations, and I fell fast asleep. I might have slumbered about an hour, when a noise awoke me, that seemed to be in my chamber. I raised myself from the pillow;—but what language can describe my horror, when, by the glimmering starlight, I actually beheld a figure robed in white, a phantom as it seemed,—wrapped in a shroud,—that stationed itself opposite to my bed! My hair now stood on end, my teeth chattered, and for a while I lost all self-possession. At length I summoned up resolution and grasped one of my pistols, by which the figure did not seem in the slightest degree discomposed or intimidated, but, raising one arm in a threatening attitude, exclaimed in a hollow tone, 'Go not again to the house of Waldheim, if you value your existence, for you will never come alive from under his roof.' For a few moments the spectre stood motionless—then added, 'Hast thou understood me?' and when, in a trembling voice, I answered *yes*, it instantly disappeared.

'On the following day I continued my journey in a thoughtful mood. The recollection of the apparition, my wife's dream, and some doubtful expressions which had fallen from my landlord as to the character of Waldheim, by turns occupied my attention, and beguiled the way, though certainly not in a manner the most agreeable. Meanwhile night was approaching, and there was a distant rolling of thunder, which reverberated hollowly through the forest; pale lightening quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the gloom increased. It seemed as if the woods never would have an end. I made my horse exert himself to the very utmost, in or-

der to reach some place of shelter ; but at length I was obliged to pull him up, for the road became gradually more narrow, and the branches of the trees gave me such striking illustrations of the propriety of riding cautiously, that I was obliged to yield to them. My situation was certainly in the utmost degree vexatious,—more especially as I knew not whether I was on the right road. I now sincerely lamented my rash conduct in dismissing a servant that my wife, in her loving kindness, had sent after me, and was obliged to acknowledge, that my present difficulties were only a well-deserved punishment. The darkness, which had by this time grown quite opaque, obliged me to dismount, and lead my horse by the bridle ; otherwise I had no chance of avoiding the branches, from which I had already received many severe blows. In such a manner, my progress was of course very slow, and my hopes of reaching any habitation became fainter. At last, however, I found myself once more on the clear level ground ; I felt as if I had just then escaped from a prison ; I could again mount my horse, and ride along without dreading every moment, to have my head knocked off my shoulders by a tree. The thunder-clouds, however, had come nearer, and the wind rose through the neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were regularly followed by a mysterious stillness, augmenting the terrors of the hour. Yet now my hopes were revived by a light gleaming in the distance, although, in order to approach it, I durst not spur my horse, for the thunder startled him, and I was obliged to use every precaution to avoid being unseated by a sudden plunge.

‘ I had gradually come so near the light, that I could discern, by its aid, the building from which it emanated ; but, to my great consternation, I perceived that I had gone astray, and was now close to the very threshold of Nicholas Waldheim. Should I enter his house, or leave it ? My horse was tired,—the storm raged unrelentingly,—and I felt myself much in want of that repose to which the hospitable mansion of an old friend invited me, while, on the other hand, the most alarming, even supernatural warnings had announced that *here*, of all places in the world, I must not risk my personal safety. Perhaps, however, my extreme want of food and of rest would have made me decide on

braving all dangers, if my horse had not shown a violent disinclination to proceed, and turned himself round. This trifling circumstance put an end to my debate, and I resolved that I would rather pass the night in the forest than trust myself with a man whose character and mode of life were so very questionable. Accordingly, I took my way back towards the woods, leaving it to chance to bring me on the high road ; or, if that might not be, I hoped to find some cottage, or other place, where I could at least obtain shelter from the rain, which now began to fall in large drops. I was glad when I reached the trees, which would afford me some protection ; but new difficulties awaited me, for, on the skirts of the forest, I did not think myself sufficiently secure against Waldheim’s people, and the thickets were so dense and entangled, that my horse could not be led through them. I forced a passage through the branches, however ; but at every step these became more closely interwoven, and the ground was more uneven. Several times I had fallen over the roots of trees, my face and hands bled from the scratches I had received, and my strength was nearly exhausted. At last, I heard a rushing noise of water as from a mill-race, whence I concluded that I was near to some habitation, and redoubled my exertions to reach it if possible ; but, as it was in vain to think of bringing my horse any farther, I tied him by the bridle to a tree, and took off my portmanteau, which I threw across my shoulders, and fastened by the straps round my neck.

‘ My route was now very hazardous. I had to clamber over great trunks of trees and fragments of rock ; had to struggle through deep places, where I was often so hemmed in by thickets of brushwood, that I could neither get backwards nor forwards,—till I nearly lost all courage. Add to these hindrances the frightful thunder-storm, and the terror that I might be stricken down by lightening, attracted by the steel clasps of my portmanteau. My condition was indeed most grievous ; but, after persevering labor, I came to the edge of a declivity under which the rivulet rushed. I followed its course, not without danger of tumbling in headlong, and found my conjecture confirmed that there was a mill. A gleam of lightening showed me a large building of that description ; but the ruinous sluice, over which the

water now played idly, proved that it was in disuse; therefore, probably, there were no inhabitants. On farther search, I discovered an old tottering bridge, leading across the mill-race; which I passed, and ran toward the building for shelter, while the rain fell in torrents.—Suddenly it occurred to me that this place might be the resort of robbers, in which case I should absolutely throw myself into their hands; but my fatigue was so great that it overbalanced my apprehension. I found the door open, groped about in the darkness, and advanced till I touched the platform of the inner mill-wheel. Quite worn out, yet terrified by the thoughts of falling perhaps through a hole in the floor, or stumbling over some murdered victim, I seated myself at last in a corner, and resolved to wait there for daylight.—Scarcely had I composed myself for rest, when a most overpowering sense of horror came over me. What could be the real history of this building, which stood so desolate and forsaken? If robbers, as it seemed probable, haunted the place, might I not be found out and murdered? What if the spectre should again appear to me?—These, and other harassing thoughts, forced themselves on my mind; and I was the less able to combat them, when, reclining on the floor, I became aware of a detestable atmosphere, as if from a charnel-house, which became so insupportable, that I would have left my hiding-place, if my fears had not rendered me powerless. After I had remained for about an hour in this torment, voices were audible at the door; and, as I had no doubt that the new comers were banditti, my death seemed now certain. I could hear that there was some wrangling among them as to the cause of the door being found open; after which four men came in with a lantern, bearing a sack that was evidently filled. They drew near without observing me, lifted up some boards in the flooring, and opened the sack. It contained the bloody corpse of a man, which they threw down under the floor, then closed up the aperture. I now shook as in an ague fit, and nearly fainted; for, in addition to the other terrors of this scene, I recognised Waldheim's eldest son among the murderers. 'So much for that fellow!' said he, when they had thrown down the body; 'if we had met with E——, (here he mentioned my name) and disposed of him in

like manner, it would have been better worth our trouble.'—'I am afraid,' said another, 'we have no chance of seeing him to-night.'—'Well,' answered a third 'if he comes not to-night, he will to-morrow;—at all events, he shall not escape us.'—Perhaps I had unconsciously made some noise; for the ruffian Waldheim said, 'The door is left open; let us search the house, that we may be sure no one is watching us.' The rest, however, were afraid; they alleged that it was no place to remain in longer than necessity required; and it was impossible that any one would venture to watch there, unless it were some revengeful ghost. This cowardice saved my life; for if, in reality, they had searched the building, I must have been discovered. At last they quitted this den of murder, and carefully locked the door.

'My feelings at that moment baffle every attempt to describe them. How near I had been to destruction!—I had just seen one victim secreted, and heard that a like fate was destined for me.—Even now I was by no means safe; for, if by chance they should discover my horse, this would doubtless excite their suspicions; they would then come back and make a resolute search. Whether I could escape on the return of daylight was also uncertain; but these miserable apprehensions were increased to a nameless horror, when I heard the murdered man beneath me groaning hideously, and rattling in his throat. I am certain that I heard him—he was murdered, indeed, for his wounds must have been mortal, but life was not yet extinct.—The cold sweat stood on my forehead—my heart beat audibly—I had almost died; indeed, it seemed as if the night would never have an end. My senses were confused in delirium, and I almost doubted if I yet lived.

'At last the grey light of morning began to gleam through the broken roof, and hopes revived that I might make my escape. As soon as I could clearly distinguish objects, I went to the door; but it was so thoroughly secured, that all my efforts to force it open were in vain. In searching through the building for some other outlet, I stumbled on the entrance to the pit-fall, into which the last victim had been thrown; I lifted up the boards, and, with indescribable abhorrence, beheld eleven dead bodies, many of them already in the most frightful stages of corruption—among these I

was to have been deposited, and might be so still, if I should not succeed in gaining my liberty. After much trouble I found another door, which yielded to a vehement effort; it led into a room in which there were many bloody dresses hung up against the wall. This apartment was lighted by a small window, of which I instantly broke the casement, and, at the risk of my neck, leaped out.

'Now I was at liberty; but still I had not my horse, nor, if he should be found, did I know in what direction I should ride in order to escape from those assassins. I retraced, as nearly as I could guess, my course of the preceding night, and, having now the advantage of daylight to guide me through the thickets, discovered my faithful steed sooner than I could have expected. A beaten cart-road also presented itself; I mounted and trotted away with the utmost expedition. Though the scenes were quite new to me, and I could not tell whither I went, yet chance, for this time, favored my purpose; for, after riding about two miles, I reached a post-station. Here, as soon as I had obtained some refreshment, I took a carriage with extra horses, and drove on as rapidly as possible. I reached my home on the same day, and had recourse to the director of police, before whom I made a circumstantial declaration of my adventures, whereupon he ordered a proper legal inquiry to be commenced, and, the same evening, despatched one of his officers, with a band of soldiers, to Waldheim's residence.'

Hofrath's wife exults in his safe return; he visits Waldheim in prison; hears a recital from the culprit's youngest son, declaratory of his father's crimes, and of the causes which drove him to guilt, and finds that the young man (to whom he was godfather) had assumed the appearance of a ghost, to warn him of his danger. It is scarcely necessary to inform our alarmed readers, that Waldheim and his accomplices were subjected to the vengeance of the law.

NEW TRAVELS, *entitled* NOTES AND REFLECTIONS DURING A RAMBLE IN GERMANY.

If publications of travels were as excellent as they are numerous, we should be almost as fully acquainted with the state of other countries as we are with

our native land: but many accounts of tours are so defective in correct or useful information, that readers are frequently mis-led and deluded by the perusal.—This charge, however, does not appear to be imputable to the present work.—There are doubtless some errors and mis-statements in it, and in all the observations we do not concur with the author: but the volume is agreeable and entertaining, and frequently instructive.

After having visited Italy, Egypt, and India, the writer of these notes felt a strong desire of seeing Germany. 'That country (he says) 'had long been, to my fancy, the region of romance; her warrior population, and her fair-eyed women, had filled up many a picture painted by the mind's pencil in her musing hours. I had already seen all her armies in regular array; I wanted to see them scattered about their native country in such groupes and occupations as belong to peace. I wanted to look upon those women of Germany to whose lot it has not unfrequently fallen to conceal to-day a vanquished friend, to receive to-morrow a victorious foe; to succour the wounded of all parties; to have her heart assailed, as woman, in a thousand ways, and to be placed in situations where love could only breed despair. I wanted to see those German youths, who, in the strange and frequent changes of alliance in their distracted country, found the tie of private friendship suddenly broken by the voice of war, and the man whom their soul loved opposed to them in the front of battle. The theatre of these battles, the site of the camps where contending armies lay, of the cities in which they were cantoned, the amusements which the day's halt gave them opportunities of sharing for a first, a last, an only time, the promenades on which they may have walked, and the gardens in which their bands may have gathered involuntary groupes of listeners during the short sojourn: these, and the like, were my trifling objects; and, perhaps, it was not altogether without a secret wish to gather materials of scenery and of portraits, which might give truth and interest to some proposed fictions; for military life would weave well into the woof, and have shades as well as lights, dark as the lover of peace could desire them to be, and bright as to the brave, the ardent, and the young, they ever must appear.'

Our author (captain Sherer) examined

with a critical eye the field of Waterloo; but we hasten from that scene to a more agreeable spot,—a ball-room.—‘A ball is always a pleasant sight, if conducted with propriety and decorum; it is one which always gives a reflected pleasure to a middle-aged man, not the less sweet because somewhat sobered by the knowledge of the incredible swiftness with which the spring-time of life hurries by. It seems but yesterday to most men of my age and profession, that we could journey twenty miles to an assembly, dance the short night away, and back to the early muster of the troops; but twenty years have flown by with all of us since that yesterday; yet I hope that we are none of us so churlish as to dislike an occasional ball, if it were only to see ‘lamps shining o’er fair women and brave men,’ and hearts beating happily. But this ball had the charm of novelty,—a German assembly, a circle of waltzers. I bear testimony, from attentive observation on this evening, to the extreme propriety and decorum with which the Germans dance this their national figure. I take the dance to be one of very great antiquity, as great, perhaps, as the very commencement of men and women joining in the dance together. The sacred dance of the East was entirely confined to the service of the temple, and mingled with some idolatrous rites, and is undoubtedly of the highest origin; but this I take to be the genuine offspring of the ancient German camps and settlements, where, before their huts, youth and damsel clasped each other, and moved in rude circlings to sound and song. The waltz, however, transplanted, becomes another thing, and is no longer the German dance. In Spain, for example, the dark beauties of the south transfuse into it all the warmth of their climate, and all the indolent voluptuousness of their natures. In England, again, I have noticed, from causes which it would not be difficult to trace, the waltz assumes a character either of great awkwardness and painful constraint, or of a bold, unblushing indecency, braving all censure. Here it was not so: in points like these we are all the creatures of custom, and probably to the eye of the unaccustomed German many parts of our old country-dances may have appeared to have improprieties greater than his own. To him the waltz is customary and innocent; to us at home in Old England it neither is nor ought to be

regarded as innocent, and will, I trust, never gain established favour. I have only spoken thus because the Germans are taunted with their passion for this dance, as if it stained and demoralised their whole country. I observed that such a thing as a lounge, or an insipid, who will not join in the dance, is not tolerated among them; for, in the cotillon part, a couple break out from the large circle, and setting to any bystander, he is led off to a waltz movement, before he has time to ungird his sword. Again, they have a custom, in parts, of taking each, from the assembled circle, the lady or gentleman of their choice, for one tour of waltzing, quitting for the time their actual partner;—a most pleasant privilege. I was exceedingly interested: the girls appeared to me to have great simplicity and frankness of manner; and there seemed an absence of all encumbering vanities in their dress. The music of the waltz has turns and cadences of a character most soft, most sweet, and, where two hearts beat with a strong youthful attachment toward each other, it may certainly minister delightfully, and not without danger, to the silent language of the eye. I thought of all this as I looked on the cheerfully innocent smiles all around me, and remembered that a few years ago the gallant youth of Germany could only snatch these pleasures as they were hurried about, under one banner or another, to scenes of combat and death. I have dwelt too long on this, but the young and their pleasures are dear to me; moreover, such a picture belongs essentially to the aspect of German society.’

A pleasing scene at Rastadt is thus described:—‘I went to see the small château called Favorite: it is a pretty place, and rewards a visit. There is a cool hall in the middle of the building, lighted from above, and adorned with four fountains. The apartments are not large, but are fitted up in various and not unpleasing tastes; some tiled with china, some painted, some tapestried, some embroidered by the hands of the ladies of the court. There is one little chamber, the walls of which are entirely covered with looking-glass, japan gilt panneling, and a vast number of miniatures. Many of these are full-length forms, representing the margravine and her husband in masquerade dresses; some rich and gorgeous, as Turkish and Spanish; others prettily or joyously

imagined, as those of hay-makers, reapers, shepherds, vine-dressers. But the kitchen is the true cabinet of curiosities; all things in it are in a character so fanciful and freakish. The cook's idol or dumb assistant is represented by a wooden figure, a bloated, fat, squab of a gourmand; his huge paunch conceals numerous small drawers for holding spices and other rich ingredients of gout-giving condiments. Near it hangs a painted board, where, in compartments, the various materials for all high-seasoned and savoury dishes are duly displayed to assist the bewildered memory of that busiest and most important of personages, a head-cook. In the closets and cupboards here you find glass and china of every sort and quality then known, and of various whimsical shapes. For instance, glass animals or monsters perform the part of cruets, and among the glasses for wine are numbers as quaint in form, and as capacious, as the Bear of Bradwardine. There is also a complete table service of china-ware, the cover of each dish representing that which is served up within, as turkey, peacock, wild-fowl, boar's head, artichokes, asparagus, cabbages. Two of these last, the large white-headed sort, and the rough green savoy, are done so inimitably, that they might, at a little distance, deceive the eye. It is impossible not to image to one's self the kind and playful merriment of the feast where these dishes made their first appearance.'

We meet with a lively description of a German landlord and landlady:—'On the road to Friburg we stopped at a small old town, where the quaint fronts of the houses, and the numerous bay-windows, are striking features, although these last might be judged useless to all such old women as delight in sitting at them, for not a human being was moving in the streets, save ourselves; not a boot-tramp, not an urchin at play, or a child crying; not a girl tripping to draw water: by the way, the German girls in this part of the world do not trip, but they plant a foot (and that none of the smallest) heavily on the earth. The inn where we alighted was distinguished, even in this old place, by superior antiquity of front, richly ornamented with black carved wood-work. The landlord came to the door, not out, and saluted us; then asked the driver, while we were descending, if we spoke German, and if we wanted dinner; which last question

he repeated to us as we entered the house, and, being replied to in the affirmative, he walked slowly to order it.—The room was quite a picture:—several old heavy tables; long, old, black settles against the walls, and a few solid wooden chairs made to outlast many a generation of smokers. Some coarse young boors were drinking at one table, an old wayfaring man taking *ein zuppen* at another, while a third was slowly and deliberately covered with a clean white napkin for us. This the old hostess, who was engaged in the middle of the room mangling great quantities of household linen at a heavy press of black wood, delivered to him from a countless store in which she seemed to pride herself, and then resumed her occupation with a plain unbustling air. Now, for such as go to see, this kind of thing is most pleasant,—for those (and there are many) who go to make a little parade and display, it must be somewhat mortifying. Ourselves at one table, our driver at another, the old wayfaring man, the young boors, were all served with like attention of manner. Our fare was good, our wine excellent. The host said a word at one table, a '*guten appetit*' at another, and then chatted with his wife, who quietly mangled piece after piece, and looked about the room with the air that she would if a set of children were feeding before her;—acknowledged objects of her care, but to whom she did not feel herself responsible. The masters of these country inns in Germany are often represented as surly, deficient in courtesy, and unwilling to accommodate. It is not impossible that some of them, having suffered not a little from haughty exacting travelers, may entrench themselves against impertinence by a sullen demeanour, and that a few scattered individuals may here, as in all countries, be dull or brutal; but thus, generally, to characterise the German landlord is unfaithful. The truth is, the man feels himself the master of his own house; he receives strangers without obsequiousness, without an eager desire to pick their pockets, but as a plain host ready to supply their wants made acquainted with them; and if, while they are under his roof, he likes their manner, his own will, in some degree, warm up to it. Such was the impression I received, and I found it repeatedly confirmed.'

'The small town of Stertzingen, for

cleanliness and brightness; and an aspect all its own, delights, but defies description. Shame to me that I have lost the note with the name of its *none-such* inn. Though I am never likely to forget the house, yet I cannot tell any one who may ramble after me whether it be a Rose, or a Crown, or a Lion, that hangs dangling before it. Here was an elderly landlady, a pattern of kind hospitality and motherly propriety; here were also her two fair daughters, clean and modest, and a stout and trusty kellerin, with a black petticoat of ample folds, and keys enough, in number and size, for the warder of a castle. Her guardianship, however, is not over turrets and dungeons, but over closets and cellars, wines and meats, fruits and preserves, and all household comforts. There is no feature about the inns of the Tyrol more remarkable than the kellerin: she is a personage of the first importance; she makes all charges, and receives all payments; for which purpose she wears a large leathern pocket, or purse, which, like the tradesman's till, is emptied each evening. She is intrusted with all the household stores; she brings each traveler his meal, and blesses it; she brings him his wine-cup, and it is yet the custom, with all old Tyrolers, that she should, at least, put her lips to it. She is always addressed with kindness; '*Mein kind,*' '*My child,*' is the common phrase; and it is varied in warmth and tenderness, according to accidental circumstances. It is sometimes endearing, as, '*Mein schönes kind,*' '*My pretty child;*' '*Mein herz,*' '*My heart;*' '*Mein schatz,*' '*My treasure.*' In general, however, although I have seen some of great beauty, the kellerin is a stout coarse active woman, with a frank readiness of service in her manner, and a plain pride of station,—the pride of being trustworthy. It may be supposed that these phrases are not always used without some lightness by youthful travelers; yet there is a manner of employing them without any impropriety, and the very utterance is a pleasure, as they beget so much kindness and good humour.

Adverting to the romantic spirit of the Germans, our author says, 'As a people, they love to escape in thought from the present to the past; they are ever ready to revert to those periods of time which are so richly coloured by the hues of romance, and which shine bright with the deeds of chivalry. Not far

from Vienna the emperor himself has a costly toy, exhibiting this taste very strongly; it is called the Knight's Castle, and has been erected with great care and keeping, after the model of some ancient baronial castle; moat, draw-bridge, portcullis, arched gateway, court, hall, chapel, chambers, dungeons, walls, passages, galleries, communications, turrets,—all correctly designed and fitted. The apartments have old ceilings, old wainscotings, that have been purchased at a great expence; old furniture, old pictures, ancient armour, ancient manuscripts. and illuminated missals; and, preserved in glass cases, many most valuable curiosities, goblets, vases, dishes, trinkets, toys,—all of the middle ages, and of rare costliness. At a little distance from the castle he has a tilting-ground, with regular lists for the joust and tournament. Once or twice they have held mock tourneys here for his amusement. Methinks, if the grim Albrechts and Rodolphs of other days could look out of their graves, they could not choose but smile at their descendants. This taste obtains among the people. I saw, while I was in Vienna, two pieces, one in their Opera-house, entitled '*The Prince of Bavaria;*' the other at the Court Theatre, called '*The Fortunes and Death of King Ottocar.*' In the former, which was a fine pageant, it was surprising with what minute attention all the suits of armour had been prepared; nothing could be more perfect than the illusion. The prince was personated by a fine handsome young man, with fair shining hair; and, when he stood unhelmed beside the lady of his love, wooing her, it was a fine picture. In one part they introduced twenty knights on horseback, and gave a scene a little too Astley-like, but exceedingly well done. In the latter piece, which is a tragedy, but I should judge a heavy one, there is much of the like show, and really (armour, beard, and build, all considered,) the fierce Ottocar seemed to live again in the person of his representative. But, speaking of the theatre in Vienna, I must forget things like these. I went repeatedly to the court theatre, where alone the true drama is given, and I was alike surprised and delighted. I was fortunate enough to be present at the representation of the '*Death of Wallenstein.*' Although I sent early to secure a seat, and went early that I might reach it without in-

convenience, I could only get a seat in the last row but one of the parterre, and the theatre was crowded. I have before said that I am ignorant of the German language; but, by translation and analysis, I was well acquainted with the tragedy of Wallenstein; I could follow and feel all through. I made no effort to construe, as it were, but let the words fall on my ear; and, if it caught the sense, it was well; if not, the picture and the movement, the look and the tone, were enough for me. The effect of German acting—at least of such acting as this—is wonderful: it has a true character of nature in it; the walk, the turn, the entrance, the exit; the rising, sitting, using the hand, ungirding of a sword, adjusting of apparel, all deliberate, without being affectedly slow; and the tones ever varying, as they do, according to what is said and felt among persons of the like class in actual life. The actor who performed Wallenstein never once gave you the idea of a man that had learned the words apart, and uttered them *before*; and when, at the close, after the finest possible exhibition of a silent, superstitious, thoughtful frame of mind, he passes down the stage to his sleeping-chamber, you feel a stamp of reality about it all,—as if you alone had been permitted to listen to the words of this being, and to see him thus,—as if they never could be uttered, he never looked upon, *again*. The character of Thecla was admirably filled: the taste would have desired for her a more beautiful face and form, though she was not plain; but the eye, as it followed her movements, was satisfied; the ear, as it listened to the soft and loving tones of a voice sweeter than any song, was ravished. The celebrated scene in this tragedy where Thecla, having demanded an interview with the officer who brings to her father the intelligence of her lover's fate, asks for and listens to the detail of his honourable daring and melancholy death, is a situation as nobly conceived, and as effective, as any in the whole range of the drama. The audience, but for coursing tears and bursting sighs, were mute. Women were in every box; and in the body of the theatre stood a crowd of manly and bronzed officers.'

We cannot refrain from extracting an elegant and pathetic tribute to the memory of the late queen of Prussia.—*'There is a woman's grave near Berlin, which all travelers fondly and reverently*

visit. No one needs to be informed of the life, the fortunes, and the fate of the late beloved queen of Prussia,—beloved, not only by a devoted husband, but by an entire people, who respected her pure example as a wife and a mother, and adored her patriot spirit as their queen. The subject of indignities which never have been, and never will be, forgiven to the iron Napoleon! and the witness of public calamities, which, although they could not subdue her generous and royal mind, corroded the inward principle of life, stole the bloom from her youthful cheek, the light from her fair eyes, bowed down her beautiful form, broke her young heart, and laid her in the tomb. This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg. Acquainted with it by no previous description, I left the palace, and walked down the garden alone, the person in attendance having pointed out the direction, and promising to follow with the key. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might, and should, have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds,—a spot sacred to silence, or the soft-breathed song; but the cypress and the willow declare it as a habitation of the dead. There was an aged invalid busily occupied about the portal, in sweeping away the dead and yellow leaves, which gathered there, and which the November blast, in mockery of his vain labour, drove back upon it in larger and louder eddies. He shook his gray head at me, and, not seeing any body with me, warned me petulantly away; and, when the guardian came, he seemed ill pleased that the sanctuary should be violated. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet; and the outline of a human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. It seemed as though he removed a winding-sheet, to shew a beloved corpse, when the person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait-statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance,—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to shew the repose of life. She does but sleep,—she scarcely sleeps;—her mind and heart are on her sweet lips. It is the work of Rauch, and the sculptor may, indeed,

be proud. He has given to his widowed king a solace for his life. Here the king often comes, and passes long hours alone: here he brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother, and each year sees them renewed. Even a stranger might sit soothed for hours by the side of this marble form, it breathes such purity, such peace.'

A SURVEY OF ARMENIAN MANNERS
AND CUSTOMS, *from the AMULET for*
1827.

Nuptial Regulations and Ceremonies.

—The Armenians, says Dr. Walsh, are very precise in their marriages, not only enforcing the canon of consanguinity which our church enjoins, but many others which our church does not. A second marriage is allowed to the laity, but a third brings with it a scandal that no Armenian will venture to incur. They are in all things anxious to maintain the fitness and propriety of things: widows are enjoined to unite themselves to widowers only, and spinsters to bachelors. As the nation is really Asiatic, their notions of female propriety are all founded in oriental feelings. Their women are kept in a state of severe seclusion; and the parties to be married never see each other, perhaps, till they meet at the ceremony. There are certain experienced females, whose exclusive profession it is to make matches, and who are so numerous, as to form, like all bodies of people of the same pursuits in the East, a kind of corporation. To every family, a woman thus privileged has access; and when it is deemed prudent or desirable by her friends that a female should marry, this person is commissioned to look out for a suitable match, and never fails to find one. I was invited to the wedding of a young lady of one of the first Armenian families in Pera, whose match was made in this way, and who, I was assured, had never seen the man she was going to marry. We went about eight o'clock in the evening, and found the house lighted up, and full of the lady's friends, among whom were the priest and his wife, very plain, simple-looking persons. We passed through several anti-rooms, in which were groupes of people, and were finally ushered into an inside chamber, round which was a

long sofa, against the wall. On the sofa were many Armenian ladies, sitting cross-legged, two or three deep, and close together; and at the far corner sat a still, motionless form, like a bust in a niche, covered with a rich veil, glittering with gold, which hung down on all sides, so as entirely to conceal the figure beneath it. This bust was the bride. Across the middle of the room was a line of men standing two or three deep, gazing in silence on the bride. Out of complaisance to our Frank customs, chairs were brought for our accommodation, and placed inside the line of men: on these we now sat down, and continued for a long time to gaze in silence also. The bride now, for the first time, permitted her veil to be raised; but it was immediately again let fall. The short glimpse, however, shewed us a slight figure and a pale face, with an expression exceedingly joyless and pensive. She formed a strong contrast to the ladies on the sofa, who, though silent, or speaking in whispers, were in high spirits. They were all distinguished by glittering coronets of gold and diamonds, placed on the crown of the head, whence their hair hung down in the most beautiful and extraordinary profusion. Their faces in general were lovely, their manners very modest, but very affable, and no one was veiled or reserved but the bride. Refreshments were handed to us, consisting of small glasses of red rosoglio, followed by a sweet white syrup, like flour and honey, washed down by goblets of water not very clear. The refreshment was accompanied by music; a groupe of musicians sat in a corner of the room, and played and sang appropriate songs. An open space was now cleared opposite to the bride, and two embroidered mats were laid on it. On these were placed two enormous silver candlesticks, containing wax tapers of a proportionate size; and between them a third enormous candle, without a candlestick, singularly decorated. It was bound on the top of a white pole, and ornamented with festoons of ribands and gold tinsel. As it could not stand by itself, it was bound to the back of a chair, and placed directly before the bride.—This candle was called the 'nuptial taper': it represented the maiden state of the girl, and was to burn till that state expired, and she became a wife: it is then extinguished, and preserved in her family; while the snuff of the wick is

taken by the priest, who affirms that it is endued with many virtues. I did not expect to see the torch of Hymen thus lighted at a Christian wedding.

The priest was now called forward to perform another important ceremony.—A low table was placed near the nuptial taper; this was covered with a white cloth or napkin, and the priest sat down at one end, attended by a layman, to say responses. He took out of his bosom a small crucifix, and waving it several times in the air over the table, he uttered a benediction: he then began a prayer, and concluded with a psalm, accompanied by his assistant, in a very dissonant and nasal tone. When the psalm was over, we were curious to see what was under the cloth. It was lifted slowly up, and a large rich shawl appeared on the table, which was immediately taken and ceremoniously wrapped round the bride.—This was considered one of the most important parts of the ceremony, and called ‘blessing the nuptial shawl.’

We now took our leave, and were invited to return on the morrow, when the bride was to be conveyed to the bridegroom, who was all this time at Galata, a distant part of the town, not being suffered to approach the house. The next day, the lady was led down in the same dress she wore the day before, and, in addition to her ample veil, the consecrated shawl was wrapped round her in such a way as absolutely to envelop her. An aruba, or Turkish coach, drawn by buffaloes, was waiting at the door; this consisted of a long platform of boards laid upon four wheels, and surmounted with a gaudy canopy of wood, carved and gilt. Into this the bride was lifted, wrapped up like a child in swaddling clothes going to be christened. Her female friends, including the priest’s wife, to the number of ten or twelve, sat round her so as effectually to conceal her person. The nuptial candle was borne on the shoulder of a boy, who walked before; and in this way the procession slowly moved to Galata, to the house of her husband, when, for the first time, he was permitted to see her face. The final marriage ceremony did not take place till three days after, at which no strangers were admitted.

Visits to the Tombs.—The great Armenian burying-place occupies a space of near a hundred acres, on a hill that overlooks the Bosphorus. The Turks, on the death of a friend, plant a young

cypress over his grave; their burying-grounds therefore consist of extensive groves of these trees, which they reserve exclusively to themselves. The Armenians generally plant on such occasions a tree that yields a resinous gum of a strong aromatic odor, which fills the air, and corrects the exhalations from the graves. They grow to a large size, and form very picturesque objects in a landscape. The cemetery on the Bosphorus is covered with these trees; and from its elevated situation, the view it commands, and the view it presents, it is perhaps the most interesting grove in the world. Here whole Armenian families, of two or three generations together, are constantly seen sitting round the tombs, and holding visionary communications with their departed friends. According to their belief, the souls of the dead pass into a place called *Gagank*, which is not a purgatory, for they suffer neither pain nor pleasure, but retain a perfect consciousness of the past. From this state they may be delivered by the alms and prayers of the living, which the pious Armenians give liberally for their friends. Easter Monday is the great day on which they assemble for this purpose; but every Sunday, and frequently ordinary days, are devoted to the same object. The priest who accompanies them first proceeds to the tombs, and reads the prayers for the dead, in which he is joined by the family. They then separate into groupes, or, singly sitting down by a favorite grave, call its inhabitants about them, and, by the help of a strong imagination, really seem to converse with them. This pious and pensive duty being performed with their dead friends, they retire to some pleasant spot near the place, where provisions had been previously brought, and cheerfully enjoy the society of the living. These family visits to the mansions of the departed are a favorite enjoyment of this people. I have frequently joined their groupes without being considered an intruder; and, I confess, I have always returned pleased, and even edified, by the pious though mistaken practice.

The island of Marmora lies almost within sight of this place, and abounds in marble; this stone is very cheap and abundant, and no other is used in erecting tombs. Some of these family *mausolea* are rich and well sculptured, and others are very remarkably distinguished.

The first thing that strikes a stranger, is a multitude of little cavities cut at the angles of the stone; these are monuments of Armenian charity. The trees abound with birds, who frequently perish for want of water in that hot and arid soil. These cups are intended to be so many reservoirs to retain water for their use, as they are filled by every shower of rain.

The Armenians are fond of commemorating the profession of the deceased person; they therefore engrave on his tomb the implements of his trade, so that every one may know how he had gained his living: but the most extraordinary circumstance is, that they are also fond of displaying how he came by his death; you therefore see on their tombs the effigies of men sometimes hanging, sometimes strangled, and sometimes decapitated, with their heads in their hands. To account for this strange fondness for displaying the infamous death of their

friends, they say that no Armenian is ever executed for a real crime; but, when a man has acquired a sufficient fortune to become an object of cupidity to the Turks, he is, on some pretext, put to death, that his property may be confiscated; an executed man, therefore, implies only a man of wealth and consequence. This display is a bitter but just satire on Turkish justice, though the Turks are so stupid as not to comprehend it. I brought with me a worthy Armenian priest one day, who, with fear and trembling, translated for me the inscription on some of these tombs. I annex one as a sample:

You see my place of burial here in this verdant field.

I give my goods to the robbers,

My soul to the regions of death,

The world I leave to God,

And my blood I shed in the Holy Spirit,

You who meet my tomb,

Say for me,

'Lord, I have sinned.'

WOMAN.

WHEN chill adversity's control
Freezes the current of the soul;
On ev'ry side when sorrows low'r,
What never-failing charm hath pow'r
Th' infernal darkness to dispel,
And drive far off the fiends of hell?
'Tis Woman's smile, in mercy given—
Woman, the choicest gift of Heaven!
On all we feel, on all we see,
Her sweetness beameth blessedly:
Unblest by that attractive grace
Which dwells in lovely woman's face,
How lone, amid the garden rude
Of nature's blissful solitude,
Thro' Eden's amaranthine grove,
Had our first sire been doom'd to rove!
In vain had been the fruits that grew,
On ev'ry bough, of golden hue.
Attuning their melodious throats
To wildly-warbling various notes,
In vain had all the feather'd throng
Pour'd forth their tributary song:
On ev'ry hill and ev'ry plain
Profuse, th' eternal Spring, in vain,
Attended by the laughing Hours,
Had pour'd fresh herbs, and blooming flow'rs;
In vain had brooks of sapphire glow'd,
In vain had murm'ring riv'lets flow'd;
In vain all Eden's charms combined
To soothe his solitary mind.
Yes!—Man is blest—not when the bowl
In mirth and gladness steeps his soul;

Not when he views his treasured store,
 Enjoying none, yet craving more,
 *Amidst exhaustless riches poor ;
 Not when, assessor of a throne,
 His sway assenting nations own ;
 But when he reigns in Woman's breast—
 Then, then is Man divinely blest !

D.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS TO A SPANISH LADY,
by Mr. W. Elliot.

I HAVE loved in my time not a few, dear,
 And still hope to love a few more ;
 But yet there was something in you, dear,
 I ne'er met in woman before.
 The shrine where my heart was first offer'd,
 The rock on whose bosom it split,
 May claim it, as there it was proffer'd ;
 But you stole it, dear, every bit.

Say, don't you remember, my Spanish ?
 Your love-laughing eye, when I spoke,
 From my memory never can vanish ;
 Its glance ev'ry mystery broke ;
 And, whenever I happen'd to stammer,
 Such kisses and smiles would descend,—
 A lexicon, syntax, and grammar,
 I could not but well comprehend.

Adieu ! ev'ry kiss I may steal, dear,
 Ev'ry smile that may fall to my share,
 Ev'ry kind hint my bosom may feel, dear,
 Shall not deaden your influence there.
 A something shall sweetly remain, dear,
 Which I swear shall be nothing of pain,
 A something I cannot explain, dear,
 To remind me of you, love, and Spain !

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS MALVINA B——, *on hearing her sing Wade's
 beautiful Ballad, ' Love once dwelt in rosy bowers.'*

O ! BREATHE again, sweet minstrel, breathe once more
 That strain whose music round my soul now clings ;
 For it recalls the mem'ry of each hour,
 Once bright with hope and love's imaginings :

For ne'er did fancy in her brightest hue
 Array a form so exquisitely fair
 As thine whose beauty now delights my view,
 Whose music now enchants my ravish'd ear !

But still this bliss is mix'd with care's alloy
 Whene'er a chord, responsive in my breast,
 Is touch'd by thee, that speaks of early joy *
 And days, when once the troubled soul had rest.

J. B. R—K.

TO CHARITY.

DELIGHTFUL sovereign of the cheerful smile!
 (Save when thy eyes pour forth the streaming tear
 Compassionate, as oft they do, when want
 In pensive mood and tatter'd garb appears)
 Where shall I find thee? for thy sacred step
 The power of secrecy attends and guards.
 O fortune! fortune! wherefore not to me
 Devolves thy golden tide—to me, whose hand
 Would turn thy flood into a thousand rills?
 Why on the barren rock and niggard heath
 Plays thy favonian breeze? why shines thy sun
 To tip a vile spot with a beam of gold?
 Why dost thou stretch thy treasure-laden hand
 To those of no desert? yon sordid wretch
 Of narrow soul behold, on whom thy gifts
 Are lavish'd bountiful; behold and blush!
 He shuts them from the light, nor heeds the cry
 Of helpless orphans, as before his door
 They kneel imploring, with distressful tears
 Soft'ning the rude hard flint. His harden'd heart
 Feels no emotion for another's woe.
 If in the world to come severest pangs
 Spontaneous crimes await, how much will mourn
 Beings unsocial, unbenevolent!
 Beneficence allies us to the stars:
 Its non-exertion, where the power is given,
 Looks hateful to divine and human view.
 And yet how dances yonder miser's heart
 Ignoble! what from charity he holds
 He deems œconomy, and hugs the thought
 Of posthumous applause, if by his will
 He gives the public what he cannot keep.
 Oh! vanity of fame! I'd rather lie
 Tomb'd in oblivion, ere I'd have a name
 Engrav'n immortal on so low a base.
 Wretch! as thou art—'tis ostentation all,
 A pride, which gnaws thy vitals up, and turns
 The 'milk of human kindness' into gall.
 Queen of the lib'ral, vast, extensive thought,
 Sweet Charity! Oh! lead me to the cell
 Where haggard famine o'er her dying race
 Sits weeping, while, on her uncover'd breast,
 The cold rain beats:—there let me see thy hand
 Raise her dejected head, and give the means
 Of present comfort to her sobbing soul.
 So shall my tears convince thee that my heart
 Is prone to pity, tho' I can't relieve.

J. O. R.

THE CHASE, OR THE FATE OF THE STAG,

by Miss Landon.

It is morning, and the sky,
Like a royal canopy,
Burns with crimson and with gold;
And from out his cloudy hold
Joyfully breaks forth the sun,
While each thing he looks upon
Seems bright as if only born
For that first glad hour of morn.

What sweet sound then pass'd along?
'Twas the skylark's earliest song.
What soft breath is floating by?
The wild rose's waking sigh,
Breathing odors, as the gale
Shakes away her dewy veil.

There are other sights than these;
Other sounds are on the breeze:
Hearken to the baying hound,
Hearken to the bugle's sound;
Horse-tramp, shout, upon the ear,
Tell the hunter-band are near.
Sweep they now across the plain—
Sooth, it is a gallant train:
Many a high-born dame is there;
Dance their rich curls on the air,
Catching many a golden hue,
Catching many a pearl of dew;
Flush the colors on their cheek,
Lovelier than the morning's break;
Scour the young knights far and wide,
As they would to battle rife,
Finding, gallant chase, in thee
Somewhat of war's mimicry.

Hark! the hunters' shouts declare
They have found the red deer's lair;
Rising from his fragrant sleep,
Where a thousand wild flowers creep,
With one sudden desp'rate spring
Rushes forth the forest-king,
Like the light'ning from the sky,
Like the wind, when winds are high.
Far, ere yet the train were near,
Dash'd away the noble deer,
As rejoicing in the speed
Which might mock the Arab steed.
As he pass'd the forest green,
Well his pathway might be seen;
Many a heavy oaken bough
Bent before his antler'd brow;
Shout and horn rang through the wood—
Paused he not beside the flood;
Foam and flake shone on its blue,
As the gallant stag dash'd through.

Long before the mid-day came,
 Wearied stopp'd each lovely dame,
 In some green tree's shade content
 But to hear the day's event.

Still the stag held on his way,
 Careless through what toils it lay,
 Down deep in the tangled dell,
 Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle;
 Stanch the steed, and bold the knight,
 That would follow such a flight.
 Of the morning's gallant train
 Few are those who now remain.
 Wearily the brave stag drew
 His deep breath, as on he flew;
 Heavily his glazed eye
 Seems to seek somewhere to die;
 All his failing strength is spent—
 Now to gain one steep ascent!
 Up he toils—the height is won—
 'Tis the sea he looks upon.
 Yet upon the breeze are borne
 Coming sounds of shout and horn;
 The hunters gain the rock's steep crest—
 Starts he from his moment's rest,
 Proudly shakes his antler'd head,
 As though his defiance said,
 'Come! but your triumph shall be vain!'—
 The proud stag plunges in the main,
 Seeks and finds beneath the wave
 Safety, freedom, and a grave.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

FAREWELL! what anguish in that word!
 Thrice painful 'twas to me,
 When last its sound I faintly heard,
 Beneath the old oak-tree.

It told me ev'ry joy was flown,
 Once gaily shared with thee,
 And ev'ry youthful pleasure known
 Beneath the old oak-tree.

With cheerful joke, and lively glance,
 When all was mirth and glee,
 We often led the mazy dance,
 Beneath the old oak-tree.

How lonely is each woodland glade,
 Where oft I roam'd with thee,
 And dreary is the once-lov'd shade,
 Beneath the old oak-tree.

Yet gentle hope, with aspect sweet,
 Points out the time to me,
 When you and I again shall meet
 Beneath the old oak-tree.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA,

by the late Mrs. Tighe.

Since thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,
 That, old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
 O hear the petition I offer to thee ;
 For to bear it must be my endeavour.

From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
 Till not one whom I loved in my youth can be found—
 From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the scorn of the young and the flaunts of the gay,
 From all the trite ridicule rattled away
 By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say ;
 (Or a spirit to laugh at them give her :)

From repining at fancied neglected desert,
 Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
 From finical niceness or slatternly dirt ;
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From over-solicitous guarding of pelf,
 From humor uncheck'd—that most obstinate elf—
 From ev'ry unsocial attention to self,
 Or ridiculous whim whatsoever ;

From the vaporish freaks or methodical airs,
 Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
 From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the erring attachments of desolate souls,
 From the love of spadille and of matadore voles,
 Or of lap-dogs and parrots and monkeys and owls,
 Be they e'er so uncommon and clever :

But chief from the love (with all loveliness flown)
 Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
 On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,—
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd,
 From pettish asperity tartly express'd,
 From scandal, detraction, and ev'ry such pest—
 From all, thy true servant deliver :

Nor let satisfaction depart from her cot—
 Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient, if not ;
 Be pleased when regarded, content when forgot,
 Till the Fates her slight thread shall dis sever,

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LINDLEY MURRAY, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF; with a Preface, &c. by Elizabeth Frank, 1826.

FEW persons were more known by name than Mr. Murray, the grammarian. He acquired his fame by publications calculated for the purposes of religious, moral, and grammatical instruction.—He was not, however, endowed with extraordinary talents, nor was his mind particularly strong or comprehensive.—That he had good sense, no one will deny; and it will also be allowed that he was able to express his thoughts with a tolerable degree of correctness; but he was not a perfect master even of that branch of study in which, though a North-American, he is supposed to have excelled the English.

From the steady mildness of his character in the age of manhood, it would hardly be supposed that, when a child, he was lively, frolicsome, and (says his friend Mrs. Frank) ‘inclined to some degree of mischief.’ He himself says, ‘When I was only nine months old, I frequently escaped, as I have been informed, from the care of the family, and, unnoticed by them, made my way from the house to the mill, which were more than a hundred yards distant from each other. As soon as I could run about, I proved to be, not only an active, but a mischievous child. I played many tricks, which did not denote the best disposition, and which gave a wrong bias to my vivacity. This perverse turn of mind might have been checked in the bud, if it had received suitable early correction. But I had a very fond grandmother, with whom I was a great favourite, and who often protected me from proper chastisement, when I richly deserved it. This indulgence gave full scope to my propensities, and prevented, for a time, that happy restraint which is of so much importance to the disposition and habits of children, and which has so much influence on their happiness through life.—The irregular vivacity which I possessed, received, however, a very salutary control, by my being afterwards placed under the care of a discreet and sensible aunt, who was determined to bring me into some degree of order and submission. The great indulgence with which I had been treated must have rendered the contrast rather severe; for, on a par-

ticular occasion, I embraced the opportunity of getting out of a window, and, running about on the roof of a tenement, which was so high that a fall would have endangered my life. My aunt was in great distress; and I believe endeavoured, but in vain, to influence my fears, and thus induce me to return. I moved about for a while in this perilous situation, and probably enjoyed my temporary independence. She, at last, with great prudence, intreated me very tenderly to come to her. But, though this affected me, I did not comply till I had obtained her promise that I should not be corrected. She kept her word; but I think she did not relax, in any degree, the general rigour of her discipline toward me.’

He frankly confesses that he eloped, about the age of fourteen years, from the habitation of his parents, who then resided at New-York.

‘Though my father (he says) had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave the house, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though (I thought) not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement, and was threatened with a repetition of it for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted so much alleviation. I could not bear it; and I resolved to leave my father’s house, and seek, in a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not

want confidence in my own powers; and I presumed that, with health and strength, which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan, and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country, where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me, and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages, than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all, and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

‘ In a short time I arrived at the place of my destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But, as I had passed the Rubicon, and believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me, was better calculated than any other to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me; and the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence, undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature

concurrent to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

‘ I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But, before I returned to my retreat, an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me, and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the post-office; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, as soon as I arrived at New York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

‘ My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I traveled toward it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes thought of putting it into the post-office; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me, the importance of the trust, and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally, operated so powerfully on my mind, that, after I had rode (*ridden*) a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New-York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as respected the charge of the letter, was accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New-York that night, as the packet-boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till the next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which

the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

‘I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention; and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father’s house: but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence, and that I should be unkind and undutiful if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me, I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in; and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly, and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony: and I abandoned entirely, without a moment’s hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever. The next day, a person was sent to the place of my retreat, to settle all accounts, and to bring back my property. I was taken into still greater favour than formerly, and was never reproached by my parents for the trouble and anxiety which I had brought upon them.’

When the contest between Great Britain and her colonies commenced, Mr. Murray was engaged in the practice of the law. Being a Quaker, he thought it his duty to abstain from all active connection with either party, and coolly suffered the storm to take its course.

while he amused himself with various sports.

“My business (he says) was very successful, and continued to increase till there was a general failure of proceedings in the courts of law. This circumstance, joined to a severe illness, which had left me in a feeble state of health, induced me to remove into the country. I chose for my retreat a situation on Long-Island, about forty miles from New-York. Here I concluded to remain, till the political storm should blow over, and the horizon become again clear and settled. As my place of residence was on the borders of a large bay near the ocean, I purchased a very convenient little pleasure-boat, which I thought would not only amuse me, but contribute to the re-establishment of my health. In this situation, I became extremely attached to the pleasures of shooting, and fishing, and sailing on the bay. These exercises probably gained for me an accession of health and strength, and on that ground partly reconciled me to an occupation of my time, which was little connected with mental improvement. I have, however, often regretted that so long a period should have elapsed without any vigorous application to study, and without an improved preparation for the return of those settled times, when I should again derive my support from the funds of knowledge and judgment. The loss which I sustained, by not sufficiently attending at this time to literary pursuits and professional studies, cannot easily be calculated. Every expansion of the mind, every useful habit, and portion of knowledge, at that age especially, is not only so much present gain, but serves as a principle to produce an ever-growing and accumulating interest through life. If this advantage were duly appreciated by young persons, it would prove a most powerful stimulus to embrace every proper opportunity to enlarge the understanding, and to store it with useful knowledge. On this occasion, I must add, that the recollection of the time which I spent in the pleasures of shooting, and idly sailing about the bay, affords me no solid satisfaction. That time, or the greater part of it, might have been employed in doing good to others, in the society and converse of pious and virtuous persons, and in the perusal of the sacred volume, and other religious books, tending to establish the

heart and life in the love and practice of goodness. I might have so occupied myself as to have made my most important interests coincide with my health and bodily enjoyments, instead of indulging myself in that dissipation of mind, and those selfish, injurious habits, which the amusements I had adopted are too apt to produce.'

When he was seriously enfeebled by illness, and was advised by an American physician to seek in England a renovation of his health, he readily undertook the voyage, because his attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. 'I know (he says) that, under its excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily preserved, and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws.'

His religious spirit was his first *stimulus* to the task of authorship; and he illustrated, by a series of examples, the 'power of religion on the mind.' His well known Grammar arose under the following circumstances. 'Some of his friends having established at York a school for the education of young females, he strongly recommended that the study of the English language should form a prominent part of instruction. The young persons employed as the first teachers not being sufficiently qualified in this respect, he kindly undertook to employ them at his own house; and for their use he made some extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers. By these young teachers he was strongly importuned to write an English grammar, for the benefit of their pupils, on the same plan of simplicity, clearness, and regular gradation, which he had pursued in his verbal instructions. Their requests were sanctioned and enforced by the superintendents of the school, and by some of his other friends; and he was at length induced to comply.'

Of the manner in which he passed his time, when he was confined to his house by debility for the last sixteen years of his life, Mrs. Frank has given a particular account, which, in one point of view, is curious, since it has been frequently made a subject of inquiry, how a person could support entire confinement to the house, and even to one seat, during many years, and yet preserve to the

last a comfortable state of health, evenness and cheerfulness of spirits, and surprising vigor of mind.

Mr. Murray carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning, but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm-chair which had castors, his wife rolled him with ease to the sofa in his sitting-room; on which, after he gave up taking exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal-times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing-desk on it, was generally before him.—The papers and books which he was using, were laid on the sofa by his side; but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visiter, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side, except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. He never sat by the fire: but, to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which he was guarded by a small screen between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candlelight, he used a shade candlestick.

His sitting-room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end: one with a south aspect looked to the garden, the other to the turnpike road, and to some fields, across one of which was a path-way leading to York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading, or writing. An awning was placed in summer over the south window, to shade off the rays of the sun. Thus secured, and having a constant but almost imperceptible ventilation, occasioned by two large windows opposite to each other, and also by two doors and the fire, the room was always sweet, fresh, and salubrious. A fire, even in summer, was constantly kept up through the whole day, which,

as Mr. Murray justly observed, tended to carry off the noxious particles of air; but the room, in the warmest weather, was considerably cooler and fresher than apartments usually are. He could not bear a partial exposure to the air; therefore, he never sat with the doors or windows open; but in the morning, before he came into the room, it was completely ventilated by the opening of both windows for a short time; and thus a free current of air was admitted. His bed-room was also ventilated once or twice during the course of the day. So sensible was he of the pernicious effects of breathing vitiated air, that he never had the curtains of his bed drawn. As a farther preventive from over-heating his sitting-room, he had two of Fahrenheit's thermometers; one was placed at the outside of the north window; the other was hung in the room, at a distance from the fire. The temperature of the room was usually from sixty-three to sixty-five degrees. His bed-room was large; it had the same aspect, and was on the same floor, as his sitting-room, and opened into it; and had also two windows, one at each end. But, as the chimney could not be made to carry up the smoke, he was obliged in all his illnesses, when the weather was cold, to have a bed brought into his sitting-room; and in that room, very near the seat on which he had done so much good, he breathed his last, and passed, I trust, from the employments of time to the rewards of eternity.

Soon after he came into his sitting-room in the morning, he took his breakfast; after which his wife, or some one of his family, read to him a portion of the Scripture, or of some other religious book. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, omitting the notes and paraphrase, were the books which he chiefly used for this purpose, and also for his evening meditation. After a short pause, he proceeded to transact the business of the day, of which the hearing or reading of a daily journal formed part; or he applied immediately to his literary avocations. Until he became wholly confined to the house, he took an airing in his carriage, from twelve till half-past one. At two he dined. After dinner, he sat quite still, closed his eyes, and sometimes dozed, for nearly half an hour; a practice which he brought with him from America, and by

which he found his strength and spirits much recruited; then he resumed his occupations, and continued them for some hours, unless interrupted by company. Religious reading in the family, and meditation, closed the day. At ten, he and all his household retired to rest. This course of life he continued, with little variation, during the whole of his residence in England.

His diet was simple. He did not use tobacco in any shape. He never took spirits, and seldom wine; and then only half a glass at most. At dinner he was accustomed, for many years after he came into this country, to take about a gill of London porter; afterwards, he gradually diminished the quantity, until he reduced it only to a wine-glass, diluted in warm water. His breakfast and supper were, for some years, new milk and baked rice, or sometimes toasted bread; afterwards, chocolate boiled in milk and water, and bread. At dinner, he partook of meat, vegetables, pudding, and other ordinary dishes, but all cooked in a plain way. He did not, at dinner, eat of more than one dish of meat. In the afternoon, he sometimes took about half a cup of tea, or of milk and water; but more frequently, instead of it, a small quantity of strawberries, grapes, or other sweet fruits, out of his garden, or dried plums. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine, and even then but little, being of opinion that the too frequent use of it weakens the tone of the stomach. Of the beneficial effects of friction, by the hand simply, he was thoroughly convinced. He made frequent if not daily use of it; and never failed to have recourse to it when his head, or any part of his body, was affected with uncomfortable sensations, particularly of a rheumatic nature. He was of opinion that it not only produced local benefit, but that, in his particular case, it tended in a considerable degree to supply the want of exercise. His appetite, till within a few years previous to his decease, was good and rather uncommon, considering his sedentary life.—Much of that comfortable state of health and vigor of mind, which he enjoyed in his old age, must be ascribed, under the blessing of Providence, to his temperance and moderation, to his judicious self-management, and to that peacefulness and serenity which are the usual concomitants of a good and pious life.

Omitting the detail of the occurrences which marked the last hours of the life of this respectable literary veteran, we subjoin a sketch of the character of his lady, who answered Solomon's description of a good wife.

'Mrs. Murray is not a showy woman, nor particularly literary; but she possesses a solid understanding, great firmness of mind, and a particularly kind disposition. To the poor and afflicted, she is, in a high degree, liberal and compassionate. By her skill and prudence in the management of her household affairs, she relieved her husband from all care or anxiety on those subjects. She was most tenderly attached and even devoted to him, always preferring his gratification to her own. Her aged and beloved father, and a large circle of relatives and friends, she freely left, to accompany her husband into England. For many years after she came into this country, she still called New-York her home; but she never requested or wished him to return. She encouraged and assisted him, as far as she was able, in every good word and work; and often expressed her solicitous desire, that both she and her 'precious husband,' as she frequently called him, 'might so pass through this life, as not to fail of future and everlasting bliss;' adding, 'If we are but prepared for that happy state, we need not fear how soon we depart hence.' During the latter years of her husband's life, she scarcely ever quitted the house, and very rarely the two rooms occupied by him. She said, she was most comfortable with him, and that, if he were taken ill suddenly, as was sometimes the case, she could never forgive herself for being absent.'

'On every anniversary of their marriage, which coincided with the birthday of his wife, he never failed to congratulate her on the return of that auspicious day. On some of these occasions, occurring in a late period of their union, he offered his congratulations not only verbally, but also in writing; thus giving additional force, as well as permanency, to his sentiments. In these written testimonials which she justly esteems amongst the most valuable of her possessions, he assures her that, during the whole period of their union, she has been his greatest earthly treasure; that, in health and sickness, in prosperous and adverse situations, in all

the varied events of their lives, he has ever found her the same uniform, kind, and faithful friend, the sweetener and improver of every allotment, and he offers her his most grateful acknowledgments for her cordial attachment and affectionate services, for her kind assiduity and tender solicitude to promote his comfort and happiness in every respect.'

A MEMOIR OF TALMA.

IN those times which our aged countrymen may remember, the French tragedians were chiefly eminent in monotonous declamation. Passion did not seem to be within the sphere of their conceptions; they did not sympathise with the characters which they represented; their looks and gestures did not correspond with the sense and object of the dramatist. Talma appears to have been the first who supplied, on the French stage, this deficiency of histrionic skill; and great was the reputation which he consequently obtained.

Francis Joseph Talma was born in 1766, at Paris, not (as some say) at Soho in London. He was noticed by the friends of his family as a child who had quick apprehension and strong feeling. It was customary in the French schools to perform a little theatrical piece on the breaking-up for the holidays. Talma, then about eight years old, acted in one of these plays, in the story of Tamerlane or Timour. His part was that of a confidant, who closed the play by announcing to the emperor the death of his son, the bosom friend of the reciter. The child's story was told in a burst of real sorrow, which surprised the audience. At length, the curtain fell; and the little actors had dispersed to get rid of their robes, when Talma was missed, and was not found till after some search in a corner, still wrapped in his robe of tragedy, and weeping bitterly at the misfortune of the imperial family.

His father, a goldsmith, who lived in London, now sent for him, and the future Roscius of France was, after a few years spent at a classical boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, articulated to a surgeon. His theatrical propensities, however, had made themselves so well known among the foreigners in London, that Sir John Gallini—the Albert of his day, then superintending an amateur French company, applied to

Talma, and he played in a whole succession of comedies. The English stage was then in its glory—Siddons and Kemble were in their prime. The performance of those two pre-eminent leaders decided Talma's vocation. Unquestionably they formed his taste. He returned to Paris, and took a fresh and full review of all that was able or attractive in the national companies. It is the custom of the Theatre Franois to make every actor begin at the bottom of the list. Talma began like the rest. His first part was an insignificant one in Moliere's *Amphitryon*; and, in this course of characters, he continued for a period; yet even then, his natural talents burst out from time to time, and he began to be looked on, even in the fastidious French theatre, as an actor who might yet shake some of the heroes on their thrones.

Accident has its share in all fortunes, and Talma was lifted out of his subordination by one of those chances which come to all men, and are thrown away upon all but a man of genius.—Chenier's tragedy of *Charles the Ninth* was accepted by the manager, and ordered to be put in rehearsal. The author carried the principal part to Saintfal, the tragic despot of his day. In a week after, when Chenier's waited, with the humility of a French dramatist, on the stage monarch, the part was returned to him, with the added sneer, that, "if the author insisted on having it played, possibly young Talma would do it well enough." Chenier was angry; but he had watched Talma's performance, and he took Saintfal at his word; Talma accepted the character with delight. The boldness of the attempt fixed the whole gaze of Parisian critics on him; and this was equivalent to the whole gaze of Paris. Talma, who naturally felt that fate and fortune hung upon the night, studied the character with his entire soul. The tragedy triumphed, and the fame of the actor was established.

The lady whom he espoused had figured upon the stage long before he became famous. She afterwards disgraced herself by her irregularities and her criminal attachments; but it is not improbable that he gave her the example, as conjugal ties were neither then nor at present so strictly regarded in France as to preclude very frequent aberrations.

At the commencement of the revolution, he was attacked by a nervous dis-

order, which seemed seriously to endanger his life; but he recovered from it, and it is said to have increased his natural sensibility in a way which improved his acting. On the retreat of La-Rive from the stage, he took possession of the first tragic characters, and particularly shone as *Orestes*, *Hamlet*, and *Sylla*. He reformed the theatrical costume by his example and influence, thus achieving a task which Le-Kain and Mademoiselle Clairon had been unable to accomplish. His public merit and his social qualities recommended him to Napoleon, who became his steady friend and patron.

He might have retired from the stage with an ample fortune, if he had not been very liberal and even prodigal. A passion for building prevailed for some years over his prudence: he would erect, alter, pull down, and rebuild, without judgement or due consideration.

During his last illness, his wife, having been enriched by the physician with whom she had eloped, sued for a reconciliation, and offered to him and his children a large share of her wealth: but he rejected her advances, alleging that the public would suspect him of being solely influenced by motives of interest to take her again by the hand.—'Her fortune (he said) places an insurmountable barrier between us.'—He died on the 19th of October last, in his 61st year.

As his theatrical profession precluded a regular funeral, his remains were committed to the grave with profane honors in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, after orations from some of his friends. Lafon the player, speaking of him on this occasion, said, 'When he had attained the age which usually gives the signal of retreat, his talent seemed to grow young again, in proportion to the years which had accumulated over his head: and that which is usually termed old age, was for him only the epoch of a vigorous maturity. We may even say, that his talent heightened as it drew nearer to the term in which it was to be mowed down. The defects with which he reproached himself more rigorously than the severest censor, had yielded to the pertinacity of labor, and to the lessons of his own experience.—What usually blunts and extinguishes sensibility in others, had increased it in him. His declamation, without losing any part of its energy, had gained in variety, in tender and touching inflexions.

He rendered art so much the more admirable, in concealing it beneath a noble and natural simplicity.'

The countenance of Talma, says a writer in the Opera-Glass, was by no means remarkable when it was not in action; but, when excited, it was amazing. On a particular occasion we saw him give ample evidence of its power. There was a play attempted upon the subject of king John. The part of Hubert was given to Talma. The play was in the course of turbulent damnation, when he rushed in from the murder of Arthur. He sunk into a chair, his elbows on a table, and his hands covering his face. The uproar continued till Talma withdrew his hands, and displayed a countenance of such ghastly horror, that the tumult was changed into shouts of 'Bravo, Talma!' but, when he left the stage, the damnation recommenced. He could 'wet his face with tears' whenever he liked, but they generally sprang from feeling more than art. In passages of his last part, Charles VI. he did this with great effect. His voice was deep and full, but a little inclined to what the French call *la voix voilée*, which may be rendered in English by the phrase *a muffled voice*. It was sweet, strong, and flexible. He had nothing of the 'respirative drag, as if to catch breath,' with which the old Dramatic Censor taxes Garrick, and which most of our English performers have; Macready, for example, to a most distressing degree. Talma used to say, it was as much an actor's duty to learn to manage his breath as his words; and certainly he did it in perfection. His person was rather under the standard of the hero. It had, from our first knowledge of him, a little of the *aldermanic* tendency. It was not unlike that of Garrick, which is represented as, 'in some respects, particularly about the hips, formed like a plump woman.'

Talma used to regret that the prejudices of the French obstructed the improvements he wished to make in their style of declamation. To this day he is censured for having broken the monotony of their verse by running the lines into one another, and thus evading the rhyme. His delivery was more elaborate than ours,—perhaps the difference in the nature of their drama requires that it should be so,—for they have more to do with words than we have. Hence Talma *acted* words. We heard him re-

cite Hamlet's soliloquy on Death, in English. He colored every syllable with his voice; and gave

'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

with a different but finely characteristic expression for every phrase. We once heard him, when Othello describes Desdemona,

'Whereof by parcels she had somewhat heard;
But—not intently,'

express the 'not intently' in a manner perfectly inimitable; but conveying a fullness of meaning of which we never, had we not heard it, could have dreamed it was susceptible.

We have heard Talma observe, that he never acted a part without obtaining, in the course of the performance, some new notion about it, which he never forgot, but could always add to the next. But, though we have been much with him, we never saw him study. When we mentioned this to him, he replied, with a smile, 'I am studying now.' He had the faculty of instantly flinging himself into his part. He would stand talking at the side scenes of the theatre in English, and upon matters which interested him, and suddenly break off on hearing his cue, and spring into Nero or Hamlet.

A letter written by him in English explains in some degree his theory in acting. 'I could not point out the principles which ought to guide you in the study of declamation better than did Shakespeare himself. In a few lines he has laid down the basis and true standard of our art; therefore I refer you to what Hamlet says respecting the means of personating the various characters which are exhibited in human life. It will unfold to your view my own principles, and evince, at the same time, my veneration for the great man.'

We have another English letter of his before us. It was written to a young gentleman who had been advised to take lessons from D'Egville, we believe, in stage deportment.—'You know how I live, perpetually engaged some way or other—always busy, without doing any thing, and continually pestered with idle visitors, so that hardly any time is left to me for my private affairs. * * * * *. As you are absent from London, I don't forward you the letters to ————

I suppose you will apprise me of your return there; then I will send them to you, written in the manner you desire. If you take any lessons from the latter, it ought to be upon the stage, and not in a room, that you may give a full scope to your steps and to your motions; but, my dear friend, the first rule is to be deeply impressed. Impregnated with the character and the situation of your personage, let your imagination be exalted, your nerves be agitated—the rest will follow;—your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of a dancer are not requisite in tragedy. Choose rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and something historical in your demeanor.—*Dixi.*

It is scarcely fair to judge of Talma's power in composition from these specimens. He himself says, in a postscript to one letter, 'make allowances for my Frenchification.' But they are by no means ordinary letters for a foreigner.—In French he wrote well, particularly letters. Madame de Stael told him, that he was one of the best letter-writers, for a man, she had ever known; that she had always supposed epistolary talent the exclusive distinction of her own sex, till he had proved to her the contrary.' That she was convinced he had even higher powers in the same way, we have her written testimony. In a letter to him, she says, 'You must write, and become the sovereign of thought, as you are of sentiment: you require only the will and possess the power.' His only published work is, an introduction to the Memoirs of Le-Kain, in which he makes some excellent observations on the art of acting.

THE SONG OF THE PATRIOT, SONNETS
AND SONGS,
by Robert Millhouse. 1826.

We have had a poetical thrasher, a poetical shoe-maker, and other versifiers in low life, and now we have another instance of talent, brought from the loom. A stocking-weaver has become a weaver of poetry. Whether the produce of his loom be neat and strong, or coarse and flimsy, we do not know; but we perceive, with pleasure, that some of his metrical effusions have positive merit, instead of being merely entitled to that negative praise which would represent them as not contemptible.

Mr. Millhouse is a native of Nottingham, and was merely taught to read and write. His inclination for poetry did not display itself before he had reached the age of sixteen years; and it then chiefly arose from the admiration which was excited in his mind by the fine passage in the *Tempest*, usually annexed to the figure of Shakspeare on a mantelpiece. 'Is it not Scripture?' said he to his elder brother, who immediately gave him a copy of the play for his deliberate perusal. He afterwards read the works of Milton and other bards, and was confirmed in his attachment to the poetic art; yet he did not begin to compose before he was about the age of twenty-two, when he served in the Nottinghamshire militia. After trying his hand on trifling pieces, he acquired such confidence in his powers, that he was emboldened to attempt a poem, descriptive of Nottingham-Park. When his regiment was disembodied, he returned to the loom, and for some years entirely neglected composition. 'In 1818 (says his brother) he became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increased his necessities; he began seriously to reflect on his future prospects in life; and perceiving that he had no other chance of bettering his condition than by a publication, and not having sufficient already written to form a volume, he resolved to attempt something of greater importance than he had hitherto done, and, in February 1819, began the poem of *Vicissitude*. The reader will easily conceive that such a theme required some knowledge of natural and moral philosophy, of history, and of the vital principles of religion.—How far he has succeeded in this poem is not for me to say; but, certain it is, as may be expected from the narrowness of his education and his confined access to books, his knowledge is very superficial: however, with unceasing exertions, and by encroaching upon the hours which ought to have been allotted to sleep, he, by the end of October 1820, brought the work to a conclusion. The poems were now submitted to the inspection of colonel Gardiner, who promoted a subscription for their publication, and interested himself in procuring the patronage of the duchess of Newcastle.'

The Song of the Patriot is an eulogy on the native land of the poet. He thus breaks out.

‘ Yet, yet again, thou solitary lyre,
 Again I touch thy long-neglected strings ;
 Nor shall thy notes o’er homely themes aspire
 To treat of dark abstruse imaginings.
 O ! may the gentle sweep of fairy wings
 Brush o’er thee, and inspire a kindly mood
 To sing of dear, of captivating things.
 Companion sweet ! thou had’st been better woo’d,
 But that thou’rt luckless fall’n to one of accents rude.

‘ Since that relentless Time brooks no control,
 But calmly winds his unresisted stream,
 Smiling in scorn, to see our seasons roll
 In idle projects and a waking dream ;
 Oh ! it were wisdom to arrest the beam
 Of manhood’s sun, ere evening damps arise,
 And from oblivion’s idiot clutch redeem
 A few short hours for noble enterprise :
 ’Tis all that we can do—no more can do the wise.

‘ And yet ’tis difficult for little men
 To raise their feeble pigmy heads so high,
 As to attract the glance of passing ken,
 Where giant shoulders intercept the sky ;
 And ah ! ’tis difficult for such as I
 To wake fit strains where mighty minstrels sing ;
 Perhaps, ev’n this shall but be born and die ;
 Not fated to enjoy a second spring,
 But, like some hawk-struck bird, expire on new-fledg’d wing.

‘ Away, despair ! some monitor, unseen,
 Calls for the song—the call shall be obey’d ;
 For ’tis that silent monitor, I ween,
 Which led my youth to many a green-wood shade ;
 Show’d me the spring in thousand blooms array’d,
 And bade me look towards heaven’s immensity :
 This is a power that schoolmen never made,
 That comes all unsolicited and free,
 To fire the youthful bard—lo ! this is poesy !’

The pleasures of his early years are prettily described :

‘ For me, ordain’d to pass my boyhood’s prime
 On British ground, methinks there ne’er could be
 Haunts half so fair, in Nature’s brightest clime,
 As those that struck my sight in infancy ;
 For there my sire first told me I was free,
 And bade me love my country and my God ;
 And taught that paths of kind humanity
 Should by the mingling sons of men be trod ;
 And early wish’d my soul to hate oppression’s rod.

‘ And oft, as those lov’d scenes I now explore,
 Fondly reverting unto years pass’d by,
 Where I have paced a thousand times before,
 Beauties, till now unknown, attract my eye :
 Some stripling tree, aspiring to the sky ;
 Some clust’ring shrub, upstarting in the wild ;
 Some new-discover’d flower of rarest dye,
 With plants, and herbs, by botanists compil’d,
 Enhance the worth of all that pleas’d me when a child.

‘ Well I remember, in my youthful hours,
 Ere yet in numbers I essay’d to sing,
 At that glad season, when fresh opening flowers
 And hawthorn buds proclaim’d the birth of spring ;
 While light-heel’d pleasures cours’d their mystic ring ;

And my young heart was frolicsome as May,
Oft have I watch'd the lark, on anxious wing,
Ascend his azure steep at early day,
Piping aloud to Heaven in many a carol gay.

'Joyous I've found the glossy crocus, blowing
Fair in its bed of green; and onward stray'd
To sunny dells, where April's hand was throwing
Violets of virgin sweetness, and survey'd
The pale-eyed primrose, glinting in the glade:
Daisies, vermilion-ting'd, were deem'd a prize,
And pluck'd in triumph, while the sloe-bloom made
Garlands for mating birds, and thence would rise
Vouchings of purest love in anthems to the skies.

'And, at sweet May-tide, when the cowslip hung
Its head in pensiveness, and crowsflowers bright
Along th' expanse of length'ning meads were flung,
Mingled with lady-smocks and daisies white,
Lambsfoot, and speedwell, and the lovely sight
Of hawthorn blossom, fragrant on the gale
Of eve, full oft I've wander'd with delight;
Nor, time regretting, will I e'er bewail
Those hours I loit'ring spent in woodland mead and dale.

'And oft, in summer hours, I've saunter'd forth
Along the thorn hedge, or beside the grove,
To hail the damask wild rose at its birth,
Symbol of innocence and maiden love,
And of that chastity which reigns above;
Or sought the woodbine, in its bower o'ershaded,
Where stretching far its wanton arms would rove,
Till, haply, by some peasant's hand invaded,
'Twas torn from out the folds with which its tendrils braided.'

We meet with a pleasing sonnet, expressive of affection for an infant daughter:

'Sweet blue-eyed cherub! in my prayers for thee,
I have not ask'd for beauty—yet thou'rt fair;
And as for wealth—thy lot is poverty;
Nor do I wish much gold to be thy share.
May Heaven protect thee from the villain's snare,
And give thee virtue and a prudent mind!
Long may thy cheek the rose and dimple wear,
With breath as fragrant as the vernal wind:
Oh may to thee the lib'ral arts be kind!
Nor be thou Fortune's scorn so much as I;
And let thine heart to those firm precepts bind,
Which will not fail to lift the soul on high!
My cherub! if enough of these be given,
Thee and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.'

The mischiefs and the blessings of gold are thus noticed:

Fee for the knave, in ev'ry age and clime!
Thou shield to gilded idiots! slave to kings!
Pander to war, and other horrid things
That stain with blood the chronicles of time;
When, shining mischief! shall the poet's rhyme
Tell of thy virtues in the good man's hand,
Chasing away grim hunger from the land,
And proving true thy alchemy sublime?
If evil spring from thy deceitful wand,

Nor good nor ill thou bring'st to such as I:
 For here gaunt Poverty stands shivering by,
 To snatch the scanty portion from my hand.
 Give me thy power, thou thing of good or guile!
 And I will teach sad poverty to smile!

THE TOR HILL, *by the Author of Brambletyc-House*, 3 vols. 1826.

A SEEMING attempt to rival a distinguished writer, even if it be not a professed imitation, provokes a disadvantageous comparison, unless the talent of the subsequent writer should be of a high order; and it would be better for such a novelist not to follow closely any model except that of nature. Mr. Smith, perhaps, does not wish to be considered as a rival of the author of *Waverley*.—Though he may be supposed to have the natural vanity of an author, he cannot, we should think, pretend to equal the celebrated man to whom we have alluded, but is content to hold a subordinate rank, and to move in a more limited sphere. It must be allowed, however, that he has considerable merit; and we are therefore glad to attend to his second novel.

The incidents of the *Tor Hill* are connected with the time of Henry VIII., and the author has evidently taken great pains to make himself acquainted with the history and manners of that remarkable period. The novel opens with a scene in Calais, which was then possessed by the English. Sir Giles Hungerford, a rough old knight, quits his station at one of the gates, and makes an incursion into the French territory with his nephew Poyns Dudley; but he is intercepted on his return, and carried (mortally wounded) to Montreuil. He is aware of his danger, but resolves to treat it with levity and indifference in the presence of his enemies. When his nephew appears to be shocked at the misfortune, he says ‘Tut, boy! ’tis but as a spur to the old war-horse. I have had an arrow in my flesh before to-day.—’Twill be better for bleeding thus freely: but, sooth to say, it makes me an unseemly figure; and, as my beard is sodden, I would fain let it trickle over the cart-side.’

‘Any one who had noticed the grisly countenance of Sir Giles, with an iron arrow-head sticking in his cheek, and the gore streaming down his beard into the road, as he propped himself upon the

edge of the vehicle, would have deemed that he was traveling his last journey, and that his thoughts would be of the priest and the next world; and yet to listen to him, it might seem that he was whole of body, and hearty of cheer, and bound to some gallant tournament; for his talk was of nothing but feats of arms in battle or at barrier, and of every species of warlike accoutrement.’

The instructions of the dying warrior to Dudley, serve to throw light upon the story:—‘It is known to you that my singular good friend, Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, saved my life at the battle of Flodden. You are well aware that my kinsman, lord Hungerford, is of evil fame, and a blot to our escutcheon, whom I need not care to endow with my fortune; for yourself, you are already sure of rich heritage, and will moreover receive a goodly portion with the daughter of Sir Eustace Poyns, to whom you are affianced. I have therefore provided by my will, that, if your cousin Cecil, my only child, should die without issue, all my estates should devolve upon Sir Lionel. To him have I intrusted the management of all my affairs in England, for which purpose I gave him up my house of the *Tor*; and, knowing him by good warrant to be an approved soldier, I have to him also confided the education of my boy Cecil. From my long absence in the wars, I have not, for some years, seen either England or my son; and, by Saint John Baptist! my good Dudley, it draws blood from my very heart to tell thee what sorry tidings I learn of him; for Sir Lionel writes me word, that he is not only of feeble frame (a misfortune which might have been well endured), but is of so dastard, craven, and womanish a spirit, as to mislike the great horse and the lance, the bow and the sword, and all exercise of arms and knightly practice.’

‘My cousin is yet young,’ said Dudley, ‘and you state him to be sickly.—Doubt not that, with better years and health, a more fiery spirit will be kindled, and he will yet prove himself a true and valiant Hungerford.’

‘Alas the while! my good Poyns, I

have not told you all; for his guardian adds, that he is shy and sullen, shunning all accost, and ever puling and moping in the mumps; and moreover, that he fears his faculties to be so frail, that he will grow up to be little better than a simple-witted innocent. Wherefore, as I would not that he should be enrolled a knight, only perchance to prove a recreant to the order, and a dishonour to his lineage, it is my will that he should never wear harness, but marry so soon as he comes to man's estate, in the hope that he may raise up an heir more able than himself to sustain our honours and our escutcheon; and finally, as I wish not a race of gulls, dotterels, and dunces, to descend from his loins, and as Sir Lionel and his present tutor are doubtful of his wits and hopeless of his scholarship, I desire that he may be straightway placed with the abbot of Glastonbury, who is a good and learned clerk, well skilled in the breeding of youth. Now tell me, my good Dudley, do you bear all this clearly in your mind? and will you promise to be as faithful to me after death, as you have been in my life-time, by conveying these instructions to Sir Lionel, and caring that they be carried into strict execution?

‘Every particular is impressed deeply on my mind,’ replied Dudley; ‘and I pledge myself to see your wishes fulfilled; but were it not well that you should record them in a letter, that so I may have warrant to Sir Lionel?’

‘Right, boy, right; and pr’ythee indite it for my signature incontinently, for I was ever more ready at handling a lance than a pen; and now, when both head and hand are beginning to fail me, I should make but a sorry scribe.’

Dudley withdrew to prepare the letter, and, returning when he had completed it, presented it to his uncle, who, as he signed it, uttered the first sigh that had yet escaped his lips, and exclaimed, in a regretful tone—‘Ah, Dudley! I shall soon lie in the dark and deaf grave, where I shall neither see harnessed knights, barbed steeds, and brandished lances, nor hear herald cry to the onset at tilt or tournament. My heart shall leap no more at the loved sound of the trumpet: I shall never more spur Roan Runnymede among the spears, nor sit at gay banquet, nor listen to minstrel's song, nor gaze upon the bright eyes of beauty. Farewell, my goodly mansion of the Tor, my parks and manors, my

wide chases and pleasant woodlands! I shall never again make you echo to the bugle-horn, as I hunt the stag, nor ride merrily amid your green trees with hawk and falcon. Let me, at least, have my helmet hung up in Glastonbury Church, with a brass inlaid stone beneath, that it may be hereafter known there was once such a knight as Sir Giles Hungerford.’

Dudley now departs for England with Pierre (a light-hearted though faithful French servant), and the scene changes to an inn at Wells, where the merriment of a heterogeneous groupe is interrupted by the clamor of some one calling without, ‘What ho, house! house! open door, ye deaf and boozing bumpkins!’—‘Uncourteous as were the terms of this mandate, it was immediately obeyed by the landlady, when a heated and unbanned man presented himself, whose figure and face, not less than his imperious manner, gave intimation of some personage of distinction, although the quality of his habiliments was rendered utterly undistinguishable by a casing of mud and clay, which almost enveloped him from top to toe.’

This obstreperous intruder is no other than Dudley, who had met with a strange adventure in Wokey-Hole, on his way to the Tor House. After extricating himself from a bog, into which he, with Pierre, had fallen, he seeks assistance, leaving his servant up to his middle in the mire, singing a French air with all the volatile feeling of his native country. A friar, with the aid of the landlady's son, relieves poor Pierre from his perilous station. Dudley takes up his lodging at the inn, and learns some strange particulars of the character and conduct of Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, who is even said to be an adept in sorcery.—Disregarding these intimations, he proceeds to the residence of the terror-inspiring knight, is received with formal politeness, delivers his credentials, and becomes a guest at the Tor House. Some talent is evinced in this portion of the work. The contrast between Sir Lionel and his thrifty yet good-hearted lady, is well developed, nor is Beatrice, his daughter by a former wife, without a claim to the reader's notice. During his stay, Dudley discovers Cecil, and finds that the account of that youth's imbecility is merely a feint of his guardian, to hold possession of the extensive domains of the Hungerfords. His visits to Cecil

excite the displeasure of the knight, and acrimonious expostulation ensues.

'I thought I had to deal with a man of honour,' said Dudley, scornfully; 'it is too clear that I am under a mistake.' 'I looked to be interrogated by a coxcomb and a brainless boy,' replied the knight, with a provoking calmness, 'and I find that I was right.' 'Knave and usurper!' cried Dudley, almost choked with sudden passion, 'my sword should chastise this insolence, and do me instant justice, but that the bar of thy base birth protects thee from its point.' Ha! hast thou uttered the unforgiven word?' cried Sir Lionel, leaping upon his feet, and tearing his rapier from its scabbard, while his eyes flashed fire, and his nostrils dilated with uncontrollable wrath; 'draw, and defend thyself, ere I spit thee like an unresisting calf; for, by heaven and hell, thy doom is sealed!' 'Thy base blood be upon thine own head!' said Dudley, unsheathing his weapon, and throwing himself into an attitude of defence; 'come on, villain, and meet thy fate, for some good angel whispers me that mine arm is destined to avenge my cousin's wrongs, and the death of thy slaughtered victims.' 'Thou wilt find it a lying spirit, boy!' exclaimed Sir Lionel; and eagerly crossing his sword with that of his antagonist, he made two or three fierce lunges, which were dexterously parried, for Dudley was an almost unrivaled master of the weapon: but, when the latter attempted to become the assailant, his rapier, wrested from his grasp with a violence that almost dislocated his wrist, flew upwards till it struck the ceiling; and at the same instant his opponent, rushing forward, made a furious pass at his throat. The steel glided through his ruff without wounding him; but so forceful was the thrust, that the hilt of the sword struck him so as to make him reel, and the active and athletic Sir Lionel, again pressing irresistibly forward, bore him to the ground, and leaped exultingly upon his prostrate body.—Grasping his throat with one hand, and uplifting his invincible sword with the other, he looked down upon him for a moment with a triumphant scowl, and then exclaimed. 'To hell, insolent meddler as thou art!'

'Totally unable to rescue himself from the clutch of his gigantic assailant, already did Dudley see the fatal weapon

gleaming before his eyes—already had he abandoned himself to his seemingly inevitable fate, when a piercing shriek echoed through the apartment, and Beatrice, rushing precipitately forward, threw herself upon her father, and arrested his uplifted arm, at the same time screaming out—'My father! my father! would you murder your guest beneath your own roof?' 'Oh, undutious girl! begone, audacious minx!' cried the knight furiously; 'were he ten times my guest, he dies the death!' He struggled to disengage himself; but she clung to him with a force scarcely inferior to his own, and looking upon him with an expression of inflexible determination, exclaimed, in a firm and resolute voice—'Kill me you may, but you shall not drive me from you!' Sir Lionel rose, with the apparent purpose of shaking her off by sheer strength; but he had no sooner liberated Dudley, than she cried out, 'Fly, sir, fly! my father is mad, and knows not what he does:' while she still grasped her parent's arm with undiminished vigour.—Seeing that no time was to be lost, and feeling that there was little disgrace in retreating from one whom he firmly believed to be assisted by necromantic aid, Dudley arose, picked up his rapier, bowed with a grateful expression to Beatrice, and retired from the house, agitated with a variety of contending emotions, but still soothing his wrath and mortification with the conviction, that his hitherto unconquered sword had not been wrenched from his hand by mortal power, but the unholy and unopposable mastery of devils.'

Intent upon a rescue of Cecil from the hands of the tyrannical knight, Dudley hastens to Glastonbury to state the case to the abbot, who advises him to apply to cardinal Wolsey. On his arrival in London, he meets a courtier named Sir John Dudley; and the interview is pleasantly described.

'On gaining access to his kinsman, a young man about his own age, with whom in their boyish days he had lived in some degree of intimacy, he was gratified with a promise of such aid and counsel as he could consistently afford him. But when Dudley had stated the cause of his visit to London, and the occurrences of the Tor House, his companion, materially relaxing in his professions, although he maintained a friendly gaiety in his manner, exclaimed, 'Look

ye, coz, for I believe you to be of kith and kin to me, though, by God's lid! I scarce know what; I promised you such service as I could consistently afford, that is to say, provided it marred not the loyalty that I have sworn to another friend, who is nearer and dearer to me than all the world beside.' Dudley protested that he had not the smallest wish to interfere with those who had better claims to his good offices than himself; nor did he see how his present application could do so, unless, indeed, Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice were the party alluded to. 'No, indeed, my good coz, that doughty Sir Hyckescorner is no crony of mine; the name of my good friend is Jack Dudley, alias Sir John Dudley, alias your servant to command, who has no wish to wear a Tyburn tippet, alias an hempen ruff, nor to let cold steel come between his head and shoulders, as his father did before him; for the *magnum opus*, the great business of these times, is to steer clear of the noose, the axe, and the lion's mouth. The king loves a tall and proper man, of a comely presence, who carries a blithe eye in his head and a merry tale in his mouth; they tell me I am like to suit him, and make my way at court, and 'fore God! I meddle in no matter that may check the advancement of my well-beloved and singular good friend Jack Dudley.' 'Surely your interference in behalf of my ill-used cousin Cecil would not thwart your promotion.'—'Gramercy, my master! I know not that. Sir Lionel stands well with the king, which I may tell you is at once the law and the prophets; and I will not lift my hand, no, nor my little finger, against any man who has welcome access to the royal ear. Right and justice, and honour and honesty, are very pretty things; but life and liberty, and the privilege of carrying your head upon your shoulders, are still prettier: bow to the hurricane, if you wish it to pass without knocking you down; swim with the stream, if it like you to avoid drowning; suffer any great man to pull you up hill, but let go your hold when you see him sliding down; call duly upon your slightest acquaintance in prosperity or a palace; but, if your dearest friend get into jeopardy or a prison, stay at home, and take care of him who is dearer than the dearest—yourself, for your skirt may be near to you, but your skin is nearer. These are my maxims; ay, and fashionable ones too. How do they like

you?'—'There may be two opinions as to their propriety, Sir John; but there can be but one, I should deem, as to their safety.'—'Body o' me, I know not that. My father had royal warrant for all that he did, and yet his head was popped into the executioner's basket. Seeing, therefore, that life is at all times short, and in these days somewhat like the pastime that Gregory Dawson invented, a game at blindman's buff, it is another of my maxims to snatch to-day, because I am not sure of to-morrow; to live while I live; and eat, drink, and be merry, so long as the sport will last us, as a wise man and a good courtier should do. For helping you to a fresh and merry lass, a dainty dinner, a sparkling flagon of French wine, or a jolly crew to tope it till the moon winks at herself in the pint glass, I will back Jack Dudley for a bag of forty shilling sovereigns.'

Dudley, though he seems to feel contempt for the courtly servility of his relative, at length becomes a courtier himself, after he has had an audience of the powerful cardinal. Being accused of heresy and other offences by Sir Lionel, and deserted by his kinsman, he is glad to take refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster. The king, having an adventure (but not in a very probable way) with some sanctuary-men, is saved from insult and outrage by the exertions of our hero. Being addressed by his sovereign, he stated the cause of his being compelled to take sanctuary, adding that all the charges against him were false and malicious, that he had been fighting the king's battles in France, and not without good approof, ever since he was a boy, and that he desired no better honour than to be again allowed to peril his life in the same cause. 'Ha! sayest thou so?' cried the king, who was struck with his appearance, and who was as sudden in his capricious attachments as in his dislikes—the Dudleys were ever a true and loyal race; thou hast done me good service in knocking down yonder mad and beastly traitor; I forgive thee that of which thine enemies would attain thee; and he that wags but his finger against thee, after I have said the word, by St. Paul, shall have cold steel atween his head and shoulders ere he be three days older. What! ha!'—He looked fiercely round upon his attendants and companions, as if to ask whether any of them dared to question his will in this matter; but, as they all

preserved a respectful silence, he continued in a more placable tone—‘Hark ye, man, come to the palace of Bridewell to-morrow; I would have speech of thee.’—He then waved his hand for Dudley to retire; a hint which was instantly obeyed.’

Dudley now becomes a gentleman usher, and is in high favor with his capricious master. From his residence at court, his former virtues insensibly vanish, and are succeeded by those vices which are usually the growth of luxury, and which in that licentious period were fashionable, and countenanced by the example of the monarch. When Anne Boleyn has been elevated to the dignity of queen, he recognises, as one of her attendants, his former *chère amie*, Beatrice, whose appointment to that honor had been in consequence of a visit of the king to Sir Lionel, in which the courtly manners of the young beauty had not been overlooked, and who accepted the proffered honor as a favorable change from the dull monotony of a country life, and an escape from the domestic ability of her step-mother, and the moroseness of her father. The lovers renew their former companionship; but his conduct seems to be formed in mere gallantry rather than on true love. He carries to his mistress a dishonorable message from the king, which is met with all the disdain of offended virtue, and she indignantly retires to her father’s mansion. The conference in the regal bed-chamber, in which the monarch insists upon the obedience of Dudley on this occasion, is appropriate and characteristic.

‘The court was residing at Whitehall, and it was Dudley’s turn of duty to superintend the night-watch stationed in the king’s great chamber, which formed a spacious vestibule to his bed-room.—The monarch had long retired to rest; Dudley, by the light of a great torch stuck up in the centre of the room, had been reading Aretino’s Satires, which he closed and put in his pocket on hearing great Tom of Westminster strike the hour of midnight. On looking round the room, he discovered that he was the only person awake; the knights and esquires of the body were stretched upon their straw pallets; the yeomen of the guard, having laid their halberds and drawn swords upon the ground, were slumbering at their posts, the light of the torch resting with a steady gleam

upon their half-armor, or flashing fitfully as they occasionally made some small and unconscious change in their posture. It is well, thought he to himself, that the sentinels without are more upon the alert,—for he heard them relieving guard, and caught the measured tread of their footsteps as they marched across the paved court-yard. As he still listened to the diminishing echoes of their feet, another sound reached his ear;—it was the king coughing in his bedroom, and presently after he heard him call out impatiently—‘What, ho! who waits without?’ It was his first impulse to awaken the guard, or some of the knights of the body, none of whom had heard the call; but knowing the king’s impatience, and anticipating his fury should he discover that they had been sleeping at their posts, he hastily glided behind the traverse, and, putting his mouth to the door of the privy chamber, exclaimed, ‘Did your highness call?’—‘Who art thou, fellow?’ was the reply.—‘I am one of your grace’s ushers, so please you.’—‘Ha! is it thou? What! come in—I would have speech of thee.’—After having heard the monarch pull a string that drew up a bolt, Dudley opened the door, entered the royal bed-chamber; the door closed of itself; and the bolt dropped down again into its socket. Two large wax tapers, on a marble table, diffused a strong light through the room, irradiating the gilt angels with which the bed was decorated, and giving to their benignant features the full benefit of a contrast with the royal physiognomy. Before this period Henry had commanded all persons at court to cut their hair short, of which fashion he set them the example; at the same time suffering his beard to grow, and wearing it knotted. By a long course of sensual indulgence, his body had begun to grow unwieldy, and his face to be bloated and distended, until the pendent and swollen jowl might almost have been termed a dewlap, while his features wore that look of moral intoxication which is invariably super-induced by a long-continued and intemperate gratification of the will. They expressed disease, as well as peevishness and impatience; offering an instructive evidence that nature will not suffer either the appetites or the will to be abused, without entailing her own punishment upon the transgressor. It was impossible to look at him for a moment, without

seeing that the animal propensities had been allowed to preponderate over the intellectual, until his personal appearance had sympathised with his pursuits; it was evident that his soul had begun to embody and embrate. At the present moment his countenance exhibited an additional degree of irritation, on account of his attendants having placed his drink beyond his reach, while his appearance was more than usually grim and menacing from the night-gear in which he was arrayed, and from his having laid his hand, perhaps unconsciously, upon the hilt of the sword at the head of his bed. Such was the figure who, after having pronounced an angry malison upon the groom who had placed his drink so far off, commanded Dudley to hand it to him, inquiring, at the same time, whether he had seen assay taken of the cup. An answer being given in the affirmative, he was ordered to assay it himself, in compliance with which he drank a small portion of the wine, and then handed the cup to the king, who emptied its contents at a draught. Appearing to be somewhat pacified by this deep potation, he continued in a lower and less imperious voice, 'Come nearer to me, man! nearer still; what! Hark ye, sir, thou art of acquaintance with yonder girl of Somersetshire—one of the queen's ladies—the daughter of the bastard Fitzmaurice.' Dudley bowed his head in token of acquiescence; but the king, offended with this mute acknowledgement, impetuously exclaimed, 'Dost thou not hear me, sir? Ha!'—'I had the honour of making acquaintance with Mistress Fitzmaurice in her father's house, so please your grace,' said Dudley, again bowing. 'Then mark me, sir; mark me well, and do as I shall bid thee. Deliver unto her these baubles.' From a small pocket at the head of his bed he took a favourite ring, painted in enamel by Holbein, with a representation of the battle of Bosworth; together with a carcanet of rich jewels, which he put into Dudley's hand, and continued, 'Tell her that the king stands well affected toward her, that he admires her charms, that it is his purpose to promote and honour her, and that, if she prove buxom and obedient to his will, she may have an establishment and a pension, and not less honourable entertainment than was shewn to the lady Talboys. And mark me well, sir! I will have no passages of courtship shewn to her from any other man; not a word

—not a breath—not a look—or, by St. Paul, his head shall fly from his shoulders. Dost thou hear me? Ha! What!'—'I do, so please your highness, and am in all things bound to obey your grace's orders.'—'It is well, sir; so shalt thou find favour and reward.—Begone! Away! Ha!'

In the mean time, the formidable enemy of Dudley seems to thrive by his iniquity: he increases his wealth by various stratagems and contrivances, and defies public odium. His former wife, supposed to have died, re-appears, and he is consequently tried for bigamy, but is saved from punishment by the affectionate zeal of his second wife. At length, however, an accomplice in his villany informs against him, and the sheriff is sent to take him into custody. He kills that officer, joins a body of insurgents, and loses his life in a skirmish. His daughter is then married to his ward, who secures his lawful inheritance.

The interest of the novel is well sustained, except where it is weakened by a profusion of unnecessary if not extraneous details. The manners of the age are exhibited with force; but there is an inconsistency in some of the characters, particularly those of Dudley and lady Fitzmaurice. We are all weak in some respects, and occasionally inconsistent; but those two personages are made to differ from themselves in a way which is not altogether probable. Upon the whole, the work reflects credit on the author; but it is not equal to his vivid display of the time of Charles II.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF EARLY INDULGENCE.

THAT the happiness or misery of life depends on the conduct of the individual, there can be no doubt; and it is a truth equally undoubted, that this conduct depends on the bias which our minds receive in early youth. Of these positions the following little tale is illustrative.—

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were what the world called affectionate parents. Their children were never contradicted, but, from the earliest age, were gratified in every whim. Of a family which had been numerous, two only remained, Harriet, aged seven, and Laura, five years, Mr. Marlow had long enjoyed a lucrative public situation; but he had inva-

riably lived up to the extent of his income; his wife, having brought him no fortune, fancied that she had no right to control his expenditure, and, being equally fond of company, too readily entered into all his schemes of fashionable extravagance. They lived as if the comforts of this world were bound to them for ever; and Mrs. Marlow had not a wish ungratified, while she revelled in social pleasures, and flew from one place of amusement to another. But she was soon to be roused from the giddy scene of dissipation, and be convinced that, on this side of the grave, no state is exempt from misfortune. Mr. Marlow was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and called to give an account of his actions before the throne of the Almighty. He was followed to the grave by a groupe of sorrowing friends, and was lamented as an affectionate husband, a good parent, and a kind friend; but, when it was discovered that he had left his wife and children penniless, no invectives were found strong enough to reprobate his prodigality, even by those who had often feasted at his expense.

It had been entirely a match of love, and Mrs. Marlow seemed insensible to any thing except the loss of the man who had married her from pure affection, and who had gratified her in every wish. She thought not of the loss of worldly comfort; she seemed to think she had no call to make farther exertions, but to give herself up to uncontrolled grief. It was only when her children were brought to her, and she was told she was now their only protector, that she endeavoured to exert herself. Her own relatives were not rich enough to assist her so effectually as they wished, but they were rich in affection, and did all they could to console her. A Mr. Conway, who was married to her sister, and the brother of the deceased, took the most active share in the arrangement of her affairs, but, on a minute investigation, it was found that the house, furniture, and plate, must all go to the hammer, and even then all the claimants would not be satisfied. The next thing to be settled was what was to become of the widow and children: 'I am willing,' said Mr. Conway, 'to take Mrs. Marlow; but the duty I owe to my own family will prevent my doing more.' 'Well,' replied the surviving Mr. Marlow, 'I will endeavour to prevail on my wife to allow the two girls to be placed

in the nursery with our own children, and I shall write to my brother in India to see whether he will contribute any thing to their support, as it is not to be supposed we can be at the whole expense.'—Such was the unfeeling language of the man who had lived, without any expense, at the house of the father of these girls, until he was fortunate enough to captivate a city heiress, who had no other recommendation than her fortune.

When this plan was proposed to the afflicted parent she wept bitterly. 'Alas!' said she, 'when I saw their beloved father laid in the grave, I thought I could never meet with any thing that would afflict me more; but I find my cup of bitterness is not yet emptied, and I am to be deprived of my darlings, but I must submit. One who must henceforth eat the bread of dependence, can have no right to oppose her benefactors.'—Mr. Conway was affected almost to tears. 'My dear sister,' he said, 'you and your children may come to Conway Lodge for the present, and some plan may perhaps be adopted to enable you all to remain together.' The soothing voice of kindness with which this offer was made, entirely overcame Mrs. Marlow, and it was some time before she was restored to any degree of composure.—Mr. Marlow did not object to this plan, and merely said he would be glad occasionally to hear of his nieces. All places with their mother were alike to them; and in a few days they were received at the lodge with every demonstration of sisterly affection by Mrs. Conway.—Every thing about this establishment bespoke comfort, if not affluence.

Mr. Conway had a small paternal property, which he farmed himself in so judicious a manner, that, even with his numerous family, he could afford to make a genteel appearance. His children were educated under his own eye, and he was ably seconded by his wife, in striving to make them useful members of society. Harriet and Laura were delighted with all they saw. For some time every thing was new to them; but, as the novelty wore off, they frequently asked their mother when they were to return to London, and go out every day in the carriage, as they used to do?—These questions invariably sent their afflicted parent to her own room, to weep in solitude at her change of situation; for she felt too much real gratitude to

her sister and Mr. Conway not to endeavour always to appear happy before them. Her frequent endeavours to suppress her feelings, and her reflections on her dependent state, and that of her children, at length injured her health; and, some months after her arrival at the lodge, an alarming change took place in her appearance.—She seemed aware of her danger, and had often very serious conversations with a neighbouring divine. When her illness increased, she summoned her sister and brother-in-law to her bedside. ‘Henrietta, my beloved sister,’ said she in an agitated voice, ‘I have sent for you and your husband to receive the intimation of my last wishes relative to my darlings, who will soon have no one to look to but yourselves. If it be possible, do not let them be separated. Accustom them to disappointment; I now see my error in having indulged them so much; but they are still young, and I hope will become docile and tractable. Of the two I have most fears for Laura. Her mind is not so strong as that of her sister, and she seems more petulant and impatient of contradiction. Instil early into their minds the duty they owe to their God. Teach them that this world is not their resting-place, and that they must have a higher motive for their actions than worldly praise; that it is only beyond the grave they can look for true happiness. Strengthen their minds against the allurements of pleasure. In one word, teach them to be what you are both by profession and practice—CHRISTIANS. She was now nearly exhausted, and begged to be left alone. A few days after this conversation, invoking blessings on her kind friend, and placing the hands of her children in those of her sister, she breathed her last sigh with her eyes fixed on the afflicted orphans.

From the period at which Mrs. Marlow and her children had arrived at the lodge, various letters had passed between their self-elected guardian and their paternal uncle, who, now that they were at a distance, pretended to feel a considerable interest in their welfare. Mr. Conway conceived it his duty to notify to him the new calamity which had reached these early sufferers, and, for the sake of form, he was requested to attend the funeral,—an invitation which, to Mr. Conway’s surprise, was accepted. That man must have been callous indeed, who could witness the melancholy scene

without emotion. The two lovely girls, clad in the deepest habiliments of woe, attended as chief mourners, to see their fond parent consigned to her mother earth! Although there was no unnecessary pomp, the procession altogether had such an effect on the orphans, that not a word escaped them until the coffin was about to be lowered down, when they both burst into tears, and the youngest screamed out violently—‘My mama! My own dear mama! give her back to me again!’ This moving exclamation caused an universal thrill of sympathy. However silent Harriet had been, her copious flow of tears evinced that her feelings were as acute as her sister’s; but even at this early age she shewed a firmness of mind which never forsook her.

The day after the funeral, Mr. Marlow prepared for his departure. He asked Mr. Conway, whether it was his wish to retain both the children ‘because (added he, (with much pomposity of manner), if it is not, I shall take one and place her about my own girls: in time she may become useful to them, and, being early together, they will get attached to each other.’—‘Are you speaking of the orphans of your brother?’ said Mr. Conway, indignantly—‘the children of him to whom I know you were often under obligations? No, Sir—unless you choose to place your niece in every respect on a footing with your own daughters, here they shall both remain. I cannot, it is true, rear them in splendor, but what I have they shall always share, and I will at least take care that they shall not be degraded.’—‘Well, Sir, I have done’, said Mr. Marlow:—‘but if at any time these girls should become burthensome to you, you will recollect you had it in your power to lessen the encumbrance.’—‘I take all chance of that on myself,’ said Mr. Conway, ‘and I do not think I shall ever regret what I have done.’ The gentlemen then separated with exterior civility, Mr. Marlow seeming to be quite satisfied that he had done whatever was requisite.

The disposition of the human mind very early displays itself. A few days saw Laura quite contented and happy, seldom alluding to the indulgent parent whom she had lost, and for whose loss she had shewn such excessive grief. Such was not the case with Harriet: she endeavoured to appear composed, and sensible of the kindness she received from her uncle and aunt; but, every morning

and evening, she would steal to the room where her mother had died, and, kneeling at the bedside, weep bitterly. One night she was observed and followed by a servant, by whom the circumstance was mentioned to her mistress, who could now account for the pallid cheek and sunken eye with which Harriet often appeared at breakfast. Mrs. Conway took the first opportunity of explaining to the sorrowing girl, in terms suitable to her years, the sin of mourning for those whom it was God's will to take from this world of care:—'Well, well, my dear aunt, if it be a sin, I will never cry again for my mama; but I could not help it. Every night, for some time before she died, I used to kneel at her bedside and say my prayers; and I have since liked to do it in the same place, as I was afraid I might forget her; but, as you think it wrong, I will do it no more, for I know she would be sorry if she thought I did not do as you wished me.' Mrs. Conway was charmed with this behaviour, and, kissing Harriet affectionately, said she would always love her. She was sorry to observe that Laura did not possess the same amiable qualities; for, if humored in all her fancies, she was very good; but, if contradicted in the slightest manner, she became petulant. This entirely proceeded from the indulgence which she had invariably met with from her mother, during whose life, though Mr. and Mrs. Conway disapproved it, they felt a delicacy in blaming: but, as soon as she came entirely under their control, they determined to do the same duty to her which they did to their children, which was, to check every evil propensity, and encourage every good one.

With such guardians and so good an example as that of her sister before her eyes, we have no doubt that, as she was very young, she would have become an amiable member of society: but, in her tenth year, when the good lessons she was receiving might have taken effect, circumstances occurred which gave a different color to her subsequent life. Edward Marlow, who had so long been in India, returned rich and childless. He had more than once written to Mr. Conway with regard to the orphans of his brother, and said that, on his return to England, he would share with him in his care of the children. Mr. Conway put no great faith in these promises, with Mr. William Marlow's conduct before his eyes: but, for the honor of human na-

ture, he acknowledged that fraternal gratitude and affection might still be found, when he received a letter, soon after Mr. E. Marlow's arrival, saying that he and his lady would be with them in a few days, as he was anxious to see the children of a brother to whom he owed so much. The girls were told whom they were to see, and also that one, if not both, would probably be asked to go with him to London. 'I hope he will not ask me,' said Harriet,—'I should not like to refuse; yet I am sure I can never be so happy as here.' At the first look of a person, you are apt to form an opinion of him; sometimes you may be correct, and sometimes not. When Mr. Edward Marlow first met the glance of Mr. Conway's eye, the latter was ready to exclaim, 'Thank God, the girls will here find a friend.' Mr. Marlow, on being presented to his young relatives, folded them in his arms, and declared that they should never want a friend.—'Adelaide,' said he, turning to his wife, 'join with me in thanking these kind friends for the care they have taken of these orphans, and for not suffering William to take merely one of them.' 'No thanks are due to us,' said Mr. Conway; 'those dear girls had the same claim on us as on Mr. W. Marlow, who certainly offered his protection to one of them, with the hope of her being useful at a future period to her cousins: I only professed to bring them up with my own children, not as *dependents*; I have done so, whatever may be the result.—'Such could not surely be William's intention,' said Edward indignantly, 'as he had received such favors from the father; if so, I have done with him for ever.'—'Say not so, my dear Sir, said the peace-making Mrs. Conway mildly: 'perhaps Mr. William Marlow is too much under the influence of his wife to act as his heart dictates.'—'No influence should have made him ungrateful; for my part I cannot forget that to Charles Marlow I owe every thing; by his interest I obtained that situation in India which has enabled me to return to my own country in affluence: to him I cannot return the obligation, but to his children I will.'

During the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow at Conway Lodge, Laura so conciliated their affection, that they told Mr. Conway it was their wish to educate her as their future heiress. 'At first,' he added, 'it was our intention to have adopted both, and divided our fortune

between them; but, in a conversation with Harriet, we were quite convinced that we should study her happiness more by leaving her with her early protectors, and settling five thousand pounds on her by an irrevocable deed, which we shall do as soon as we return to London: nor shall the sisters be permanently separated from each other: they shall meet for some time in every year, and in the interval keep up a regular correspondence.' No objection could be made to this plan, and Laura accompanied her new protectors to London; and, as soon after that as could be expected, the deed promised to Harriet was sent; appointing Mr. Conway her guardian, and authorising him to receive the full interest until she should be eighteen, as a compensation for her board and education.

Benevolence will always meet its reward. So great an addition to Mr. Conway's income as the interest of five thousand pounds, enabled him to enlarge his views, with regard to the education of his children; and he felt that he should act unjustly to her who was the cause of it, if he did not procure her every advantage. He was fortunate enough to meet with a widow in reduced circumstances, who was obliged to make some exertions for her own support. The instruction of youth was her choice, and she was amply qualified: she was at once the friend and mistress of her pupils.

Passing over the interval of education, we shall introduce the two sisters to our readers at the ages of twenty and eighteen, both residing in Berkeley-Square, where Harriet had been invited to spend the winter with her sister under their uncle's roof. Ever willing to give up her own wishes to those of others, she never gave a more striking proof of that disposition than on this occasion.—Edward Conway, the chosen object of her affection, was at home on leave from his regiment, which was now under orders for foreign service: but the promise of complying with the invitation had been given before his arrival; and thus she lost the opportunity of meeting her lover.

When Harriet made her appearance in Berkeley-Square, she found that all was not so harmonious as it had been. A cloud seemed to hang over the whole.—The expression of her uncle's countenance denoted more of sorrow than of anger; and her aunt, without any marked expression, often sighed heavily.

But the feelings portrayed in Laura's face were not easily defined, though her look seemed to say, 'Hitherto have I commanded, nor shall I now give way.'

Mr. Marlow took an early opportunity of explaining to Harriet the general discontent which must be so evident. 'You must know,' said he, 'my dear girl, that, for the first time in my life, I am opposing Laura's wishes, but in a way which I think must ultimately turn to her advantage. An offer of marriage has been made to her by a young man of very dissipated habits, a cornet of dragoons. Apparently he has nothing but his pay, although he spends five times as much. No doubt he is specious and plausible in his manners and address; but I greatly fear it is the wealth to which she is reputed heiress which is his chief inducement.'—'No, Sir,' said Laura, 'I must set you right there; Dennis, on the contrary, has often told me it was for myself alone he sighed.'—'I am glad it is so,' said Mr. Marlow, 'as it is my fixed determination, should you persist in your folly, that he will never get a shilling from me. Sooner would I endow a hospital with my money.'—'And I am as resolved in my way as you in yours,' said Laura (rising and walking haughtily toward the door); 'I will never marry any other person.' Silence prevailed for some minutes: at last Mr. Marlow turned, and, taking his wife's hand, said, 'Adelaide, my love, too late do I perceive the error of which we have been guilty by yielding so implicitly to every whim of Laura in her early days. At first we thought that no harm could arise from yielding to her in trifles: as she grew up, a fear of being thought harsh made us continue the same course; and now she is actually beyond our control. You, Harriet, ought to be thankful to God for having met with different treatment. You used to have influence over Laura, and you may now. Assure her that her lover's poverty is not the bar; it is his want of principle that makes me oppose her wishes.' Harriet promised to do all she could, but did not promise herself much success.

All the family being invited to a rout, Laura was all gaiety and good-humor, and, soon after the party entered, an elegant young man approached her. Mr. Marlow's haughty bow and cool mode of address told Harriet who it was; nor could she have remained long in igno-

rance, if she had marked the increased animation in Laura's countenance as he approached. For a moment, in the fine figure before her, she saw an excuse for her sister's conduct; but that was only a passing thought which yielded to the better judgement of her uncle. She watched Laura's motions, and observed that she was more than once in earnest conversation with O'Hara.

Before the sisters retired for the night, Harriet reproved Laura for her petulant behaviour to her uncle in the forenoon of that day. She received a haughty reply; but the affectionate sister renewed the subject the next morning, adding, 'It is only your happiness he has in view: you must allow that he has hitherto been very indulgent to you.'—'Very indulgent, indeed!' said Laura;—'giving me my own way in things of no consequence; but now, when my happiness comes in contact with his wishes, he opposes me. Can I do otherwise than be firm to my resolution, when O'Hara has often told me, if he were rich and I poor, he would not mind what any of his relations would say, but marry me in opposition to them all.'—'If such are his ideas, he is worse than I could have supposed,' answered Harriet, 'any man who tramples on parental authority himself will, when it suits him, trample on every other, and I have only one word more to say, *beware*, and do not act with so much ingratitude to your uncle and aunt.' 'Ingratitude, indeed! it was to please themselves they adopted me, and perhaps from a slight feeling of resentment to uncle William, but that is all forgotten now, and I know it is the wish of all parties that I should marry Charles Marlow, a humdrum sort of character, who has no spirit or idea of doing any thing papa and mama would not approve of.' 'And do you suppose Charles loves you?' asked Harriet.—'Why, I do not know, he has often lectured me about O'Hara, and I sometimes fancy he does prefer me, or is at least instigated by his father, who by such means would have the fortune restored to his family of which I deprived him.'—'You are unjust, I am sure (said Harriet) to his real motives, but I shall be able to form an opinion of our cousin when I see him; from what you say, I am led to hope the early promise he gave of good habit has been confirmed.' As Mr. Marlow thought a constant recurrence to the subject would have a bad effect, for many days

after this last conversation nothing unpleasant was said, and even Laura seemed to be contented: but this apparent calm made the eventual shock be felt with more keenness; one evening on their return from the theatre, from which she absented herself on the plea of a head-ache, a letter was found on her table, saying, that she had at last determined to confirm her own happiness, as, by the time when they would receive that communication, she would be far on her way to Scotland with the man of her choice. Mrs. Marlow nearly fainted, and, as her husband hastened to her assistance, he exclaimed, 'Unhappy Laura! your misery has merely commenced. From this moment I cast you from my affection. Oh! why am I forced to say so of the being to whom I looked forward as to one who was to soothe the cares of my old age?' and the large drops forced their way unbidden down his cheeks. Harriet threw herself at his feet. 'Oh! My dear Sir, say not so—do not abandon her, though in this instance she has behaved so ill. If O'Hara be the kind of person she represents him to be, his love for her may be the means of his abandoning his follies.' Mr. Marlow, kissing his niece affectionately, said, 'You know him not, Harriet;—attempt not to make me alter resolutions which I have on full consideration adopted.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, EDITED BY
ALARIC A. WATTS, for the Year 1827.

THIS is the age of literary taste and graphic embellishments; and the annual pocket-books (or we should rather say the elegant substitutes for the old pocket-books) serve to maintain in that respect the credit of the age. Mr. Ackermann, not as an author, but as a purveyor of literature, took the lead in this career; and Alaric, not the Goth but the poet, follows his leader with great spirit. He has enlisted in his cause not only the principal artists, but some of the first writers of the time; and fame and profit, we doubt not, will be the result of his judicious arrangements.

Among the prose articles, the first in order (and not the last in merit) is the *Contented Man*, by Mr. Irving the American.

'In the garden of the Tuileries there is a sunny corner, under the wall of a

terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning, it is quite alive with nursery maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save fire-wood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eying the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

‘ Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked-hat of the *ancien regime*; his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ails de pigeon*, a style strongly savouring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid’s cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

‘ I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

‘ Where there is a favourable predis-

position, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy, by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the east; and from that time our acquaintance was established.

‘ I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuileries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris: but the revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He had been secretly denounced by his own steward, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in keeping his head upon his shoulders, several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

‘ When he reached London, he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its colour he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and went to the theatre. He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognise an old friend and neighbour in the very



Evening Costume

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine N^o 1620



Walking Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N^o. 11. 1826.

act of extorting music from a huge violoncello!

'As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a mean of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

'Here, therefore, he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living, like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London. They dined at the house of a French restaurateur, in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James' Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuileries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that, at the end of twenty years, he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

'The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

'As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hôtel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bed-room up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times,

with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was an opera dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking-out of the Revolution. She had been a *protégée* of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favorites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shriveled little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

'The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt toward them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty, he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation.—If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing.—'When I walk through these fine gardens, (said he) I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand signor himself to display a greater variety of beauty; and, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *sans-souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me, I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole (said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good-humor) when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.'

'Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture

of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and in extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them; but, when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune; and, if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, (what I had long considered as not to be found on earth)—a contented man.

‘P.S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him.—I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw that the gaiety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety. I congratulated him on his good fortune. ‘Good fortune?’ echoed he; ‘bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they gave me a pittance as an indemnity.’

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the anti-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gaiety: he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate; for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune,

which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.’

CAMPBELL THE POET;

WITH A PORTRAIT.

AMONG the British bards of the present day, Mr. Thomas Campbell bears a distinguished rank. Whether he fills the highest place in the splendid list, may be doubted; but none, we think, will withhold from him the praise of merit and ability.

He was born at Glasgow, in the year 1777, received a classical education at the grammar-school of that flourishing town, and pursued a more scientific course at the university. He extended his knowledge of men and things by occasional visits to the *Modern Athens*, (as the Scots call their capital) and still farther improved his attainments by a continental tour. He afterwards entered into the matrimonial state, and gave to his friends an example of domestic propriety of manners and of private virtue.

About the age of twenty-two years, he announced himself to the world as a poet, by publishing the *Pleasures of Hope*, by which he at once established his fame, as the subject was well chosen, and the execution in some respects masterly. His *Gertrude of Wyoming* is also a very pleasing poem, and his *Battle of Hohenlinden* displays the animation and force of a Pindar or a Tyrtæus. His critical observations on the productions of many poets, both ancient and modern, are likewise creditable to his sense and talent; and he is the able editor of a respectable periodical publication. His *Annals of Great Britain*, from the Accession of George the Third to the Peace of Amiens, are not so precisely correct as we could wish, but are well worthy of perusal. The spirit of a poet sometimes invigorates the pages of this work; and we may refer to the description of the Jacobin Club, or the democratic Pandæmonium, as a striking exemplification of our remark.

Our author, we believe, was the original proposer of the scheme of a London University; or, if the idea did not proceed from him, he at least strongly recommended such an institution, and procured for it the support of some distinguished men. The scheme for a college is now in a fair train; but the honors of an

university have been refused to it by the parliament, in consequence of the feelings of jealousy entertained by the directors and members of our great establishments at Oxford and Cambridge.

To this sketch we subjoin the character given of Mr. Campbell's Muse by the author of the *Spirit of the Age*. 'Mr. Campbell may be said to hold a place between lord Byron and Mr. Rogers. With much of the glossy splendor, the pointed vigor, and romantic interest of the one, he possesses the fastidious refinement, the classic elegance of the other. Mr. Rogers, as a writer, is too effeminate, lord Byron too extravagant. Mr. Campbell is neither. The author of the *Pleasures of Memory* polishes his lines till they sparkle with the most exquisite finish; he attenuates them into the utmost degree of trembling softness: but we may complain, in spite of the delicacy and brilliancy of the execution, of a want of strength and solidity. The author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, with a richer and deeper vein of thought and imagination, works it out into figures of equal grace and dazzling beauty, avoiding on one hand the tinsel of flimsy affectations, and on the other the vices of a rude and barbarous negligence. His Pegasus is not a rough, skittish colt, running wild among the mountains, covered with burdocks and thistles, nor a tame sleek pad, unable to get out of the same ambling pace; but a beautiful *manege*-horse, full of life and spirit in itself, and subject to the complete control of the rider. Mr. Campbell gives scope to his feelings and his fancy, and embodies them in a noble and naturally-interesting subject; and he at the same time conceives himself called upon (in these days of critical nicety*) to pay the exactest attention to the expression of each thought, and to modulate each line into the most faultless harmony. The character of his mind is a lofty and self-scrutinising ambition, that strives to reconcile the integrity of general design with the perfect elaboration of each

* We do not see the applicability of this remark to the present time, which appears rather to be an age of gross negligence in writing.—EDIT.

component part; that aims at striking effect, but is jealous of the means by which this is to be produced. Our poet is not averse to popularity, (he is even tremblingly alive to it) but self-respect is the primary law, the indispensable condition on which it must be obtained. We should dread to point out (even if we could) a false concord, a mixed metaphor, an imperfect rhyme, in any of Mr. Campbell's productions; for we think that all his fame would hardly compensate to him for the discovery. He seeks perfection, and nothing evidently short of it can satisfy his mind. He is a *high finisher* in poetry, whose every work must bear inspection, whose slightest touch is precious; not a coarse dauber, who is contented to impose on public wonder and credulity by some huge ill-executed design, or who endeavours to wear out patience and opposition together, by a load of lumbering, feeble, awkward, improgressive lines; on the contrary, he labors to lend every grace of execution to his subject, while he borrows his ardor and inspiration from it, and to deserve the laurels he has earned, by true genius and by true pains. There is an apparent consciousness of this in most of his writings. He has attained to great excellence by aiming at the greatest; by a cautious and yet daring selection of topics, and by studiously avoiding all those faults which arise from grossness, vulgarity, haste, and disregard of public opinion. He seizes the highest point of eminence, and strives to keep it to himself; he snatches a grace beyond the reach of art, and will not let it go; he steeps a single thought or image so deep in the Tyrian dyes of a gorgeous imagination, that it throws its lustre over a whole page: every-where vivid *ideal* forms hover (in intense conception) over the poet's verse, which ascends, like the aloe, to the clouds, with pure flowers at its top. Or, to take a more humble comparison, his poetry often reminds us of the purple gilliflower, both for its color and its scent, its glowing warmth, its rich, languid, sullen hue,

'Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath!'

Fine Arts.

THERE is a new display of art which excites some degree of public attention. It is called *Panstereo-machia*, which a

critic pretends to explain by saying, that it is a 'representation of many figures in solid materials;' but this definition is

not sufficiently clear or comprehensive : he ought to have noticed, that an important part of the pompous appellation is *machia*, that is, a fight or conflict.—He writes more pertinently when he observes, that ‘ the battle of Poitiers is here modeled in all its details, and with most accurate attention to heraldry, chivalry, costume, and general effect. On a platform (of perhaps 30 feet by 16 or 18) diversified into the appearance of country scenery,—hill and dale, ravine, wood, river,—the armies of France and England are properly arranged. Here are masses of infantry, there a charge of horse : here is a warrior slain, there

a wounded knight attended by his esquires. The whole is exquisitely modeled, the horses being eight or nine inches high, and their riders, as well as the other human figures, in proportion. The various groupings and arrangements altogether afford a vivid image of the fight, which is rendered very picturesque by the display of pennons, arms, and splendid accoutrements, and, at the same time, interesting to the antiquary by the pains which have been taken to make it accurate in these respects ; and the room is fitted up in that heraldic and Gothic style which serves to keep up the illusion.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE new manager, as soon as he arrived at the scene of his intended operations, made preparations for the performance of a new comic opera, called the *Two Houses of Grenada*, of which this is the story. Between don Guzman and the count Valentine, the heads of two families of Grenada, a deadly enmity subsists. Carlos and Christoval, the sons of Valentine and Guzman, resolve to put an end to this enmity, and adopt for the purpose a strange expedient. Neither has seen his father from a very early age. Their plan is, that Christoval shall pass for the son of Valentine, and Carlos for the son of Guzman. It turns out farther, that each young gentleman has a sister, and that Maria, the sister of Carlos, is living disguised as a page, with Julia, the sister of Christoval. Carlos and Christoval are respectively in love with Julia and Maria. There is a rival candidate for the hand of Julia, in the person of Gil Polo, an egregious coxcomb. The scene lies almost throughout at the house of Guzman, where Carlos arrives, and succeeds in passing for Guzman’s son, but afterwards reveals his secret to Julia. This is nearly all that we can say about the affair, except that, toward the end, there is some unintelligible plotting, which terminates in the exposure of an intrigue of Guzman with Jacintha, the waiting-woman of Julia.

We do not recollect to have seen three acts formed out of more flimsy materials. The very scanty material of plot is too much spread out for any thing like dramatic vigor ; but the music, though not entirely new, (as the bills announce),

possesses considerable merit. The overture is little more than a pasticcio. The opening chorus, which is appropriate and well constructed, and a duet between Julia and Maria, principally attracted notice in the first act. In the second, an air, ‘ Do you remember,’ by Carlos, was finely given by Braham, and was encored. A duet between Julia and Carlos, ‘ I’ve wandered in dreams,’ was also received with strong marks of favor. An air by Julia, ‘ Ask not, my love,’ was delivered by Mrs. W. Geesin (it being her first appearance on this stage) with admirable taste and execution. Her voice possesses both sweetness and power. Her style of singing is pure, her articulation distinct, and her embellishments are tastefully chosen, being expressive as well as scientific. This lady had previously appeared before the public as Miss R. Corri. A pleasing and simple air, ‘ Love was once a little boy,’ was sung by Miss Graddon with exquisite *naïveté*, and caught the fancy of the audience so strongly, that they called for it a third time. In the third act, the most striking effort was an air by Braham, ‘ Up, Comrades, up,’ which, however, owed more of its success to the singer than to any peculiar intrinsic excellence. He gave also a French romance with much spirit. Browne’s ridiculous fop, Gil Polo, was very good. Downton and Harley, as a testy and amorous old man and an impudent valet, made the most of their parts.

This opera has been frequently repeated. We understand that Mr. Wade is not only the author of the dialogue and the songs, but also composed the music. With the exception of Mr. Dibdin’s produc-

tions, there is, we believe, no similar instance since that of M.P., or the Blue Stocking, by Mr. T. Moore.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A novel, not the best of those which the author of *Waverley* has produced, has been dramatised for this house by Mr. Pocock, who was of opinion that *Peveril of the Peak* afforded good materials for theatrical effect. It is unnecessary to give a detail of the plot, as it does not greatly differ from the story of the novel. The play did not seem to interest the audience deeply; but the music (which was furnished by Mr. Horne), and also the acting, claim our notice.—Alice Bridgenorth's first air is a very pretty composition—it was encored; her song of the Young Cavalier, which is a spirited production, had the same honor conferred upon it: both these songs, and a part in two duets with Sapio, were finely executed by Miss Paton.—The opening chorus of the second act, and a song by Julian, in which he reads a couple of verses from the tablets of the supposed dumb girl, were likewise greatly applauded. Sapio, who has much to do, was in good voice: he is greatly improved as a dramatic singer. Fawcett as an old cavalier, and Blanchard, as a toping gamekeeper, acted very well. Miss Glover played Fenella, and it gives us pleasure to acknowledge that she exhibited no little talent in the performance of it: her dumb shew is exceedingly graceful; and her interview with her father in the last act displayed a great degree of tenderness and feeling. Mrs. Gibbs, in the character of Deborah Debbitch, highly amused the audience by the oddity of her dress, manners, and deportment, and the broad humour which she assumed so well.

THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

IN a summer theatre (for so this was intended to be) we are content with light airy pieces, and do not look for that weight of sense or that strength of talent, either in writing or acting, which the heavy winter houses are expected to exhibit. The auditors in general are patient and good-humored, and a condemnation, therefore, is rarely the fate of a new piece within the walls of the Hay-Market. Trusting to this lenity, the manager ventured to produce *Pong-Wong*, a Chinese extravaganza, composed of the following incidents. A viceroy is on the point of putting to death a young man, Ting-Ting, who had insulted him by calling him a fool; but an astrologer interposes in favor of the youth, and assures Pong-Wong that the object of his intended vengeance was born under the same star with the governor himself, and that the death of one will follow that of the other in a few hours—'a very unpleasant arrangement, indeed,' as Pong-Wong justly observes, but one for which there is no remedy; and, accordingly, the desire of the youth's punishment is changed into the most tremulous anxiety for his life and safety. He is now caressed and enriched; and, at last, happening to find, in a captive fair one of the palace, his own lost mistress, is blest with her hand.

On this occasion, even the humor of Liston was lost in the stupidity of the piece, and the sweet strains of Madame Vestris could not procure the favorable suffrages of the audience. One song, however, composed by Mr. Lee, and entitled *Love's Labor Lost*, was saved from the wreck, and has been repeated with applause as an appendage to other pieces.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

WALKING DRESS.

PELISSE of cedar-colored *gros de Naples*, lined with blue sarcenet; the pelisse made very simple, trimmed round only with a double rouleau; the body slightly *drapé à la Circassienne*. A plaited frill of the same material as the pelisse, encircles the throat in lieu of a collar, surmounted by a triple ruff of Urling's lace. The sleeves fit almost close to the arm, with a mancheron formed of one scallop, indented round the edge. Bonnet of purple and yellow velvet, trimmed with the same, and with riband to correspond. Veil of black Chantilly lace. Muff of grey and white squirrel.

EVENING COSTUME.

Dress of ethereal blue satin trimmed at the border with blond, and rich silk

twisted cordons: over an ornament of the latter kind, which surmounts the rouleau-hem next the shoe, is a very narrow flounce of scaloped blond; above this is a very broad blond trimming, plaited in the middle, where it is divided by another ornament of twisted cordons, of the color of the dress. The body is laid in flat plaits downwards, at some distance from each other. The sleeves are short, and trimmed with narrow blond, ornamented from the shoulder with two scalops, divided in the middle, and edged round with blond. The tucker part of the dress is surrounded by a falling ornament of broad blond, headed by a trimming of tulle. The hair is arranged next the face in very large curls, and adorned with strings of pearls, full-blown roses, and the little blue flower, 'Forget me not.'—The ear-pendants and necklace are of pearls; the bracelets are of gold, clasped with a ruby, set round with pearls.

We are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square, for these novel and elegant dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Our public spectacles and evening dress-parties now begin to present a charming *coup d'œil* of elegance and splendor. The most superb jewellery adorns the necks and arms, while their ear-pendants, and the gems that encircle their fingers, cast a brilliancy over even the most simple apparel.

The large wrapping Tyrolese cloke or mantle is the most prevalent envelope for out-door costume: though the useful hood is retained, it is only temporary, being made to take on and off. Cloaks of the newest make are distinguished by pelerine capes, which terminate in front by a long fichu point, reaching almost to the hip; these capes have an elegant binding of the same color with the lining, which is usually of some striking tint, while the cloak itself, is of some fine, dark, and retired kind of color; such as slate, cinnamon, brown, or *fumée de Londres*. The newest pelisses we have seen in *gros de Naples*, are of a fine drake's-neck-green, or cornflower-blue; they button close down the front, from the throat to the feet, and are trimmed down the bust and front of the skirt with an ornament *en scie*, the teeth of which are bound round with satin; a pelerine, pointed *à l'Espagnole*, of the same material as the pelisse, falls over the shoulders, and is surmounted by a falling colerette frill of fine muslin, with a double quilling of lace; the sleeves are *en gigot*, with antique points at the wrists, where they are fastened by a narrow bracelet formed of a gold chain.

Bonnets for the promenade are often of the same color and material as the pelisse; but they are trimmed with variegated riband, with which they are tied close under the chin, though the bonnet is wide in front, and the strings placed under the brim; a black lace veil is generally worn. Hats of white watered

gros de Naples prevail much in carriages; when only adopted for the morning airing, or shopping, they have neither feathers nor flowers; but are profusely adorned with puffings of *gros de Naples* of some very light colors, trimmed round with blond; these are often of two hues, such as celestial pale blue and very straw-color; pink, and mignonette pale-green. Large close black velvet bonnets are much in favor for the promenade; they are generally lined with amber. Black velvet and black satin hats are more in favor than any others; and the latter are often ornamented with shaded riband of very bright and striking colors.

Petticoats of *gros de Naples* of durable hues, such as Etruscan-brown, or slate-color, with a cambric muslin spencer, trimmed with lace or with quillings of muslin, are much worn by young persons for home costume. The body of the spencer is ornamented across the bust with bands formed of a beautiful and novel kind of cotton trimming: the sleeves are *en gigot*, and are confined at the wrists by three rows of muslin, *bouillonés*. A triple ruff of lace or clear muslin encircles the throat. Ball-dresses are often of light-colored satin, trimmed with blond; but the newest are of tulle over white satin: the skirt is finished *à l'Arcadie*, and formed by three *rouleaux* of white satin, caught up in front by a bouquet of roses and a bow of white satin riband. Round the border, beneath these ornaments, next the shoe, is a broad, full puckering of tulle, on which are placed leaves composed of *rouleaux* of satin and narrow blond, which, by its pattern, forms the jagging round the leaf, representing that of a cherry-tree. The body is of white satin, and made quite plain: the sleeves are short, with very little ornament, and not remarkably full; they are of tulle, and a fluted band of white satin, edged with blond,

confines them round the arm, far above the elbow: a bow of pink riband is placed on each shoulder, and a sash of the same color, very broad and with very long ends in front, is a proper appendage to this dress. Bracers of the same riband, edged with blond of a Vandyke pattern, give an elegant finish to the bust, where they are brought forward and form a kind of stomacher.

The favorite morning dresses are of the new printed chintzes; and being generally of the most costly pattern, and high price, they are less used at the breakfast-table than they are for receiving very friendly dinner-parties at home. Some of these are from seven to eight shillings the yard; and, when the ground is of a fine Japanese red, they have been seen with white satin bodice, and made up in a very fanciful and expensive manner, as evening-dresses, when at home.

The hair of a young lady is arranged in curls and bows, and much elevated on the summit of the head; it is parted away plain from the forehead, and a few curls are on each temple, but discover the whole ear; before the long tresses are divided into the bows at the top of the head, they are twisted very closely together at the nape of the neck, and thence drawn tight up to the summit. The ornaments are clove-carnations and damask roses, placed separately amidst the hair; and such is the favorite way of dressing the head at balls. *Beret* turbans are much worn, very broad, and flat on the back of the head; they are not becoming to English features, though they gain ground daily: the turban part in front is divided by three straps of satin in bias, the color of the gauze of which the *beret* is formed. Small caps of tulle and blond, placed very backward, are much in request for home costume. The blond, at the border of this sort of cap, is put on in the form of a cock's comb, and flowers and bows of riband serve for ornaments. Dress hats have made their appearance; and, when of black velvet, are often adorned with white marabouts, or with flat ostrich-feathers of a bright red.

The favorite colors for bonnets, hats, turbans, sashes, &c., are pink, green, ponceau, yellow, and etherial-blue; for mantles, pelisses, and dresses, slate-color, cinnamon, and Etruscan brown; ja-

pan-red, corn-flower-blue, pomegranate-red, and drake's-neck-green.

MODES PARISIENNES.

Ladies of the first distinction, in their carriages, and on entering and quitting the theatres, wear mantles of plaid velvet; these are exclusively adopted by the wealthy, and bear a very high price; they are lined throughout, with silk of one color, and have two or three capes, the same as the mantle. For walking, a mantle of fine Merino cloth, trimmed with bias folds of red and black satin, is reckoned very elegant. Scotch plaid scarfs and Cachemire shawls are favorite out-door envelopes. Several pelisses of *gros de Naples* are trimmed with four *ruches* round the border, and sides in front; these are separated from each other by a narrow *rouleau* of satin.

Bonnets of black satin, lined with yellow, are very general. Colored satin hats, such as pink, blue, lilac and violet, are trimmed with black velvet, black feathers of a very light kind, and satin riband. A bias fold of black velvet encircles the crowns of these hats.—The capotes or close bonnets are of *gros de Naples*; the favorite hue for them, is monster-green, lined with violet, or with rose-colored satin: they are trimmed with bows of ribands of two colors, sewn together, and suitable to the shades and lining of the bonnet. Black velvet hats are, as usual in the winter season, now predominant; they are often ornamented with coloured ribands, frequently of Scotch plaid. Aigrettes of black and yellow feathers are more admired on these hats than flowers.

Flounces of blond form the favorite border-trimming on dresses; in the shape of the bodice there is nothing new. White Spanish silk dresses with satin stripes, are much admired. Gowns of white crape, trimmed with very full *ruches*, are very prevalent at dress parties; they have very short frock sleeves, trimmed round the arm with blond. Printed cambrics are much worn in *deshabille*; those which are most in favor have a hermit-brown ground, checquered with black, or with a blue ground, or of monster-green, checquered with brown. The flounces that are put on Cachemire or on fine merino dresses, are double, and of the same material as the gown; they are very narrow, and sometimes there are as many as five or six.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**BIRTHS.**

Sons to lady Louisa Finch Hatton and lady Sullivan, and to the wives of Sir Christopher Smith, the rev. Mr. Whish, Mr. W. P. Honynwood, Mr. Love-day the proctor, Mr. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. W. Twyford.

Daughters to lady Jane Pym and the hon. Mrs. Cust, and to the wives of Sir G. Cornwall, Mr. Kekewich, M.P., the hon. major Napier, Mr. E. Bligh, and Mr. W. R. Amherst.

MARRIAGES.

At Paris, the hon. Ferdinand St. John, to Selina, the youngest daughter of colonel Keatinge.

At Florence, the eldest son of Sir John Stanley, to the hon. Miss Dillon.

Mr. T. F. V. Wentworth, to lady Augusta Bruce, daughter of the marquis of Aylesbury.

Captain Parry, of the royal navy, to the fourth daughter of Sir John Stanley.

Captain Donald Macdonald, of the corps of Royal Engineers, to Miss Maule.

The son of Mr. Charles Harris, of Coventry, to the third daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, M.D.

The rev. T. Cantley, to Mary Anne Henson.

Major Moray Stirling, to the daughter of lord Douglas.

Mr. W. E. Oliver, to the second daughter of Mr. T. Cadell.

The third son of Sir Thomas Whichcote, to the daughter of R. Bree, M.D.

Mr. J. B. Montefiore, to Miss Mocatta.

Mr. R. Dent, to Mrs. Roberts.

The rev. R. Downes, to Miss Hooper.

DEATHS.

At Petersburg, the daughter of the prince Scherbatoff, wife of Sir Robert Ker Porter.

At Geneva, the hon. and rev. R. L. Melville.

At Turin, Testa, an eminent sculptor.

Mr. George Garrard, the artist.

Mr. G. W. Bremeyer.

Sir Richard Hardinge, in his 72d year.

Mr. Alderman Magnay.

Mr. E. Chippendale, solicitor to the Mint.

At Beckenham, Sir William Bellingham.

Sir Bouchier Wrey, in his 69th year.

In her twelfth year, the only child of the chancellor of the exchequer and lady Sarah Robinson.

The eldest daughter of colonel and lady Elizabeth Steele.

Miss Jane Smith, late of the island of Nevis, at the age of 40.

At Edinburgh, John Macdonald, in the 112th year of his year.

Sir S. Sharp, the British consul in Russia.

At Bath, Mrs. Colbeck, sister of Sir Isaac Coffin.

At Chiswick, the relict of the rev. Dr. Horne.

J. Fletcher, M.D., a magistrate for the county of Gloucester.

Near Waltham-Abbey, at the age of 46 years, Mr. Thomas Augustus Jessop, by an act of suicidal violence, under the influence of temporary insanity;—and at Chingford, in the same manner, Mr. George Wood, in his 22d year.

The countess dowager of Normanton.

Mrs. A. M. Buckland, of Walworth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Song to Maria will soon make its appearance; but the Song to Jane, not indeed the production of the same writer, is unworthy of any girl who has either beauty or intellect, and is therefore rejected—with contempt.

We have accepted a contribution from M. (as that lady will find on a reference to our pages), and we thank her for the gratuitous offer. With regard to that remuneration which she solicits for her future productions, we answer, that it will be proportioned to their merit.

The Verses addressed to Miss E. F. are, on second thoughts, pronounced inadmissible.

The Lines suggested by Lavinia's Suicide are too full of slip-slop and nonsense to please an intelligent reader.

Mr. Major's musical communication is intended for our next number.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE, 1859



OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

DECEMBER 31, 1826.

THE CURIOUS FAMILY.

THAT curiosity is a natural and useful passion, no one will deny; that it is the nurse of intellect, the mother of knowledge, and the companion of genius, is equally undoubted; but we cannot fail to see, that, when it is confined to low and frivolous pursuits, or to degrading means of satisfying its energies, it becomes contemptible and ridiculous. The passion thus understood and misdirected, has been considered by nearly all writers on the subject, whether moral or satirical, as belonging exclusively to old bachelors, antiquated maids, or gossiping widows. It has been supposed to be indigenous only in little market-towns or secluded villages, where tea-parties and tattle, the sparrings of the card-table, or the meetings of lovers in green lanes and coppices, occupied the retailers of scandal and stimulate their powers of enquiry. Paul Pry is found to be the inhabitant of such a region; his daily avocation is evidently in a narrow circle. The Mrs. Teresa Tattle of Miss Edgeworth occupies more commanding ground, for she lives at Bristol hot-wells, and her enquiries go far beyond the drawing of ovens and of teeth, for she looks into the *antickity* of families and the lobes of lungs. Marplot also lives in the circles of fashion; but we have no author who conceives that the passion of curiosity, in its characteristics of mean, fidgety, anxious, prying littleness, can be carried on in this vast me-

tropolis. They have all concluded (very naturally) that, in this mart of politics and commerce, where half of the business of this great globe is carried on, few persons can be found capable of descending from the wide and pressing concerns of life, the pleasures of intellectual intercourse, the interest of awful occurrences, or even the bustle of daily occupation, to busy themselves in petty investigation and curious surmises on the most trifling incidents in life.

It is yet certain that such things are; and, where they *do* happen, we are inclined to think that a London Paul Pry and Peeping Tom will see much farther into a grind-stone, than their ignorant prototypes in the country. They have the advantage of having their materials for observation much nearer home at least, and have no occasion for scaling walls, or leaping over ditches, to pounce upon his prey; and the happy facility with which the windows of streets assist the powers of observation must be evident to every one. Besides, the difficulty of knowing one's next-door neighbour in London stimulates you to conquer the impediment, or prompts you to take revenge by scanning the opposite one more minutely; and a bold spirit has a much better chance for being rewarded by its discoveries in the unknown parts of London, than it could have in the country.— There, every thing a man does, says, and wears, is so soon known to every body, that there is no merit in ascer-

taining his actions, or guessing at his motives: but, in town, some discernment must be allowed to one who discovers whether his neighbour is a gentleman or a sharper, a simpleton or a philosopher—whether his handsome companion is his lawful wife, or her temporary representative—whether he is a churchman or dissenter—has friends who visit, or duns who pursue him. His hours, his occupations, station, family, health, fortune, connections, opinions, habits, society and prospects, are all to be gathered by such confined means, as to require a positive *genius* for the thing, or such talents as are never called for and never need be looked for in any country situation.

We are acquainted with a whole family, who are absolutely infected with this mania of prying, and, by dint of nursing their faculties for this purpose, have attained a proficiency of the most astonishing kind, insomuch that they know within a pound or two what the quarterly bill of the butcher may be to each of their three opposite neighbours, and can guess within a chaldron of the consumption of their coals. Even pies and puddings cannot make their necessary peregrinations to the baker without being discovered in all their properties and value, by which means it is easily known when company may be expected; and thus new fuel is added to the never-dying flame of enquiry. A fishmonger's visit never fails to produce regular sentinels at the windows, which recruit their numbers if the purveyor of poultry should send his stores; and, long before the arrival of the company, all the individuals of the family are marshaled in formal array, as if prepared for a siege, and every knock, step, or carriage, serves to whet the ruling passion, and increase that appetite which can devour caps, hats, umbrellas, and boots, and yet remain unsated.

The family in question are remarkably well situated in life for this agreeable if not useful occupation; for, although sufficiently wealthy to be perfectly at ease, they do not so stand in the circles of fashion, as to be liable to the interruption of callers, or the charming fatigues of dissipation. A healthy lively mother, an invalid father, seven daughters, and three adult sons, compose the domestic grouse. Such a phalanx, even the insulated Londoner (who, if he wishes to be solitary, has a power of

very extraordinary seclusion) cannot withstand. So many shrewd looks and bright eyes, properly stationed in three low balcony windows from morning till night, shooting both to the right and left, would unkennel the slyest fox, and detect the most covert delinquency. It was perfectly well known to the pretty Sophia, when one neighbour spilled the salt as he passed it to a handsome widow, and slatternly Kitty (who has no time to attend to her dress) knew the exact moment when the lap-dog of another expired, after seven days of wearisome suffering. Not an ailment, from the whitlow on a housemaid's finger to the amputation of an old gentleman's leg, can escape them, through all the necessary gradations in the three houses subjected to their ken; and every cover on the tables of each, from a solitary mutton-chop taken as a lunch, to the three courses of a christening dinner for a young heir, is equally scanned and commented upon. Although the neighbouring families have unfortunately no peculiar distinction, either in poverty, wealth, or character—though there is not a single oddity among them, or the least spark of mystery attached to their situation or conduct—yet they are watched with all the espionage that belongs to fear, and the curiosity which is warranted by eccentricity. So soon as day is over, the family forms itself into small parties, and by slowly traversing the pavement, peeping into the areas, watching the emerging of servants, the entrance of friends, and listening to the sounds of voices, it is astonishing how abundant and valuable becomes the information they obtain. In one case they have clearly ascertained that arrow-root is the only supper taker in the family; and, in another, that they are actually such Goths as to eat sandwiches; that some of their neighbours are content to drink humble Port, whereas others sport Burgundy and Tokay. It has been clearly discovered, that in one house the lady's maid turns her mistress's silk gowns, and enables her to appear most enviably neat at a small expense; that at the very next door the mistress is a poor wretch who keeps no higher servant than a housemaid;—‘of course, she must do such things herself.’

From these *data* arise innumerable conjectures and conclusions, forming arguments, conversations, and informations, from morning till night, and admirably supplying the whole family with

that entertainment which newspapers, circulating libraries, bead-work, and music, are usually expected to furnish. The best eyes and ears in the family receive most praise from the rest; but next to them come in, the clever youth who makes a deduction from given premises, and the satirical girl who ridicules every thing she sees. Papa, as the grand inquisitor, receives all information in his gouty chair, and directs the little familiars how best to apply their powers to any given end.—‘If you, Maria, stand in the upper corner, you may see whether the pie you say is now going be plum or apple; and if you, Tom, look sharp after the postman, you will learn whether the letters are franked or paid for at number 25. I know they have relations in parliament; besides, the general postman and the butcher are mostly there at the same time;—so look about you, my boy, and see what they have got; I don’t believe the people at No. 23 have had a joint of veal these two years. What can be the reason?’

When a servant is discharged from any of the houses under surveillance, it is a positive jubilee, as the discarded individual is immediately sent for under the pretext of being wanted, and, when present, examined on every point respecting his—or her—late services, so as to throw extraordinary light on all the interior in question. It is true, little can be elicited from many of the true John-Bull breed, when they perceive what they have been sent for, and find themselves assailed by so many interrogators; yet *something* must be gained by every process of distillation, and we have frequently heard such information thus referred to: ‘You know the cook said they were very odd people, and paid for every thing they had when they bought it;’ or ‘it is a *fact* they get all their poultry from the country; the footman *acknowledged* it.’ These *important* truths, when revealed against their neighbours, are generally sealed by papa’s observing, ‘It is so, upon my soul;’ to which his other half assents: ‘Yes, it *is*, upon my honor; I have seen large baskets of chickens brought by porters with my *own* eyes. I am certain they cannot be presents; for who would send poultry for that purpose? No! depend upon it they have some regular correspondent who furnishes them, and to whom they pay a low price; they must be very mean people, I take it.’ ‘Now

I call them bad managers,’ observes papa, ‘for I am confident that carriage and portage make the fowls dear before they reach their house: yes! they are foolish ignorant people.’—‘Most probably they are conceited,’ adds the eldest daughter; ‘from many things about them I am nearly certain that the two ladies who appear to be equally mistresses of the house, came from the country themselves originally, and each was perhaps a kind of lady Bountiful, in some huge old hall; and those people are always conceited and prejudiced to the utmost degree.’—‘You are right, Charlotte, *quite* right; for I am clear that there is no end of their charity. I caught the old woman coming out of the house last night with her soup, the same as before, and I *know* that the sick carpenter in Little Rathbone-place had two flannel waistcoats from their house not three days ago,’ adds the eldest son, with a jerk of the head and a wink of the left eye, which proved that he was satisfied with a discovery which had been prosecuted with no slight vigilance.

I believe it has never occurred, either that the virtues which were witnessed, awakened, in any of the members of our curious family, a desire to emulate the example of their neighbours, or that the faults they discovered operated as warnings. They are themselves certainly no great proficient in good management, still less in elegant accomplishments, or polite literature: in fact, they are too busy to attend to domestic affairs, general knowledge, or even the chit-chat of the day. A new tragedy, a Scottish novel, a barbarous murder, or even the elopement of a titled adulteress, passes once their ears and tongues with little power of impression; and although, mechanically and habitually, they ask a string of questions on first hearing the circumstance mentioned, yet they would turn from the announcement of a new *Ivanhoe* to see the recommendatory puff of an advertising haberdasher given into the house before them, and forget the damages of Mr. Wellesley Long’s long trial to gaze on the contents of a green-grocer’s delivery at the door of the soup-giving ladies. The natural and legitimate sources of enquiry are merged in a few narrow and futile surmises, and the whole party may be truly said to

‘Resemble ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.’

A moralist could not listen to ‘them

without exclaiming, 'can such pursuits be the occupations of rational and immortal souls?' and he might well make such a remark. It is too frivolous a subject for the dignity of the ethic philosopher, and even unworthy of the pen of criticism or the lash of satire: yet it is certain that this contemptible error may be in various ways the source of vexation to those against whom it is applied, and we can scarcely suppose that even sensible and good people escape the sense of annoyance which it is calculated to convey. Who is so wise as not to suffer from petty evils? Who is able at all times to endure teasing circumstances and harassing impertinences? Besides, if one person in the family laughs at the folly he despises, it by no means follows that another should be equally gifted with buoyant spirits and the habit of pleasant derision. The sting of a gnat may be unfelt by manhood, yet infancy may suffer under it even excruciating pain. Such, we may add, is the variety of temperament to which we are all subject, that what we may enjoy to-day as a source of risible amusement may offend us to-morrow, and become a source of distress on the following day, as our perceptions of all subjects of offence depend much on our health, spirits, and the society with which we mingle.

But, if these curious persons cannot be made the subjects of serious expostulation or of caustic ridicule, how are they to be cured of a distemper so enfeebling to their own minds, and so tormenting to those around them? Surely the cure would be best effected by shewing them up *en masse* upon the stage. We are persuaded that Mr. Peake, or some other comic writer, might make an excellent thing of it as a pendant to Paul Pry. Liston would make an inimitable papa, Mrs. Glover would be a not less valuable representative of the bustling mother, and we have many in the *corps dramatique* who could personify the alert and anxious curiosity of the young fry, with all their scanning, listening, conjecturing, peeping, and prying faculties. The magnitude of their discoveries in bread-baskets and frying-pans, the bitterness of their disappointments, the neutralising of their scandals, and the exposure of their tricks, might be worked into a *mélange* of considerable amusement; and, as it would be the only way in which such persons

could be made either useful or diverting to his majesty's subjects, we should really be glad to witness it. Besides, it is natural to suppose, that those who have taken so much pains to collect knowledge (of whatever nature that knowledge may be), should wish to disseminate it, and it cannot be doubted that twelve persons must, in the course of twelve years, have accumulated facts of some importance to the well-being of society, though they might have gleaned them from the dust of a chamber or the refuse of a kitchen. B.

VINDICATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

MR. EDITOR,—All the fair readers of your miscellany, at least all who have any candor, must be disgusted at the ungallant spirit of Mr. Sharon Turner, who, under the pretence of throwing light upon the reign of Henry VIII., has endeavoured to vilify the memory of Anne Boleyn. Almost every one used to consider that princess as an innocent victim of tyrannic cruelty; and we are sorry to observe a grave historian coolly blackening her and white-washing her murderer.

Can the following observations be deemed fair or justifiable?

Mr. Turner says, 'One of her first steps, after her imprisonment, was to send from the Tower, four days after she had entered it, that letter to the king which has been too hastily thought to be above her abilities. It has the appearance of being a genuine, but an artificial production of her mind, though, from its unconciliating and reproaching tone, it was not a judicious one. It asserts her innocence, but yet not with that warmth and simplicity of natural emotion, which, from a female of her rank and sensibility, unjustly calumniated and convicted, might have been looked for. It has the inconsistency of irritating, while she dreaded and meant to supplicate; but it is more like the subdued and angry phrase of a conscious and guarded pleader, than the pathetic language of a wounded upright heart. Nor can it deserve the praise it has received of being an affectionate appeal. The hint that she should have been satisfied if he had not addressed her, gave strength to one of the charges made against her at her trial, and fastened on her memory by her greatest ad-

versary afterwards. It could only excite in Henry a vexatious mortification. As little could it please him to be told that she expected his inconstancy; repeating thus one of the faults for which she blamed herself in her address to the peers. After one truly impressive paragraph, she adds a demand for a public and impartial trial, with an animation that became her situation; but she inserts a provoking insinuation, that she was the victim of his attachment to another; of which she reminds him that she had already upbraided him. The following imputation that he would destroy her to possess a new favourite, and the epithets, 'unprincely and cruel,' which she attaches to him, were so imprudent, that they seem more like the language of self-convicted despair, than of endangered innocence. But to solicit, in behalf of those who were arraigned as her dishonouring favourites, the person whom they were accused of most injuring, could only add irritation to suspicion, and give to resenting jealousy new fuel and some foundation. It was not at all likely to benefit them; and the king could hardly fail to remark, that this part of her letter is the most earnest paragraph that it contains.

'There is no evidence how he received her appeals to his various recollections and sensibilities; but one of his first measures was to have an inquiry made of her earliest admirer Percy, whether any contract of marriage with him had preceded her nuptials with himself. This application has been usually represented as an aggravation of Henry's severity; but the fair supposition is, that the purpose of the investigation was intended mercy to the queen. A pre-contract, not annulled by mutual consent, made any other marriage invalid; and, if the truth had allowed Percy to have admitted one, as that fact would have authorised an immediate cassation of her royal matrimony, without her conviction or death, neither of these might have ensued. She would have sunk immediately into her original privacy, as one who had never been married, and the king would have been free to choose a new wife as he pleased. Percy was examined on this subject by the cabinet council; but his solemn denial, on his oath, still more solemnly repeated, precluding this mode of invalidating her nuptials, the fatal course of a trial which had been pre-

pared for, was resolutely pursued to all its consequential severity.

It appears to *us* (says a critic who is more candid than the historian) that the cunning and selfishness of a guilty mind would have suggested any thing but this *earnest* appeal in behalf of the persons arraigned with the queen; if the possession of the crown, and the enjoyment of courtly society, had so spoiled and perverted the natural amiability of Anne Boleyn, as Mr. Turner supposes, it is surprising that there should not have been substituted more of depth and intriguing ability than she evinced during her imprisonment and trial. Whether guilty or not, there appears about her a degree of firmness, openness, and magnanimity, which we cannot help considering as quite incompatible with the alleged weakness which homage had intoxicated, the presumed vanity which flattery had ensnared, and the *enfeebled* judgement which unceasing pleasure had corrupted and dissolved. Mr. Turner is *ingenious* in his discovery of Henry's *merciful* intentions; it seems evident enough that, if he had ever cherished such, the fact would have received its merited publicity, and would have stood on better ground than our historian's 'fair supposition' and ill-supported inference.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Turner on this subject are more illiberal than impartial:—'Anne Boleyn has, on the whole, been severely dealt with by many, and even by some of her own sex—pardonably indeed by them; because female virtue is so beautiful in itself; every instance of it in elevated rank is so honourable to womanhood; its courtly models were then so rare; its purity at all times is so delicate; its reputation so precious, its value so inestimable, and its abandonment by any so depreciating to all, that we can easily forgive the female sensibility which will not pardon the offenders who break or weaken a talisman which makes their sex so attractive, so superior, and so subduing. But, before we throw down Anne Boleyn among the worthless of her sex, we must not forget that, while we have her indictment and her conviction, we have none of the evidence by which we can ourselves appreciate the justice of either; and one authority, impressive, because coming from a foreigner, who must have been guilty of

wilful and gratuitous mendacity, if his assertion be false, has transmitted to us the assurance, from many Englishmen, that Henry himself, as he approached his own death-bed, expressed regret for his severity against her. But, as the destruction of the papers which detailed her trial precludes the attainment of certainty on the subject, the mind that wishes to be impartial, after reviewing all the circumstances that have reached us, will perhaps incline to think that a state of neutrality, as to her guilt, is preferable to either a belief or a denial of its existence; admitting at the same time that she may have been an instance of the justness of Ganganelli's remark, that the virtues in some persons are too often but like flashes of lightening, which shine and disappear in the horizon they illuminate.'

The most execrable tyrants have had their apologists; and, therefore, it is not surprising that the blood-thirsty Henry should have found one.

MARIA.

AN ATTEMPT TO RECLAIM AN UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND; *from* THE TOR HILL.

WHEN lady Fitzmaurice could no longer be blind to the infidelity of sir Lionel, the jealousy that the discovery kindled in her bosom was not that blind, furious, and frantic passion, which, converting love into hatred, hurries its wretched victim into deeds of revenge and desperation. Never having herself ceased to love sir Lionel, she had never despaired of recovering his affections; she had never abandoned even the hope of weaning him from his ambitious and guilty projects, and rendering him worthy of that unalterable affection with which she still contemplated him. In the humbleness of her heart, she imagined that the most likely mode of effecting her purpose was by meekness, resignation, and an undeviating abstinence from complaint or reproach. In these qualities she could at least eclipse her rival, and by these, therefore, she hoped in time to win back her truant husband; but there was a trait of characteristic simplicity in the belief that she might also compete with his mistress in her accomplishments, and lure back the wanderer by the same attractions that had led him astray. Upon the suspicious authority of one of her own

maids, she had learned, that the woman in question was neither younger nor more comely than herself; and that her sole fascination consisted in her being able to sing and play upon the guitar, a much less common attainment in those days than it has since become.

Nothing but the devotedness of a sanguine and ineradicable affection could have prompted the resolution which she now adopted. She determined to learn the guitar, for the purpose of affording that solace to her husband in his own house, the want of which she was willing to believe had been the sole cause of his alienation, although a band of minstrels formed a part of his regular establishment. In secret, and with incredible perseverance, did she prosecute a purpose rendered doubly irksome and laborious by its being so utterly repugnant to all her previous habits. Even in the difficulties of her undertaking she found a pleasure, taking it for granted that sir Lionel would proportionately appreciate her exertions, and feeding upon the delightful hope of calling him back to her with voice and instrument, as surely as the skilful falconer reclaims a scattering hawk by his whoop and lure. Never, since her union with sir Lionel, had she experienced so much happiness as while she was labouring under this delusion, which kept her in an enthusiasm of anticipation. Every day some small progress was made; and every night she laid her head upon her pillow in the soothing, the delicious persuasion, that she had accomplished something toward the recovery of her husband's affections. During this welcome infatuation her countenance discarded that expression of meek melancholy by which it was generally marked, and assumed a more cheerful mien; while her long absences at her secret lessons, and the brisk mysteriousness of her manner when she returned, convinced Beatrice, the only one who took the trouble to note her demeanour, that she was wrapped up in some concealed project, although she was utterly unable to surmise its import.

At length the little train, by which she was to rekindle the torch of love, became perfected for explosion. By uninterrupted practice she had enabled herself to extort two or three tunes from the instrument, and, enveloping it in a cloth, she unexpectedly made her appearance in her husband's private apartment. Luckily he was in a more gracious mood

than ordinary, or she would probably have been chidden for the intrusion: as it was, he suffered her to seat herself beside him without observation, although he could not help noticing, with a look of sneering wonderment, the unusual expression of triumph that sat upon her features. After mildly lamenting how little she had seen him lately, since he was either perpetually closeted with his agents, or a wanderer from the Tor House in search of recreation, (such was the only guarded allusion that she made to her rival,) she continued—
 ‘Well-a-day! sir Lionel, my dear sir Lionel, what would I not give to hear you sometimes sing to me as was your wont before we married? Sooth now, I would willingly wager a tester, that, an you were good enough to try, you might carol me the pleasant ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. Ah, sir Lionel, do you remember—’

‘Twit! madam,’ interrupted her husband, who hated all allusion to his singing, since she would not see that it was solely done with the interested motive of obtaining her money; ‘you may spare your speech, for I remember it all—the miller’s cottage—the little garden—the pattering water—the blackbird in the maple tree—and the posies of eg-lantine and tansies. Gadamercey! I had a leaky memory else, for the same question is ever on your lips.’

‘Alas! because the scene is so deeply stamped upon my heart, and for ever floating before my eyes; but, by my holidame! I would mention it no more if I ween’d it might anger you; nor will you now take it in dudgeon against me, I hope, if I have prepared for you here a little surprise, meant in good sooth to do you pleasure and contentment.’ She laid her hand, as she spoke, upon the concealed guitar, which she contemplated with a pleased and significant look.

‘Psha!’ cried sir Lionel peevishly, ‘what gossip’s mummary is this? This is not the first of April, and, if it were, you might better bestow your foolery upon the wenches at the spinning-wheel, for I am no chapman for such empty jibes.’

‘By my sooth, and on my soul, it is no jibe,’ said lady Fitzmaurice, striking her hand upon the instrument, as if to give earnestness to her asseveration.

‘Nay, then, pr’ythee make an end of your foolery: if it be a puppet, keep it for your maid Marian and the morris-

dancers; if it be the haunch of a fat buck, away with it to the yeomen of the broach; and, if a tod of fine wool, to the spindle with it, and let the wenches set their wheels a-twirling.’

‘Truly, sir Lionel, I have no such silly gear, but that which hath cost me more labour and pains than I would care to bestow for any earthly thing, unless it were to do solace to my husband. By my holidame, you shall not any longer need to roam for the tinkling of cunning wives, nor for the trolling of a song, for I have that in my hand which shall make the Tor House as pleasant a bower, as if it held a merry mistress with a throat more tuneful than the laverock’s.’

So saying, she began to unfold the cloth with a mysterious smile, and seating herself in a stiff constrained attitude, after trying the strings, and hemming two or three times, she sang, in an untutored though not unmelodious voice, some stanzas which had probably been selected rather for the moral they contained against roaming, than for their poetical merit:—

‘My mother’s maids, when they do sit and spin
 They sing sometimes a song of the field-mouse
 Who, for because her livelihood was thin,
 Would needs go seek her townish sister’s
 house.’

Her awkward mode of handling the instrument, somewhat like the first attempt of a school-girl;—her occasional mistakes, after which she very deliberately began again;—the plodding earnestness with which she marked the time with her feet, as a substitute for her defective ear:—and the verses she had chosen for her *coup d’essai*—would have presented a ludicrous combination to a stranger, though the exhibition must have assumed a touching, and almost a pathetic character, to one who knew her affectionate motives, and the assiduous hope with which she had studied her lesson. Even sir Lionel, whose conscious penetration soon gave him a clue to the whole plot, was not altogether unmoved by this near proof of her unalterable attachment, and by the humility which, instead of reproaching, thus endeavoured to reclaim him. Taunting and contemptuous as he usually was, he could not bear to sneer away the triumphant satisfaction at her achievement which irradiated her whole countenance; but still wishing to escape the second

verse with which she threatened him, he laid his hand upon her arm, and, pressing it gently, exclaimed—‘Why, what a silly wretch thou art, and overfond! Hast thou taken all these pains to do solace to thy husband? Gadainercy, Madge! my good and gentle Madge! he has not deserved it of thee.’ He again pressed her arm as he concluded, gazing upon her at the same time with a kind and not ungratified expression.

These were the first endearments, the first softened tones, the first friendly looks she had for a long time received; and imagining that she beheld in these the perfect success of her scheme, and the accomplishment of all her hopes, her affectionate heart instantly overflowed with a passion of joy. The guitar slipped from her unconscious grasp, her face became suffused with a flush of triumph; the tears gushed from her eyes, and, clasping her hands together as she fell upon her knees, she exclaimed in a sobbing voice, ‘Oh, sir Lionel! my husband, my dear husband! I would do this and ten times more; I would even kneel to you and be your humblest slave, if you would only love me as was once your wont, and not deem that a wanton can dote upon you with half so fond and faithful a heart as your wife. Oh, if I could once win you from these perilous errors——’

‘Twit! twit! good Madge,’ interrupted sir Lionel, who already repented the momentary emotion he had betrayed, and the scene to which it had given rise—‘up from your knees, I pr’ythee; and no more of this, for it ever irks me to see a whimpering wife; and I must away, for I have urgent doings this morning that must be quickly sped.’

‘Well-a-day, sir Lionel; was I crying? Troth, I knew it not. I will dry up my tears if they anger you; but may it please you, my dear husband, not to leave me till you have heard the rest, and the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, which it liked you once to sing yourself. By Holy Mary! it has cost me sore labour and many a weary hour to learn it.’

‘My present business brooks no delay, and this hearing must be, therefore, for another morning,’ said sir Lionel, who had not the smallest intention of ever listening to more of her minstrelsy, though he was anxious to escape from its present infliction without silencing her by any harsh or peremptory com-

mand. Lady Fitzmaurice was too much gratified by what she had achieved to oppose her husband’s wishes, and taking up her guitar, which she pressed with transport to her heart, as if it had been the happy means of restoring to her all sir Lionel’s affection, she hurried, with a swelling bosom, to her own apartment, to weep with joy, and practise new lessons, and con over a fresh ballad.

She had accomplished wonders in exciting even an evanescent compunction in the mind of her husband, but she wanted tact and management to improve the trifling advantage she had gained. Considering him pledged to hear her some other morning, although he had only talked of it to get rid of her, she beleaguered him about the house, and popping unawares upon him with her guitar, intercepted his escape, and incontinently struck up—

‘I read that once in Africa,
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign.’

But the momentary forbearance with which sir Lionel had once listened to her was not destined to return. Irrate at being thus waylaid and pestered, he quickly lost patience, and commanded her never again to offend him with her unwelcome strains, on pain of his heaviest displeasure. Ever obedient to his will, she threw aside her instrument, forgot presently the skill which it had cost her so much patient drudgery to acquire, and finding that she had accomplished nothing toward the recovery of his affections, while his visits to her rival were as frequent as ever, she sunk into a deeper dejection than before, although no syllable of complaint or reproach ever escaped her lips.

TALES OF A VOYAGER TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE mixture of truth with fiction has been condemned by many critics, and the practice evidently tends to mislead those who are not correctly acquainted with the historic statements. Some of the readers of the *Recess*, for instance, have confounded in their minds the fictions of Miss Lee with the genuine biography of queen Mary of Scotland, and others have not distinguished between facts and inventions in the novel of

Waverley. In the volumes now before us, many of the incidents appear to have really occurred; but, from the nature of the subject, the occasional merging of these in fiction will not operate as a gross or serious delusion.

Among the tales which the seamen are supposed to relate during the voyage, the Shetland romance is one of the most striking.

In one of the small islands (it is said) dwelt two fishermen, whom early circumstances had made the Pylades and Orestes of this remote region, though 'their persons and tempers were very unlike. Petie Winwig was a thickset, Dutch-built, heavy-headed calf, with a broad, swollen, grinning countenance. His cheeks rose like two lumps of blubber on each side of his nose, almost concealing that, as well as his little eyes, when he laughed. A perpetual smile of good-humor sat upon his face, and his well-fattened limbs and body showed that care and discontent never prevented his stomach from doing its duty in an able manner. On the other hand, his associate was a perfect wasp, both in appearance and activity. He was 'a lean and hungry-looking' rogue, a complete 'spare Cassius' in his way. His figure was tall and bony, with a length of arm fit for a king, and an eye as quick as a 'donkey's.' His looks were prying and inquisitive, and the shrewdness of his features was greatly heightened by a long and hooked nose, which obtained for him, amongst his countrymen who had been (as most of them have) in the Greenland seas, the designation of the *Mallema*. This title he indeed well sustained, for he was as rapacious, and as constantly on the wing, as that unwearied bird; but he might as justly have been called a solan, or a pelican; for, if he could not poise himself in the air, and plunge down, like one of them, on a shoal of fishes, he knew no bounds to his desire to obtain them; nor would the possession of all the inhabitants of the deep have satisfied his covetousness. His real name was Daniel, but he was most commonly called *Spiel Trosk*, the hardest driver of a bargain that ever brought goods to *Lerwick*.'

The incessant activity of *Spiel*, and the patient industry of his partner, obtained for both of them considerable wealth and distinction. At length the former conceived a superstitious idea that great riches would accrue to him by

some extraordinary means. 'His mind grew uneasy and anxious, and, instead of wearing the air of an active man of business, with a keen and decisive glance of the eye, he shewed the restless and haggard countenance of a person bereft of his property. He began to prowl and roam about now, more in hopes of meeting with the gifts of chance than in pursuit of any determined object, and his looks grew rapacious from avarice, and angry from disappointment: still he did not neglect any of his former occupations, though he performed them with less alacrity of spirit and gratification than before; but he was wont to fall into reveries and calculations upon the nature of the event which was to fill up the measure of his covetousness, if, indeed, such a desire can be satiated.'

Various circumstances concurred to stimulate his ardor. On dropping to sleep, he heard a certain word, which he never could remember or repeat; and his visionary hopes were farther excited by finding a piece of pure gold, of the size of a bullet, on the shore, early in one of his morning prowls. Convinced that the treasures he looked for lay in the sea, whence this specimen had rolled, he fished without intermission with a grapnel, about the coast adjoining; and, while thus occupied, 'he was interrupted by a heavy squall of rain, hail, and snow, which drove with blinding fury over the ocean, full in his face; and, though he cared little for weather, he thought it as well to seek shelter in a kind of cavern in the rocks, foreseeing that the tempest would not last long. Thither he retreated, not by entering at its mouth, for the sea constantly poured in at that opening, but by descending a wide gap in its roof, which led by craggy steps to the cavity. A dark and dreary retreat was this cavern, and of unusual formation, for it was not a blind cave, penetrating directly into the cliff, but a vast gallery or tunnel, which opened on one side of a steep headland, and pierced through to the other, allowing the waves to rush and tumble along its gloomy gulf, till they foamed out at the end opposite to that at which they entered. From the position of the external rocks, waves in constant succession were directed through it, and a perpetual roar reverberated in its hollow bowels. Few but adventurous and thoughtless lads had ever ventured within its interior, and their curiosity led

them not far; while the more mature, who had no motive for encountering its difficulties, were contented with warning their children not to fall down the rift that led to it, which gaped amidst a cluster of heather at the back of the promontory, and with handing down its name of the Nikkur Holl, as they had received it from their fathers. Trosk left the low beach, and hurried round the hill, to the opening that conducted to the chasm; for the storm came pelting down more angrily than he had expected, and so thickly fell the sleet, that he could scarcely see to pick his way through the peat bogs that lay at the foot of the acclivity, deluged as they were with the little rills that descended into them. He had not sought 'the yawn,' as the mouth of the rift was called; since he had been a youth, but he found it with little difficulty. On entering, however, he perceived that its gulf was much less practicable to him now than he had been used to consider it, when younger and more venturesome; and, though he was an expert climber, he felt no inclination to penetrate farther within its abyss, than was requisite to screen him from the driving of the tempest. At about ten or twelve feet below the edge, there was a shelf formed by the projection of a ledge of rock, and to this he let himself down, and having seated himself at length under the lee of a block of stone, he drew out his piece of gold from his pocket, and renewed his contemplations. His chief endeavour was to recollect if he had ever heard of a vessel having been cast away in the neighbourhood; for to some such occurrence he attributed the presence of the golden bullet; and he wished, besides, to flatter a hope he had conceived, that this prize was only the harbinger of a greater treasure; but with all his retrospection, he could recall no tradition of a shipwreck near his native isle, and he remained lost in amazement and doubt. Meanwhile the face of the heavens became less obscure with clouds, the wind no longer howled over the mouth of the gulf, and the deep echoing bellow of the troubled surge within the Nikkur Holl was the only sound distinguishable. The fisherman, however, did not awaken from the reverie into which he had fallen, but remained sitting, almost unconsciously, on the ledge within the yawn. He was calling over in his mind the names of several

old persons, from whom he meant to inquire what vessels had been lost on the coast within their memory, and was scarcely aware that he was not seated by his own hearth, when a voice whispered slowly in his ear, 'Car-mil-han.' 'Good God!' cried Spiel, starting up and looking fearfully down the abyss, whence the sound seemed to come; 'this is the word that haunts me in my sleep! what can it mean?' What is Carmilhan? he would have said, but he felt unwilling to pronounce the strange term, though he now recognised it as that which he had so long endeavoured to utter. He continued a few moments gazing into the dark void beneath, and listening to the roaring waves, which seemed to wrestle unceasingly within the craggy entrails of the hill, till a degree of alarm overcame him, and he turned to ascend the sides of the rift; but, just as his last foot was withdrawn over the upper edge, a slight breath of wind passed out, and muttered 'Carmilhan.'—'Carmilhan!' repeated Trosk with violence; 'gracious Heaven, why is this unknown word thus spoken to me?' He then rushed down the hill, and stopped not till he had hastened a great way toward his cottage.

On another occasion, Spiel, while pursuing his sub-marine inquisition, saw a figure on the ridge of the Nikkur Holl, and, after gazing on the spirit, 'began to haul with care upon his line. He pulled with force, but the hooks still clung firmly to the bottom, and, though the swell of the waves jerked hard upon the rope, it kept its grasp. Spiel pulled still stronger, and brought his skiff close over the spot by his tugging; but the grapnel kept its hold. He strained hard, just as the clouds were about to shut out the light of the moon; the impediment gave way, and he believed the line had broken, for he felt no weight; but, in an instant, something large and dark rose up above the surface of the water, over which he bent, as if disposed to spring into the boat. He fixed his eyes upon it, with his hands extended to grasp it, whatever it might be; and as the water, which had now assumed a sparkling appearance, separated to give it passage, he saw inscribed upon a round black mass of something, though what he could not define, the hateful word Carmilhan. It stopped scarcely half an instant above the surface, and again sunk, as quickly as it had risen; but Trosk,

rendered desperate by this repetition of his torment, plunged his arm swiftly after it, and caught it by its hair: this gave way, and the rest was gone. He drew back his hand, but the moon had disappeared, and he could not see what sort of slippery matter remained in it. A groan of despair, urged almost to madness, burst from the lips of the fisherman at this defeat, and he gnashed his teeth and tore his hair with vexation.'

He afterwards met with a strange figure in a magic boat, 'a little withered old man, who sat quite stiff and upright on the rowers' bench, and neither moved his head nor his body to the right or to the left. His face was thin and sharp, and covered by a dry, wrinkled, tawny skin, stretched tightly over the stringy muscles which formed his cheeks and lips. His dress was of bright yellow canvas, or something like it, and a red nightcap covered his head, with its point sticking upright in the air, while in his hand he held a kind of instrument that resembled a harpoon at one end and a blubber-fork at the other.'

After a while, during which this visitor seemed to be a lifeless corpse, 'it slowly began to move. Its eyes opened, but at first they were lifeless, and void of sight, and turned in their sockets with a ghastly rolling, which, if it did not terrify the Shetlander, made him push off the strange boat from his own with a feeling of horror. Shortly after, the lips quivered, and were drawn apart into a fearful grin, which shewed gums large and toothless, and expanded into a frightful gape, whence a deep sigh, or rather groan, issued, along with a blast of vapour, more like the smoke of gunpowder than the steam of breath. Upon seeing this, Spiel mechanically shipped his oar over the stern of his boat, and began to skull her a little way off; but, reflecting that he was acting like a coward, he put her head about again. In the mean while, life seemed to have taken possession of the stranger, and he turned his eyes toward Trosk, and said, in a voice of uncommon expression, 'Where am I?' This was uttered in Dutch; and the fisherman, who was partially acquainted with that language, from having associated with whale-catchers and traders from Holland, exclaimed in the same tongue, 'Who are you?' 'I am one sitting in a boat,' answered the stranger, somewhat sharply, 'to whom it would have been better for you to have

given an answer than a question.'—'Why?' said Spiel drily, for he was not a man to be lectured.—'Because,' said the other, 'I could have satisfied questions you might have liked to ask.'—'You have not satisfied one which I asked just now,' cried the fisherman; 'but I have no mind to wrangle with you. You are at one of the Shetland isles—one of the outer Skerries—whence do you come? and why do you come in this strange fashion?'—'What is strange to you is not strange to me,' replied the little man. 'I came over the sea to look for the Carmilhan.'—'For the devil!' ejaculated Spiel.—'I have no need to look for *him*,' said the stranger.—'In the name of God! what is the Carmilhan?' cried the fisherman fervently.—'I answer no questions put in that manner, exclaimed the little man, wriggling about as if in pain, and groaning as if he growled.—'I say what is the Carmilhan?' repeated Spiel, not heeding the anguish of the stranger.—'The Carmilhan is nothing now,' said the other; 'but once she was as brave a ship as ever bore a mast.'—'A ship!' cried Trosk.—'Yes, a ship,' repeated the stranger; and, when she was lost among these islands, she carried more gold than had floated in any vessel before her.'—'Where was she lost, and when?' exclaimed the fisherman.—'It is nearly a hundred years since she was wrecked,' replied the little man, 'and it was in the night; so that, though I was on board of her at the time, I know not the precise spot, but I am come hither to discover it.'—'A hundred years ago!' cried the Shetlandman, 'you on shipboard a hundred years ago! Pray how old are you?'—'Old enough to have sailed in the Carmilhan,' replied the stranger.—'But why do you marvel?—Pray how old is Chriss Mulrill?'—'A hundred and ten, I am told,' said Spiel; 'yet how came you to know her?'—'I knew her when a child,' said the other.—'What can you want with the treasure?' cried the fisherman, 'what need has a man of your years of money?—Teach me how to find the gold; I will take the trouble of raising it, and we will share it between us.'—'Yes, and how shall I be sure of your keeping your engagement?' said the little man, sneeringly.—'Be always with me,' answered the other. 'We will divide the money as we obtain it; and, should I offer to wrong you, do you reveal the secret to my enemies. The fear that

another may learn the situation of the wreck, will be a bond sufficiently strong to ensure my fidelity.'—'Well, be it so,' replied the stranger. 'But art thou a man of courage? The first step requires a strong heart, Spiel Trosk.'—'You know my name, old carl!' cried the fisherman, in amazement. 'How comes this?'—'I knew your father, though you did not,' answered the stranger, in his evasive way; 'and I know more than you could demand, though you should sit here to question, and I to make replies, till another century were added to my age. I ask you, are you a man of courage?'—'Try me, and learn,' replied the Shetlander.—'You must try yourself,' said the other man, 'and, if you follow my directions, you will learn the spot where the riches of the Carmilhan lie hidden. You must go, just before midnight, to the most remote and desolate place in yon island, and you must take a cow with you, and, having killed it, you must get someone to wrap you up in her fresh hide. You must then be laid down, and left alone on the wild heath, and, ere the clock strikes the first hour of morning, your desires will be satisfied.'—'That is the way in which old Engrol's son was lost, body and soul!' exclaimed Trosk, in a tone of abhorrence. 'Thou art Satan!' continued he, again skulling his boat away—'thou art Beelzebub, old tempter, the prince of darkness—aroint thee, demon! I defy thee!'—'Thou art an utter fool,' bawled the old man to Spiel, as he fled hastily from him, 'A bubble-blinded bottle-nose! May the curse of avarice hang over thee! May the thirst of gold choke thee! May the ——' but the fisherman, by rowing away, was soon too far from the little man to hear his exclamations.'

The fishermen in the sequel were reduced to poverty, and Spiel, in desperation, resolved to resort to the perilous charm. He followed the stranger's directions, and, after a storm, found himself near the announced spot.—'He could now distinguish the roll of the waves on the shore, flowing as they were wont in calm weather, and he attempted to discover the time by the rise of the tide; for there was not the least sign of dawn, though the sky was brilliantly enlightened. He listened attentively, and heard not only the brawling 'murmur' of the sea pouring among the shingles, but a burst of solemn music mingled with it,

—yet so faint that he was not convinced of its reality. A pause ensued,—again a strain of harmony floated on the untroubled air,—and again it was lost, as a gust of wind swept up the dell. Again he heard it louder than before, and he fancied it approached him; and, as it continued, he believed he could distinguish the tune of a psalm he had heard sung by the crew of a Dutch herring-buss which had been off the Skerries in the preceding summer. Although, when the wind rose, he lost the sound, yet, whenever there was a lull, he was satisfied that it gradually drew nearer, and he could now trace its advance, winding slowly up the glens from below, toward that in which he was extended. At length it was so distinct that he was persuaded it must have crossed the ledge that bounded the brink of the plain, and he endeavoured to raise his head, that he might gain a view of the source of this extraordinary melody. There was a loose fragment of stone near him, and by dint of wriggling and pushing himself along like a seal, he contrived to elevate his head upon it, and, looking forth, he beheld a long and gleamy procession approaching over the quaking bog on which he had at first been laid. Sorrow and dejection were marked on the countenances of the beings who composed the troop, and their habiliments appeared heavy with moisture, and dripping like fresh sea-weeds. They drew close up to him, and were silent. First came the musicians, whose instruments he had heard so long and so anxiously, but he could not scrutinise them much, for, as they advanced opposite to him, they wheeled off to the right and left. The front space was immediately occupied by a varied groupe who appeared, by their deportment, to precede some object of great distinction, which soon presented itself to view. This was a tall, bulky, though well-built man, whose capacity of belly was properly balanced by the protuberance of that part which honour has assumed to herself. His head was not little, and his face appeared rather swollen. His shoulders were wide, and were clothed in a full coat of broad-cloth, fashioned after the manner of the fourth generation past. Its skirts reached below his knees, round which they curved. It was collarless, but sleeves vastly deep hung from the arms, the cuffs of which were adorned with cut-steel buttons of great

circumference and brightness. Broad bands of rich gold lace covered every seam and edge, more glorious in the eyes of the beholder than the setting sun, and the lapels of a quilted vest hung down from the immense orb of his bowels, heavy with the precious metal that braided them. His thighs were arrayed in breeches of scarlet velvet, silk hose disguised his legs, and large square-toed shoes covered his feet, and lent their thongs to support gold buckles of great breadth, which glittered with precious stones. On his head was placed a long, flowing, flaxen, curling wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered cocked hat, buttoned up with gold bands, and a long, straight, basket-hilted sword hung, suspended in a broad, buff-embroidered belt, by his side. In his hand he held a gold-headed rattan, of great length and thickness; and close by his side walked a black boy, bearing a long, twisted, grotesquely-fashioned pipe, which he occasionally offered to his lord, who stopped and gave a solemn puff or two, and then proceeded. When he came immediately opposite to Spiel, he stood still and erect, and a number of others ranged themselves on his right hand and on his left, whose dresses were fine, but not so splendid as their superior's, and they bore pipes of common form only. Behind these drew up a groupe of persons, many of whom were ladies, some bearing infants in their arms, others leading children by their hands, all dressed in strange and gorgeous apparel; and, lastly, came a body of men and lads, with big loose trowsers, thick heavy jackets, and red worsted night-caps, whom Trosk instantly knew to be Dutch sailors. Each of these had a quid of tobacco stuck in his cheek, and a short blackened pipe in his mouth, which he sucked in melancholy silence. The fisherman lay still, and saw this grim troop assemble around him with feelings of mingled alarm and wonder; his heart did not sink, for it was kept alive by fearful curiosity, but cold sweats gathered upon his brow. Presently, the principal figure looked round, and seeing his attendants all in their stations, he took his pipe from the hands of the negro, and began to smoke in long and deep-drawn whiffs; and this seemed as a signal to the rest to follow his example, for, immediately, every mouth was in action, and whichever way Spiel cast his looks, he beheld nothing but glowing

tubes and gleaming eyes turned toward him. Notwithstanding the smoke, he could plainly distinguish the features and the dresses of this ghastly crew, and could see the stars clearly glimmering through them; and now gleams of fire and electric flashes began to shoot across the heavens, and the sky grew more vividly bright than it had been. He perceived that his ghostly visitants were closing slowly upon him, that their ranks grew more dense, and the space between him and them more narrow, while their puffs became more violent. He was naturally a bold, and, indeed, a desperate man, and he had come to the glen with the desire of conversing with beings of another world; but, when he beheld this strange multitude about to overwhelm him, his courage yielded, and his frame shook. The appearance of the black boy occasioned him more terror than all the rest; for, never having seen a negro in those distant isles, he believed him to be a little devil. His terror was redoubled, when, on turning his eyes up to look at the sky, he perceived close behind him the little man who had accosted him in the skiff, sitting now as rigidly upright as before, with a pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to hold there as if in grave mockery of all the assembly. Trosk started convulsively, and a choking sensation seised his throat; but, summoning all his energy, he mastered it; and directing himself to the principal person before him, he exclaimed, 'In the name of him ye obey, who are ye? and what want ye all with me?' The great man gave three puffs, more solemnly than ever, upon this adjuration, and then, taking the pipe slowly from his lips, and giving it to his attendant, he replied, in a tone of chilling formality, 'I am Aldret Janz Dundrellesy Vander-Swelter, whilome commander of the good ship *Carmilhan*, which was cast away on the inhospitable rocks of this island, so that all on board perished.* These are mine officers, these my passengers, and these the mariners forming my gallant crew. Why hast thou called us up from our peaceful bowers, at the bottom of the ocean, where we rest softly on beds of ooze, and smoke our pipes in quiet, listening to the songs of mermaids?' Spiel had expected to commune with spirits, good or bad, but he had not anticipated a visit from the captain of the vessel he wished to rifle; and, indeed, the question he

had to propose was rather an awkward one to put to Mynheer Vander-Swelter, for ghosts are in general tenacious of hidden treasure, and a Dutch ghost was likely to be more tenacious than any other, and, in particular, the spirit of a commander in whose charge a treasure had been placed, since he might still think he had a right to preserve it for the true owners, or at least for their heirs lawfully begotten and duly qualified. But this was no time for deliberation, and the prospect of gaining his wishes poured like a reviving cordial over the soul of the fisherman, and washed away his terror.—‘I would know,’ replied he, ‘where I can find the treasure with which your ship was laden.’—‘At the bottom of the sea,’ answered the captain with a groan, which was echoed by all his crew.—‘At what place?’ said Spiel.—‘In the Nikkur-Noss,’ said the Dutchman. ‘Would’st thou know more?’—‘Yes, how much shall I get?’ said Spiel.—‘More than you will ever spend,’ replied the captain; and the little man grinned behind Trosk’s head, and the whole company laughed loud.—‘Hast thou done with me?’ said the commander.—‘Yes, I have,’ answered Spiel.—‘Thanks, and fare thee well!’—‘Farewell, till we meet again,’ said Vander-Swelter, facing about and marching off, preceded by his musicians, and followed by his officers, passengers, and crew, all puffing their pipes in majestic solemnity; and again the grave music was heard winding down the dell.’

Spiel resolved to dive for the treasure, followed by the faithful Petie. He descended the chasm. ‘Whilst stripping, he fancied he saw something gleam through the water, beneath where the link was placed, and being ready, he plunged at once and grasped a heavy body, which he brought up. It was a small, iron-bound box, which he opened by force; and he found in it a mass of golden coin. There was enough to have enriched the finder and his partner for their lives, and Petie loudly entreated Spiel to ascend, and tamper no longer with danger; but Trosk only looked upon what he had gained as the first fruits of his long labours. He drew in his breath for another dive, though a rush of angry waves had rolled through the gulf, and the wind had begun to bellow. He stepped down to the water’s edge, but started, for he heard the word

Carmilhan uttered with a titter, as he had often heard it whispered. He looked round and saw nothing, and smiled at his own imagination. He cast his eyes on the casket of ducats, and felt re-animated. Again he disappeared beneath the surface of the water; but he never rose again. A wild laugh re-echoed through the vault as he went down, and only a few bubbles came up at the place where he had plunged in. Petie returned alone, but he returned an altered man. His mind had given way under the repeated shocks it had received, and he gradually sunk into a state of idiocy. He paid no more attention to fishing or to husbandry; every thing about him went to decay; he sold his boat, and all he possessed, to support himself, and his only pleasure or recreation consisted in wandering about the sides of the Voe, or ascending the Nikkur-Noss, muttering to himself, or looking anxiously into vacancy, as if he expected to see the spirit of Mynheer Vander-Swelter start up from behind every stone. From this conduct he soon acquired the name of daft Petie, and became an object both of pity and of terror to his countrymen, who, however, quickly abandoned the coast, to which he used principally to resort, as a place infested by beings of another world.’

STRONG IMPRESSIONS, *by the Writer who styles himself* GILBERT EARLE; *from the* FRIENDSHIP’S OFFERING *for 1827.*

NOT more than twice have I seen the lovely maiden in the course of my life. She has merely flashed across the path of my existence, as a bright meteor across the starry heaven, to which a traveller’s eyes are turned. She has been scarcely more intimately connected with me than *that* with him; yet the gleam has remained impressed upon my mental vision, long after the object has been removed. I scarcely know whence arose the strong interest I have felt concerning her; for our meetings have been brief, transient, and far between. Our lots have been, in no degree, cast in together. She has been to me more as one in a book, or in a dream, than as a real person;—and yet I have started at her sight, and been thrilled at the sound of her voice, as though she had been the love of my youth and of my whole life

whose form I may never see,—whose voice may never bless my ear, again!

Was it because she was so beautiful?—In some degree, I believe it was.—Beauty! what floods of intense delight hast thou not poured, in thy richness, over my senses and my soul!—What deep rapture, calm from its very excess, have I not drunk, as I have stood gazing on thee as an abstract thing, an embodying of the essence of all loveliness, the palpable presence of the beautiful to mortal vision! Inanimate nature is beautiful, and the soul drinks peace from its contemplation. The woods are beautiful when they shine beneath the rich light of leafy June;—when many-coloured autumn tinges them with its deep hues, and waves them with its sweeping winds;—when they bud into life in spring, and even when they stand desolate amid the snows of winter, stretching their forked branches, as in remonstrance, toward the sky!—The waters, too, are beautiful,—from the tinkling rill and the lively brook, to the mighty stream and the vast sea itself;—beautiful in smiles and brightness, in terrors and in storms! The mountains are beautiful,—sublime! Silence reigns among the dark pines—grandeur and desolation sit upon the snow-clad peak, and in the deep unfathomable ravine! Nature is beautiful in all her aspects, and in every mood;—in the lake, and in the sea, in the meadow, and in the mountain, in the soft breath and verdure of May, and in the iron-bound ruggedness of winter!—But what portion of the system of the universe, in its chosen spots, in its happiest moments, can equal human beauty in its power over the human soul! Who, that, in the season of his hot youth, has imbibed the draughts of woman's beauty, but will own the thrill to the very core, which has rushed indescribably, through him, as he hung upon those deep and dangerous delights!

Thus have I gazed on beauty,—as I have gazed on a picture, as I have listened to sweet music! A picture has sometimes haunted me for months;—my ears have often fed upon a snatch of song, a swell of sound, as though they were a corporeal and tangible enjoyment. Thus, with equal abstraction, have I contemplated *some* beauty; thus did I contemplate Agatha's, when I saw her for the first time!

It was at Jena that this happened.—Youth burned in my veins, poetry pos-

sessed my head and heart. The life of my companions in the town, seemed to me coarse, cold, and feeble. I used to wander in the woods and fields. An undefined vacuum seemed to exist in my mind—a vague want—an aspiring and reaching at something higher. That period gave its tinge to my life. My character was formed then; or rather, it has scarcely changed since,—for I cannot call any thing, so dreary, vague, and unsubstantial, formed at all.

Agatha was then with her father, who was a general in the Austrian service.—It was a time of war, and they were passing through Jena to join the army,—that is, *he* was going to the army, while she was to remain as close to the rear as safety permitted. But *she* never thought of safety; she would, willingly, have shared the dangers, as well as the fatigues and hardships of war, so that she might have been with her father,—that father in whom all the affections of her enthusiastic heart, all the energies of her noble mind, were concentrated.—But he valued and loved this admirable being as she merited:—*more* was impossible. In proportion, therefore, with her desire to accompany him, was his inflexibility that she should not.

At this time, I saw her only one evening. But the instant my eyes lighted upon her, I felt as if I *now* beheld the incarnation of that ideal vision of beauty which had flitted across my waking reveries, and my dreams in sleep. Here was that union of diversified excellences which my own heated fancy had so often fixed together, but which I scarcely could think or hope existed in nature! When I first saw her, she was singing,—singing one of those *hymns* (I may truly call them) of national excitement and feeling, which, at that time, swarmed through our country. All the nobler and more exalted sentiments of the human heart were gathered on her countenance and in her accent. Patriotism—the excitation of war in a just—in the *only* just cause, national defence,—hated, in the only state in which it is a virtue, against national oppressors,—these, softened and embellished by the reflection that one, dearer to her than all the world, was to share in the dangers to which she was spurring on her countrymen, gave added power to the supreme loveliness of her features and melody of her voice, while they received, in return, that influence over the

soul, derivable from nothing but beauty and sweet music.

It was fated that, on this evening, I should see Agatha, in all the various moods and moments most becoming to a woman. The tone of her song turned the conversation upon war,—its excitement, its dangers, its terrors; and she related a story of a touching circumstance which she had half witnessed in the last campaign, in a manner which displayed her in woman's chosen and fittest character—the handmaid and minister of pity. Her tale was simply of a soldier's bride, who accompanied him to the war, whose husband was killed in action, and who, after searching the field for his corpse, had died upon it, in bringing an infant into this miserable world, in a manner so typical of utter misery. The orphaned child had been sent to the town in the rear, where Agatha then was—she fostered and adopted it.

The next time that I saw Agatha was, from its circumstances, as much in unison with the tone of my mind, at the time, as the first had been. She then had given food and form to the wild visions of a youthful brain:—now her appearance chimed in, in equal unison, with my stricken, spent, and desolate heart.

It was at a village in Saxony; I had stopped there, and had afterwards wandered from my inn, almost unconsciously, till I found myself in the church-yard. Images of death peopled my thoughts; I paused, and looked around me. While I 'chewed the cud of these bitter fancies,' I was roused by the loud stroke of the church-bell, which began to toll as for a burial: and so, assuredly, it was; for, on looking up, I perceived a long procession approaching the church-yard, and, from its trappings and general aspect, easily distinguishable as a funeral. As it advanced, I perceived it to be that of a military man; for there was a considerable number of troops both before and after the body, and I could distinguish the charger of the deceased, led along in his military accoutrements, typical of the rank of his late master. I stood aside to let the procession pass on. It was in unison with my train of thought, and yet relieved me from the intensity of its individualisation. There is something very imposing in a military funeral. Though the trade is that of death, yet so opposed is it to mourning, that there

always seems something incongruous, yet not disagreeably so, in its signs, when displayed by a soldier. A brief sigh, with a passing *Requiescat* over his slain comrade, is all that we look for at his hands. A funeral, on the contrary, bespeaks that the deceased died by disease, not the sword; for brief are the obsequies of those who fall in battle. As the body approached, I turned my eyes instinctively toward the chief mourner. A thrill like electricity shot through every fibre of my frame—for it was Agatha! It was her father's burial—she was following him to the grave!

If in the very budding-time of my youth, when our meeting was in the intercourse of society, I had regarded her almost as a being of another world, there was surely nothing in her appearance now, to make her seem more earthly. Her hair was parted on her brow—her face was deadly pale—her form seemed statue-like, so still and equable was her bearing, although she, in fact, moved onward. Her eyes, too, shining and conspicuous in her pale countenance—fixed and full of grief, though tearless, as they were—seemed, to my excited mind, to shed a light too deep and holy for mere humanity.

I never saw her again!—but, to my mental eyes, her image still is present; from my mental ears, her voice passes not away.

CRADOCK'S LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS. 1826.

HAVING entertained our readers on a former occasion with the reminiscences of this literary veteran, we are induced by the appearance of an additional volume to give another treat of the same kind,—certainly not equal to the first, yet not destitute of amusement and information. The new volume is chiefly devoted to the account of a tour in France, undertaken in the year 1783.

A visit to the cathedral of Paris is thus noticed:—'It has been said that, in order to make a complete church, the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims, the bells of Chartres, and the towers of Nôtre-Dame at Paris, must all combine.' Montfaucon affirms that this cathedral was formerly a temple dedicated to Jupiter, and, indeed, one inscription, found in these later times, seems much to confirm

this opinion. The grand altar is encrusted with marble; the front is of porphyry, variously adorned; and the figure of the Virgin, which is in the midst of the niche, holding our Lord upon her knees, is one of the best works of Coutoux the elder. The finest picture is by Vanloo, in a side chapel, of Saint Borromeo, administering the sacrament to a woman dying of the plague. In the treasury is a small bit of wood, with a Latin inscription, giving by it certain lands to the church;—an easy mode of conveyance this, and as effectual, perhaps, as a hundred skins of parchment. Camden, in his account of Hampshire, ventures to declare, that ‘the plainness of those times of letting lands is well worth the comparing with the present intricate prolixity.’—‘Then,’ says he, ‘it passed for good,—

‘From me and mine, to thee and thine,
As good and as fall, as ever they mine were,
To witness that this is sooth,
I bite this white wax with my tooth.’

The duke of Orleans, afterwards so infamous for his debauchery and political criminality, ascended with a balloon during Mr. Cradock's stay in Paris. The ærostatic science was then in its infancy:—‘There was much mystery at Paris, and elsewhere, concerning this balloon, nor is it yet fully explained, what was the real cause of it. I belonged to a club at the Conti coffee-house, at the foot of the Pont-Neuf, and, in the public room there, several English gentlemen made a loud jest of this idle report when first spread; but baron Calemberg called me aside, and said, ‘The duke of Orleans will certainly ascend with the balloon, and, if you and any of your friends should wish for tickets, I will with great pleasure readily supply them.’ This of course begot no small surprise, and I wrote to the baron in consequence, and with apologies informed him, that a very numerous party would thankfully accept the favour offered. A spacious booth, with refreshments, was prepared; and, at the time announced, we descried, at a distance, a splendid escort of horsemen and carriages on the road from Paris to Saint-Cloud. As the duke advanced, the passages were opened for him, and, with a stern look, he rather hastily stepped into the car. The other aeronauts were in readiness, and immediately sprang up, and were precipitated into a region of snow or half-melted ice. The

duke, it was said, cut the ropes with his sword, and they instantly fell. There was at last only just gas enough left in the balloon to prevent their being entirely dashed to pieces. How this strange adventure originated I know not; it was thought by many that a great wager depended upon it. But afterwards I was assured, that, in some high company, the duke's conduct had been very severely reflected upon at Gibraltar, and that, in the heat of wine, he had made this daring engagement as a decisive proof of his courage.’

Other Scenes at Paris.—‘Our present time was chiefly occupied in visiting and being visited; for we had before examined most of the curiosities in Paris. It has been frequently asserted that at this period few, if any, foresaw a revolution; yet old lord Gardenston had strongly predicted something of the kind during his residence in France. But surely, though no ‘airy wonders’ loudly proclaimed its fate, yet many prodigies in some measure foretold a most important change:

‘A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.’

The English at Paris very much frequented a most excellent coffee house at the foot of the Pont-Neuf; indeed they held a kind of regular club there; and one of the party had once openly expressed much ridicule of a *De par le Roi*, which he had read under ground when he examined the stone-quarries. This was reported to the police, and he received a strong reproof for it; and this was not the only instance where notice had been taken of the too bold assertions of foreigners. We had likewise another place of rendezvous, which was in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries; but here the French chiefly abounded. It was at a convivial meeting at this coffee-house where I first became acquainted with the abbé Sieyes, who took great pains to speak our language with fluency. To my surprise, he gave me a translation into French of Swift's Tale of a Tub, which he read with peculiar humour; and, on my expressing to him some wonder, he instantly replied, ‘O my friend, we know as well as you who is meant by Lord Peter; but this witty ecclesiastic spares nobody.’ But, of all our authors, Hume seemed to be the most lasting favourite. They remem-

bered that his manners were polished, his conversation correct and guarded;—but he had derived, of course, much consequence with them from being secretary to our ambassador, lord Hertford. Sterne they could not bear, from some keen ridicule which he had thrown on the Parisians; but one French gentleman, quite liberal in his notions, utterly astonished us by declaring, that, though a native of Boulogne, he took no offence whatever at Smollett's assertions, who had some fun about him, and must merely intend his account of them in his travels as a farce; for I recollect, added he, that, after complimenting some of you English or Scotch, he boldly declared, that 'when a Frenchman died, his dress went to the fripier, his dinner to the dogs, and himself to the devil; and nobody ever more inquired after him.' The English were now becoming almost innumerable, and various were the whims and frolics of some of my eccentric countrymen. One friend of mine, who gave French dinners in Pall Mall, now signalled himself by bringing over an English cook, that he might have good fish-sauce, and that his game might not be over-roasted: but the most extraordinary invitation which I had the honour to receive, was to an English wake-feast, where the French chiefly were to be present.* This, however, was attended with much trouble and expense, as an ox must be properly cut up for the purpose: the assembly was numerous, and the provisions were most prodigally abundant. The French appealed to some of us to know whether such profusion was still customary; but we fairly acknowledged that it was wearing away very fast.—There were likewise about this time many grand French assemblies, which were occasionally frequented by the English; and at one of the most brilliant, after supper, several sports or games were introduced to amuse the visitants, and the parties generally stayed to a very late hour. One gentleman, who for theatrical imitation was as excellent as Le Texier, was requested to treat us with a scene between a holy friar and a bashful man, behind a great screen: and, as it was given in two distinct voices, his performance was esteemed most excellent. The company in general were loud in their applause; but an English lady of high rank was much displeased with the freedom of the dialogue, and,

on taking leave of the hostess of the mansion, expressed herself in rather strong terms of disapprobation. She said that she had always understood that confession and absolution formed a very serious part of the Catholic religion; and, though the Protestant adopted both in a much more limited sense, yet she could assure her such a mockery would not have been tolerated at any public assembly in England.'

A dramatic subject is stated in an interesting manner:—'The comedy of Figaro was first acted in April, 1784. It had been privately read at Versailles; and their majesties soon perceived the real tendency of it. Some danger was apprehended from bringing it on the stage at that time; but Beaumarchais was greatly patronised, and could not bear to hear even of a temporary delay. Never was any play better acted, for every character was exactly suited to each performer; and it was most rapturously applauded by the public. Figaro fans, Figaro ribands, and even Figaro nightcaps, generally prevailed, till the good archbishop of Paris began to be seriously alarmed, and in a *mandement* on the subject strongly expressed his high displeasure. The triumphant Aristophanes, however, not only laughed at the mandement, but turned it into verse, and caused it to be sung about the Palais Royal, as a ballad. The conscientious archbishop then threatened to resign: and, to appease his wrath for a while, the play was stopped, and Beaumarchais, for a day or two, was sent to the St. Lazare, which is the Whipping-house at Paris; there he remained (not much hurt, it was believed), and, on his release, the carriages to convey company or cards of congratulation to him, rendered one of the longest streets of Paris for some time all but impassable. A general tumult was now apprehended: and, to appease an intemperate multitude, the comedy was revived. The crowd assembled was unbounded; and so tremendous was the struggle for admittance, that two or three persons were trodden to death in the street which led immediately to the theatre. The English are little acquainted with the genuine comedy of Figaro. For Spain, you are to read France; and in the corrupt judge, Brid'oison, you are intended to recognise all the authorities of the kingdom. In England, even the intriguing characters come before us as subdued, and

discreetly attired: we taste nothing of similarity in the chaste dialogue of the play, either to *Love for Love*, or the *Old Bachelor*; the whole passes through a correct medium, and we sit enraptured with a performance embellished with the music of some of our own best composers, or with the fashionable harmonies of Mozart or Rossini.

A fine Abbey.—The celebrated Benedictine abbey of Fontevrault, in Anjou, was founded in 1100, by Robert d'Arbricelle, for monks and nuns.—Henry the Second was a great benefactor to it, and was buried in the choir of the church, with his queen Eleanor, his son Richard the First, and Isabella, daughter of Richard earl of Angoulesme, third wife of king John and mother of Henry the Third, who died a nun in that abbey. The heart of Henry the Third was delivered to the abbess of Fontevrault twenty years after his death. Many princesses of the blood-royal of France, successively governed this abbey, which, previous to the Revolution, was excessively rich. The number of religious of both sexes amounted to upwards of two hundred, all under the direction of the abbess, whose authority, both spiritual and temporal, was exceedingly extensive.

‘During the Revolution, the abbey was converted into a prison, and the chapel where the figures of the royal personages were placed was entirely destroyed. The figures had been thrown into a cellar belonging to the abbey, where they were found in 1816, by the late ingenious artist, Mr. C. Stothard, whose last work was a highly coloured *fac-simile* print of these royal effigies. Our government wished to remove them to Westminster Abbey, but this was not permitted. They are, however, now carefully preserved.

‘A finely-coloured print has lately been published of these statues by the widow of Mr. Stothard, in which are given specimens of the painting of these effigies, Mr. Stothard having by a most careful and minute investigation been able to discover under the surface of the second painting, on the figure of king Henry, the colours and ornaments of the first, and to restore them in his drawing, with that accuracy which he was ever so scrupulous to observe. He has, therefore, given two representations of Henry, exhibiting the first and second brilliant decorations bestowed upon it.

‘These effigies, considering their age and the vicissitudes they have undergone, are in excellent preservation; they have all been painted and gilt three or four times, and, from the style of the last painting, it is probable it was executed when the effigies were removed from their original station in the choir by Jeanne Baptiste de Bourbon, natural daughter of Henry the Fourth, in 1638, who at the same time erected a tomb to contain the whole of them.’

VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES,
(Concluded from a former Number.)

LEAVING Barbadoes, I proceeded to Antigua, and took up my abode at a miserable inn, kept by one Fanny Herbert, in the town of St. John, and a more disagreeable place I never saw—every thing was dear, and nothing abundant, except mosquitos. I should speedily have quitted this island, without transacting the business that led me to it, had not an invitation from a merchant who occupied a house in the mountains enabled me to breathe a more pure air than I could have found in the town. I had occasion to ride over a place known by the name of English Harbour, notorious for its unhealthy situation, and from its having been the grave of thousands of our seamen during the war. This harbour is very confined, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and the sun is nearly vertical for several hours in the day. Noisome vapors arise in the evening, as the sun goes down, forming a thick fog; whilst the mud on the shore sends forth an intolerable smell.

In defiance of these formidable objections, there is a dock-yard at this place with a capstan-house and several compactly-built store-houses, with every requisite for heaving down shipping and for the accommodation of the crews; but the establishment has been discontinued since the termination of the war, on account of the reduction of the naval force, and the sickly situation; therefore all the officers, with the exception of a store-keeper, have been transferred to Bermuda. I was not sorry when my affairs permitted me to bid adieu to this place; so I took my passage in a merchant-ship bound to Jamaica.

The only place we saw worth noticing on our way, was the island of Porto-

Rico, a most beautiful and luxuriant possession of the Spaniards. We remained some hours off the town of Aguadilla, and sent a boat to purchase stock, which is cheaper here than at other places. The town is small, and the houses are irregularly scattered.—There is a fort to the eastward of it, mounting six pieces of cannon in a wretched condition, as are the soldiery and indeed most of the inhabitants. It is extremely hot on this coast: I tried the temperature of the sea three feet below the surface, and the thermometer stood at eighty-one degrees, whilst on the deck in the sun it was at one hundred and seventeen.

That season was now approaching when those dreadful tempests may be expected which inflict serious mischief where-ever they extend: it was therefore expedient to make the best of our way, and secure ourselves in some port, before we should be overtaken by a storm; but in this respect we were disappointed. The ship was anchored at Blue-Fields on the southwest side of Jamaica, when the wind suddenly shifted, and gradually increased until it became a severe gale. It was not without great difficulty that we weathered the storm; and we at length reached the entrance of Port-Royal bay in safety. We proceeded to Kingston, which is the most populous and flourishing town in the island, though not so well-built or so handsome as Spanish-town. Here I rested for some days, and was pleased with the society into which I was introduced. I was also pleased with the institutions which I found here:—namely, the free-school, the hospital, the receptacle for lunatics, and the asylum for deserted negroes. The last-mentioned establishment is peculiarly proper and necessary in the West-Indies, where the kidnapped Africans and their degraded offspring claim constant support and protection.—As a seat of commerce this place is worthy of admiration; but the air is very unfavorable to European constitutions, and nothing but the cool sea-breezes which set in every morning, can render the town endurable.

Port-Royal is a very large and generally safe anchorage for vessels of all sizes, well defended by three forts. These command the whole bay, and from their situation can pour a destructive cross fire on any ships which might be brought to an attack. The town at the entrance

of the bay is a miserable sickly place, which no man in his senses would wish to see a second time.

I visited an estate belonging to my uncle, at the distance of a few miles in the interior, and had some opportunities of observing the condition of the slaves. I do not like to see them all driven out to the fields at six o'clock in the morning, to work there until the same hour in the evening, with the exception of short intervals for rest and refreshment; and I do not like to see a surly overseer carrying a whip to which the women and the men are alike amenable*. I have felt the blood run cold in my veins at the sight of a woman at work naked to her waist, whilst a disgusting fellow was standing near her, and probably was as much inclined to strike the poor creature as a costarmonger is to beat the animal by which he obtains his bread; but this practice was never resorted to in my presence; had it been so, I really believe my indignation would have been so far excited, that I should have endeavoured to fell the ruffian to the earth, even if my uncle, who made most of his money in the slave trade, had been the supervisor. Yet, even when all this is taken into consideration, I may safely pronounce, that, if the natural desire of liberty could be relinquished, the slaves in the West-Indies would feel themselves much more comfortable than the peasants of Spain under their present government. For my own part I should wish the slave to be emancipated; but it is a subject very difficult to discuss, and has been handled with so much ability by persons better qualified to decide it than I can be, that it would have the appearance of presumption in me to offer more than an observation.—I left Jamaica on my return to England, after having been absent nearly one year; and, as I took my way through the Gulf of Florida, I could not avoid directing my attention to that extraordinary stream. My remarks upon it may not be uninteresting to those who, while they are not ignorant of the *theory*, have never had an opportunity of improving by the *practice* of the sciences of geography and navigation.

* In the islands more immediately dependent on the crown, the use of the whip has been countermanded with regard to females; and, in those which have a representative government, a similar forbearance has been forcibly recommended by our colonial minister.—EDIT.

The Mexican sea or gulf is the general receptacle of waters from all the great rivers of the western territories of the United States, and of the northern parts of Spanish America, if it may still be called so merely for distinction. These rivers, with other localities, produce that current in the strait of Florida which is called the Florida or gulf-stream, and which has been pronounced a singular feature on the face of the ocean. If we assume, according to the idea of an experienced navigator, the floods of the Mississippi as the prime movers of the current, the natural consequence will be, that when the stream comes near the shore of Cuba, and meets with shoal-water, a small part of it will be thrown to the south-west along the bank of Isabella in the direction of its border, this being the natural consequence of the fluid's motion. But the current branching off this way, must be inconsiderable. The great body of the stream, however, sets eastward to the northward of Cuba, through the strait of Florida and into the Atlantic ocean, at the rate, in some places, of four miles an hour. In that strait, within the Bahamas, when a northerly gale, increased to a storm, opposes the stream in its course, this adverse power causes it to fill all the channels and openings amongst the Martyrs' Isles and reefs, and to overflow all the low coast. Ships have even been carried over the low quays, and left dry on shore. The water is supposed, at times, to have risen to the height of thirty feet, and to have been running against the fury of the winds at the rate of seven miles an hour.—On these occasions, the strait exhibits a scene terrific beyond description.

Beside the effects which different winds have upon the stream, it is subject to another cause that also directs it toward or from the coast; and that is the moon; which, according to her position, has different effects upon it, not however in equal power with those of the wind; but the disposition of the stream is increased to its extreme, when the effects both of the wind and the moon are combined; for, at this time, the ocean rising highest, this regulates

the flood and ebb, and divides them in proportional times; consequently it directs and increases them with an easterly moon and wind—to the west, and with a westerly moon and wind—to the east; so that the west and east shores are at times deprived of, and at other times overflowed by tides occasioned by these vicissitudes. In crossing the Atlantic, the best indication of the stream is the temperature of the water, which is considerably warmer than that which is on either side of it, and sometimes even ten degrees warmer than the air. It is of the utmost consequence, in making a passage to and from Europe, to be acquainted with this gulf-stream, as, by keeping in it when bound eastward, you shorten your voyage, and, by avoiding it when outward-bound, you facilitate the voyage inconceivably; and the best method of ascertaining when you are in it is by a good thermometer.—Beside the convenience of knowing how to make a proper allowance for the distance at which a ship is set to the northward by this current, a method of determining with certainty when she enters the gulf-stream is attended with the important advantage of shewing her place upon the ocean in the most critical situation; for, as the current sets along the coast of America at no great distance from soundings, the mariner, when he finds this sudden increase of heat in the sea, will be warned of his approach to the coast, and will thus have timely notice to take the necessary precautions for the safety of his vessel. It also derives additional importance from the peculiar circumstances of the American coast, which, from the mouth of the Delaware to the southernmost part of Florida, is everywhere low, and beset with frequent shoals, running out so far into the sea, that a vessel may be aground in many places, where the shore, even from the mast-head, is not to be distinguished. The gulf-stream, therefore, which formerly was thought to increase the perplexities of seamen, does in fact, if properly attended to, become the chief means of their preservation upon that dangerous coast.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM,

by Mr. Malcolm; from the Literary Souvenir.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
 While waters coldly close around,
 Till of her pathway through the seas
 The track no more is found;
 Thus, passing down oblivion's tide,
 The beauteous visions of the mind
 Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,
 And leave no trace behind.

But the pure page may still impart
 Some dream of feeling else untold;
 The silent record of a heart,
 Even when that heart is cold:
 Its lorn memorials here may bloom,
 Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,
 Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb,
 Bedew'd with beauty's tear.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
 The wreath above my head to twine:
 Enough for me to leave my name
 Within this hallow'd shrine;
 To think that o'er these lines thine eye
 May wander in some future year,
 And mem'ry breathe a passing sigh
 For him who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
 With bosom silent and serene,
 And but the plank upon the shore
 Reveals that wrecks have been.
 So some frail leaf, like this, may be
 Left floating o'er time's silent tide;
 The sole remaining trace of me;
 To tell I lived and died.

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR,

by Miss Landon.

' SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,
 Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know,
 Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,
 Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver-white blossom,
 Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
 The rose o'er it bonds with its beautiful bosom,
 As though 'twere enamor'd itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers
 On the stream as it lov'd the bright place of its rest,
 And its waves pass in song, as the sea-shells' soft numbers
 Had given to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropp'd and sunny;
 There the first birth of violets' odor-showers weep:
 There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
 Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,
 The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;
 Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?
 Who can say whence it springs in its beauty?—not one.

Oh my heart, and my song which is as my heart's flowing,
 Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own;
 'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,
 Who cares for the lips from which issues the tone?

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
 Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;
 'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will inherit
 The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SWEET bud, that sparklest on thy stem,
 Like dew-drop in the lucid ray,
 When morn unfolds her diadem,
 And shades of darkness pass away!
 Again appears thy natal day;
 O many such may'st thou enjoy,
 And still, when comes the season gay,
 May mirth thy little heart employ!

Long may'st thou on thy parents smile,
 And long thy parents smile on thee,—
 A seraph free from stain or guile,
 An emblem bright of purity;
 The beam that gilds thy infant years
 Still gild thy youth—thy life's decline—
 And never sorrow's bitter tears
 Bedim those lovely eyes of thine!

But vain is ev'ry ardent wish,
 And fondest hopes of friends may fail;
 Time's ruthless hand alike doth crush
 The oak, and lily of the vale.
 Yet truth and virtue still prevail,
 And charm each varied scene of life;
 The balmy breeze, the boist'rous gale,
 The hour of sunshine and of strife.

O then let virtue be thy guide,
 And never from her sway depart;
 What bliss, though ills on ills betide,
 To have an all-approving heart;
 And, when the storms of life are past,
 And cares with which the best have striven,
 On wings of joy to mount at last,
 And mingle with the stars of Heaven!

M. Y

TO ————— ON HER RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

DEAR one, I heard thy sigh of pain,
 I saw thy form with sickness droop;
 Yet heard you not, belov'd, complain
 At pale disease's ghastly groupe.

But, ah ! how much I felt for thee
 To tell in words I quite despair ;
 Humbly to Heav'n I bent the knee,
 And woo'd health's goddess in my pray'r.

Again I sought the couch of woe,
 And heard thy short convulsive breath ;
 Thy trembling pulse beat sadly slow,
 And seem'd to tell of coming death !

Then frantic grief o'erpower'd my brain,
 And loud-tongued terror gain'd my ear ;
 From tears I strove not to refrain,
 But sank, a prey to awful fear.

Yet Heav'n relented ; Health once more
 Came from her mansion in the skies,
 To bless the dear one I adore,
 And sparkle in her azure eyes.

Language ! thy pow'rs are much too mean,
 To paint the pleasures of my breast ;
 Love *may* conceive the bliss serene,
 That soothes my sorrows into rest.

J. M. LACEY.

DECEMBER'S EVE, AT HOME ;

by the late Mrs. Radcliffe.

WELCOME December's cheerful night,
 When the taper-lights appear,
 When the piled hearth blazes bright,
 And those we love are circled there !

And on the soft rug basking lies,
 Outstretch'd at ease, the spotted friend,
 With glowing coat and half-shut eyes,
 Where watchfulness and slumber blend.

Welcome December's cheerful hour,
 When books, with converse sweet combined,
 And music's many-gifted power,
 Exalt or soothe th' awaken'd mind.

Then let the snow-wind shriek aloud,
 And menace oft the guarded sash,
 And all his diapason crowd,
 As o'er the frame his white wings dash.

He sings of darkness and of storm,
 Of icy cold and lonely ways ;
 But gay the room, the hearth more warm,
 And brighter is the taper's blaze.

Then let the merry tale go round,
 And airy songs the hours deceive ;
 And let our heart-felt laughs resound,
 In welcome to December's eve.

SONG TO MARIA.

BLEST be the heart that beat faithful to mine,
 When imploring I lay at thy feet!
 Blest be the lips that pronounced 'I am thine,'
 With a tone so bewitchingly sweet!

And blessed be thou—for the sunbeam of bliss,
 For a moment, shone bright o'er my breast;
 I press'd on thy languishing cheek the first kiss,
 And from doubt and despair was at rest.

Oh, never that blush which so sweetly reveal'd
 The soft feeling so worthy of thee,
 (The feeling how long from thy lover conceal'd!)
 Shall, my love, be forgotten by me.

Whilst impatient I wait (such the pleasures they give!)
 To call thee, Maria, my own,
 They shall still in the depths of my memory live—
 The blush, and the kiss, and the tone.

We have omitted our correspondent's last stanza, because it is an unnecessary repetition of the first.

THE RETURN.

LONG years had elaps'd since I last view'd the spot
 Where the home of my childhood arose;
 And fancy oft painted the calm little cot,
 And the form of my beautiful Rose.

'Twas one bright summer's eve, when I reach'd the steep hill
 Which bounded my dear native vale;
 The sun had just sunk, and each murmur was still,
 Save the sigh of the evening gale;

I paus'd for an instant to gaze on the scene,
 From the verdant and moss-cover'd height,
 While my eye wander'd fondly across the smooth green,
 Where I oft had spent hours of delight:

And mem'ry recall'd all the anguish and toil
 I had felt since the sorrowful time,
 When, bidding adieu to my lov'd native isle,
 I sought fame in a far distant clime.

But those sorrows were past, and bright fancy pourtray'd
 The friends who, ere evening's close,
 Would welcome me home, and it pictur'd the maid,
 My heart's idol—the beautiful Rose.

With a hurrying step I descended the hill,
 And anxiously sought the lone cot;
 I tapp'd at the door, all was silent and still;
 A voice or a step I heard not:

Deep silence, unbroken, pervaded the vale;
 No mortal appear'd on the plain;
 I listen'd—methought, on the evening gale,
 There arose a melodious strain:

In distance it melted; astonish'd I stood.
 When again it rose mournful and clear:
 I cross'd o'er the valley, and dash'd thro' the wood,
 While my heart throb'd with terror and fear.

'Oh tell,' and I question'd a young peasant boy,
 'Whence proceeds the soft music I hear?
 'And why heaves thy heart the deep agonis'd sigh,
 'And why glistens thine eye with a tear?'

I impatient repeated with tremulous dread,
 'Oh tell me what sweet strains are those?'
 'Alas!' was the answer—'our lady is dead:'
 'Twas the requiem hymn for my Rose.

L. W.

THE LAST MAN; *from* WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
 A pleasant morning of May,
 I, on the gallows-tree, all alone,
 Was chanting a merry lay,—
 To think how the pest had spared my life,
 To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
 Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
 It made me crow to see his old duds
 All abroad in the wind, like flags;—
 So up he came to the timber's foot,
 And pitch'd down his greasy bags.

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
 At pulling out his scraps,
 The very sight of his broken orts
 Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
 'Come down,' says he, 'you Newgate-bird,
 And have a taste of my snaps!'—

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
 I slid, and by him stood:
 But I wish'd myself on the gallows again,
 When I smelt that beggar's food,—
 A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—
 'Oh!' quoth he, 'the Heavens are good!'

Then after this grace he cast him down:
 Said I, 'You'll get sweeter air
 A pace or two off, on the windward side—
 For the felons' bones lie there'—
 But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
 And offer'd them part of his fare.

' I never harm'd them, and they won't harm me :
Let the proud and the rich be cravens !'
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the Heavens ;
Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;—
' There's the crums,' saith he, ' for the ravens !'

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look ;
But, while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took :
Quoth he, ' though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook !'

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram ;
Oh it came of a dainty cask !
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
' Your leave, good sir, I must ask ;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sips at my flask !'

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath ;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath !

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
' Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

' I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep ;
For, as I pass'd from town to town,
The folks were all stone-asleep ;
But, when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap !'

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth !
An it were not for that beggar man,
I'd be the king of the earth ;
But I promis'd myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth.

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry :
' Up, up, on the tree,' quoth the beggar man,
' Till those horrible dogs go by !'

And, lo ! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,

A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows-foot,
And there his haunches they tore.

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done ;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun.
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropp'd one by one.

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropp'd out of sight ;
Anon saith he, 'let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night !'

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due west ;
So we far'd that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest :
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best !

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads ;
And, when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leap'd out of the beds :
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate ;
It made me curse to hear how he whined ;
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate.

So he turn'd right and I turn'd left,
As if we had never met :
And I chose a fair stone-house for myself,
For the city was all to let ;
And for three brave holydays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And, because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest ;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast ;
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest !

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass ;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass ;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browz'd on the new-come grass.

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a king;
So he stepp'd right up before my gate,
And danc'd me a saucy fling.

Heaven mend us all!—But, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipp'd my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws;
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go,
When the law and a thief have quarrels;
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows-foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind, and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done;
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun;
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decently:

God send there were any good soul alive
 To do the like by me !
 But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
 And bay'd me up the tree.

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
 And my head began to swim,
 To see their jaws all white with foam,
 Like the ravenous ocean brim ;
 But, when the wild dogs trotted away,
 Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
 But the beggar man, where was he ?—
 There was nought of him but some ribands of rags
 Below the gallows-tree !—
 I know the devil, when I am dead,
 Will send his hounds for me !

I've buried my babies one by one,
 And dug the deep hole for Joan,
 And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
 And felt the old churchyard stone
 Go cold to my heart, full many a time ;
 But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,
 And the tiger him beguil'd ;
 But the simple kine are foes to my life,
 And the household brutes are wild.
 If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
 I could love it like a child !

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dreams,
 At night to make me madder,
 And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
 Is like a stinging adder ;
 I sigh when I pass the gallows-foot,
 And look at the rope and ladder !

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain,
 My desperate fancy begs ; .
 I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
 And drink it to the dregs ;
 For there is not another man alive,
 In the world, to pull my legs !

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF EARLY
 INDULGENCE.

(Concluded from Page 621.)

WHEN the emotion excited by the imprudent step which Laura had taken, had subsided in the family of her uncle, Harriet wrote to Mrs. Conway, entreating her presence in London, because she thought that her esteemed friend would

have influence enough over Mr. Marlow to prevent him from leaving his adopted child destitute. Mrs. Conway willingly obeyed the summons, and arrived in town, accompanied by her son, who hoped that his presence would also afford consolation to Harriet. Mr. Marlow, pleased at the arrival of his friend, and not wishing to conceal his intentions, took an early opportunity of telling

Edward Conway, that his bride would be richer than he expected, as it was his determined purpose to discard his other niece from his affection, and leave his fortune to Harriet. At this intimation, Harriet threw herself on her knees before him, and requested that he would shew so much regard for her, as not to make her appear despicable in the eyes of the world; 'for who, my dear uncle (said she), would ever be persuaded that I had not instigated the misguided girl to this step, with a view of depriving her of your fortune? Edward (she added, turning to her lover), aid me in my supplications; we have enough for comfort; and, if you imagine that such an addition to our fortune would add to our happiness, you are more mercenary than I supposed you to be.'—Edward assured her, that, if her uncle should persist in his present determination, instead of adding to his happiness, it would make him miserable, as he could not avoid sharing the odium which would be thrown upon his wife. At last the entreating looks of Mrs. Marlow (who could not bear that one whom she so long had loved should be left destitute) prevailed, and her husband agreed to settle an annuity of two hundred pounds on Laura, and declared that the residue of his fortune was to go to his eldest nephew. Papers fixing the annuity were immediately drawn out, to be ready when the young couple should return. Mr. Conway, who had now joined the party, suggested that it might secure good usage from the husband, if it should be stated that the annuity would only be paid on the wife's demand.

Soon after this arrangement had been made, letters were received from Mr. O'Hara and his lady, stating their arrival at an hotel in town, and imploring forgiveness for the step they had taken, which was occasioned by the violence of their love. An answer was returned by Mr. Marlow, stating that, at his request, Mr. Conway would see them on the following day, when they would be informed of all they might expect from him; and hoping that no compunction for the ingratitude with which Mrs. O'Hara had treated her kind and indulgent friends would ever embitter her future happiness. When Mr. Conway performed his promise, Mrs. O'Hara received him with an air of constraint, at which he was not surprised; but no pen can describe the violent feelings she ex-

pressed when her uncle's intentions were made known to her, or the invectives which were thrown out by O'Hara against the whole family. 'Have a care, Sir,' said Mr. Conway; 'recollect that one word from me will deprive you of your wife's intended allowance; for, were I even to hint at the warmth and violence I have this day witnessed, you would be left to your fate.' The passion of Laura had by this time subsided, and her uncle was not sorry to see her shed what he hoped were tears of contrition. Her husband took her hand, and begged she would be composed, as it was only on account of his love for her that he had expressed himself so violently. A less discriminating person might have been deceived; but Mr. Conway saw, that all was not sincere, and that these endearing expressions were only used to mislead him; and he concluded that Laura's chance of happiness was very slender indeed. Harriet, with the permission of her uncle, had sent every article belonging to Laura to the hotel, with a few lines dictated by sisterly affection.

Laura's imprudence having caused considerable conversation in the fashionable world, it was thought advisable that the whole party (with the exception of Edward, who had joined his regiment, and was now going abroad) should return to Conway-Lodge; but, as Firpark, the seat of Mr. Marlow, was in the immediate vicinity, it was not easy to ascertain which family claimed Harriet as its own. Wherever she resided, she forgot her own anxieties in trying to alleviate those of others, and she thought her cares amply repaid when she once more saw her friends smiling in contentment. For some time they heard nothing of O'Hara, but at last saw his name in the Gazette, as having exchanged into the infantry, and afterwards found that he was superseded for being absent without leave. Harriet could not divest herself of considerable uneasiness, as she knew not the exact situation and circumstances of her sister. It was evident that Laura still lived; but where she was, could not be traced, as the gentleman who presented her signature declared in the most solemn manner that he was only the agent of another. But soon all Harriet's feelings were forgotten for a time in her own affliction. The battle of Waterloo was fought, and Edward was left breathless on the even-

guined field! What now supported Harriet amidst this overwhelming shock? What enabled her to soothe the anguish of the parents of her Edward? What made her suppress the tears of anguish in their presence? *Religion*. — That source of comfort to the afflicted! To that *divine Being* who for wise purposes sends misfortune, did she look for consolation; nor did she look in vain; for she felt that she mourned not as those who have no hope; she looked forward to meeting her Edward where there is neither care nor sorrow! Nor was she singular in this respect, as so just a sense of religion reigned throughout the family, that they were soon able to look calmly around them, and, comparing their own situation with that of others, were piously grateful for the mercies they still enjoyed. Charles Marlow, the now acknowledged heir of his uncle, spent this season with his friends at Fir-park, and aided his aunt and uncle in their exertions to console the family at Conway-Lodge: it was almost the first time that he and Harriet had met since their childhood. There was a melancholy expression in his countenance which shewed that his affection for his cousin was more firmly rooted than was imagined. It seemed to be a tacit agreement that the name of Laura should never be mentioned. Once only did Charles hint at the love he had for her, and his anxiety as to what her fate might now be. Harriet asked him whether he had ever hinted his love to her? — ‘Never,’ answered he; ‘I warned her of O’Hara; I knew his character well, and was aware, had I then declared myself, it would have been by Laura imputed to interested motives. Therefore I concealed my sentiments; but so devoted was I to her that I think I never can feel for another the same affection. My uncle wishes me to marry; but I hope he will give me time; and, when I meet with one who will be contented to take a divided heart, I will agree to his wishes.’ Harriet sighed at the similarity of their situation, both mourning the disappointment of their early wishes, though from very different causes. It is wisely ordered that, in the greatest distress, time brings about an alleviation of our misery. Two years from the death of Edward, the two families were once more neighbours in the country, and Charles Marlow became the received lover of Harriet, with the sanction,

we might almost say the advice, of the parents of her first lover. Our romantic readers will here exclaim; ‘It is impossible she could have loved Edward, or she never would have married another.’ But let them look around, and they will see that many of the most happy marriages have taken place where sincere esteem, founded on a mutual knowledge of character, was the basis of union. The tempers of those now brought under our eyes were known to each other; the very circumstance of each having been unfortunate in a first attachment created a sort of sympathy which, to the satisfaction of all connected, ended in reciprocal regard; and the following spring was the time fixed for their union. It was farther settled that Harriet (accompanied by Louisa, the eldest and favorite sister of Edward) should reside with Mr. and Mrs. Marlow in London. Although Mr. W. Marlow had shewn so little affection for her and her sister, she had long forgotten that treatment, and now, as the affianced bride of his son, paid him every attention, and was requited by his favor.

Some time after her arrival in London, Harriet was one morning seated in her aunt’s dressing-room with that lady and Miss Conway. Charles was reading aloud to them as they worked, when a note was handed to her, brought by a person who waited for an answer. The handwriting seemed to excite considerable emotion in the bosom of Harriet, who immediately left the room to speak to the messenger. She quickly returned, and contrived unperceived to slip a note into the hand of Charles, containing these words:—‘In half an hour follow me to Paddington, and enquire for Mrs. Millward’s; say not a word at present.’ She then told Mrs. Marlow, that the person had brought a message from one who wished to see her on particular business, and that she had therefore sent for a coach. Her aunt, supposing it was something relative to the preparations for her marriage, said nothing to oppose her, but merely requested that she would take her cousin Louisa with her. This she declined, and hurried off as soon as the coach was announced. Charles remained for some time lost in thought: he then said, as there did not seem any chance that the reading would be resumed on that day, he would take a ride. Being soon mounted, he followed the direction Harriet had given him, and

reached the house in question, at the door of which stood a hackney-coach, as if waiting for its fare. Having asked whether a lady had arrived there lately, he was answered in the affirmative, and requested to go into a certain room, from which a low murmuring sound, as of one weeping, then arose. Having knocked, he was desired to enter; and he gently opened the door. What a scene presented itself! On a mean-looking bed was stretched a pale emaciated figure, seemingly recovering from a fainting fit; in a crib near the scanty fire lay a child asleep, and at the bedside Harriet knelt, entreating the invalid to swallow a cordial she offered, and using the most affectionate epithets to induce her to take it. When Charles appeared, Harriet named him, and desired him to advance; on hearing his name the invalid gave a convulsive start, and, covering her face, exclaimed, 'Charles Marlow, approach me not: am I not sufficiently humbled?—are you also come to triumph over the misfortunes of the imprudent Laura?' The name operated on Charles like an electric shock. 'Mock me not,' cried he, 'by saying *you* are the gay animated Laura, in whose smiles every one delighted.—Those dim eyes are not the same which sparkled with joy and happiness—those sunk and hollow cheeks cannot be the same whose brilliant hue was the admiration of every beholder. No, no, I must be deceived; so great a change cannot have taken place.' During this affecting apostrophe, Laura had her eyes covered, but the tears were seen trickling between her wasted fingers. She now withdrew her hand, and holding it out to her cousin, said, with a feeble voice, 'Charles, you are *not* deceived. In this worn-out emaciated being you do indeed behold the once happy Laura, the victim of well-meant, but unfortunate *indulgence*; but, thank God, though, from my being an object of perfidy in others, you may weep for my misfortunes, you will never have cause to blush for your cousin.' She now seemed quite exhausted; and at this moment a medical gentleman came who had been sent for, and gave it as his opinion, that there was no immediate danger, as her weakness seemed more the consequence of fatigue and want of nourishment than of disease. It was necessary that Harriet should now return home; but, before she left her sister,

she ordered every requisite comfort for her, and a nurse for the infant. Charles accompanied Harriet in the coach, and they were no sooner seated than her self-command gave way, and she wept bitterly; nor let the gay and unthinking smile in derision, when we say that the manly cheeks of Charles Marlow were bathed in tears. 'Harriet,' said he, when both had regained some composure, 'explain this mystery to me.' 'Alas! my dear Charles,' said the weeping girl, 'I can only tell you, that a note was handed to me, containing these few words: 'Hasten, Harriet, to the bedside of your dying sister, whose maternal love urges her to consign her child to your protection, to prevent her being educated in the school of vice.' The place was mentioned where I might find her, and I only waited to write the few lines I did to you before I ordered a coach:—the rest you know.' They now made up some story to account for their meeting and returning together; and it was settled, that, after dinner, when Harriet should relate her 'unvarnished tale' to her aunt up stairs, Charles should do the same to his uncle below, and use his influence to have the wanderer restored to her home; and so well did he plead the cause of the sorrowing Laura, that, before they joined the ladies, Mr. Marlow had agreed to visit his niece the next day, and assure her of his forgiveness; and, as soon as his agitation on seeing Harriet would permit him, he desired she might give orders to have an apartment prepared for the reception of Laura. Calm and sweet was the sleep which Harriet enjoyed that night, and so sanguine was she in her hopes of her sister's recovery, that she looked forward to the enjoyment of many happy days with one whose afflictions might be supposed to have improved her mind. Her fond hopes, however, vanished when, on reaching Laura's humble abode, she found her in a high fever, calling on all around her to take O'Hara out of her sight, and earnestly desiring her uncle to come to her aid. In the greatest agitation she now sent for the physician who generally attended the family, and also wrote to inform her friends of the alarming change which had taken place. On the arrival of the doctor, proper means were used to reduce the fever; but great weakness remained, and her removal was therefore postponed. Har-

riet, in the mean time, remained with her; and the little Adelaide and her nurse were sent to Mr. Marlow's house.

Before Laura could give an account of herself, her friends wished for some elucidation from the landlady, who could give none, except that the lady had arrived there one evening much fatigued; that she said she had traveled from Bristol, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a waggon. She gave her a letter of a very old date, from a sister she had in Ireland, begging she would be kind to the bearer, who was in trouble, but could pay for any thing she would get. 'I was not afraid on that score,' said the kind-hearted woman; 'but even for the short time she has been with me, there has been so great a change, that I have often begged she would let me go for her friends: her answer has always been, 'When I think I am near dying.' Dear heart, often have I almost cried for her when I have observed her for hours together mourn over her baby and say, 'My darling, what will become of you, if your aunt will not keep you from your cruel father?'

The moment that the physician gave permission, Laura was removed from her humble abode, the landlady of which had reason to bless the day she first received her; but, although her health was apparently amended, the family had too much delicacy to seek any explanation, till she felt herself inclined to give it. She seemed aware that an explanation was absolutely necessary; and one evening, when they were all assembled in her dressing-room, she commenced her affecting detail in the following manner.

'I am a striking example of the baneful effects of unlimited indulgence in childhood. You, my dearest uncle and aunt, from a fear of appearing harsh to me in my orphan state, indulged every wish of my heart. Where there was no contradiction, my real disposition could not be known; and the first time I met with the slightest opposition was in the important choice of a partner for life. O'Hara had engaged my affections, and you know for whom you wished me to reserve them. How often has O'Hara declared, when he understood the opposition you made, that it was only myself he wished to possess, and that your fortune was no object to him; and so fully

did he convince me you were acting an unjust and illiberal part, that in an evil moment I consented to elope with him. Sadly, sadly, were my eyes opened when too late; nor is it easy for me to describe the rage he evinced, when your determination was communicated to us by my uncle Conway; but he did not venture entirely to throw off the mask, as long as I was near my friends. In the idea that, whatever opposition my uncle might make to the marriage, he would forgive us as soon as it was beyond recall, he had borrowed a sum of money to defray the expense of our northern trip. To pay this, he exchanged with an officer of infantry, who gave him something more; and we immediately set off for Ireland. There he commenced a career of folly, and was at last superseded for irregularity of conduct. We now removed to an old ruinous house, which, with a small portion of land, was all that remained of a good estate, but which no one would think of purchasing, from the dilapidated state of the building and the barrenness of the soil. Here I soon discovered that I had exchanged a home with indulgent friends for that of a tyrant. Although I was regularly obliged to sign my half-yearly receipt, I had no command of the money: it was spent in riot and debauchery. I was at length so weary of life, that I cared not how soon I might be called away; but my feelings underwent a considerable change when I became a mother. For my child's sake I struggled against all the bad usage and insults I received; but, when he introduced to my society a female who was a disgrace to her sex, and declared she was henceforth to be my companion, I retired to my own apartment, and refused to partake of my meals with them. He urged, he threatened, and even beat me; but I was firm; he at last desisted, and I was left in comparative tranquillity, with no comfort except the smiles of my babe and the consolations of my maid, who had become much attached to me. It was by her interference, that, during the absence of my tyrant and his companion, I had the rites of baptism bestowed on Adelaide. The worthy man who performed the ceremony, when opportunity offered, would occasionally visit me, and confirm me in the good resolutions I was forming. Into his hands I put some trinkets of value, and requested

he would turn them into money, as I apprehended that I might one day be obliged to leave my husband. Having returned from an excursion, O'Hara came to my apartment, and, to my utter surprise, evinced the greatest kindness and attention to me and our child. I knew his character so well, that I was aware he had some point which he wished to gain, and that he thought he might succeed by kindness. He did not keep me long in suspense, as he told me that he had immediate occasion for a large sum of money; that a person had promised to give it to him, on condition of my assigning over my right to my annuity for a few years. I assured him I would not do any such act of injustice to myself and my child. It was in vain he coaxed and threatened by turns, till at last I temporised a little, by saying I would consider of it; but this I did not condescend to do till he said that, if I should persist in my obstinacy, my child should be torn from my arms, and taken where I should never see her. He then left me, saying that he would wait a week at a friend's house for my determination. This I promised he should have, and I was once more left to my own reflections. I found that now was the time to act. I despatched my faithful Norah to the worthy clergyman, requesting he would arrange every thing for my return to England through Wales. I managed to send some of my best clothes by degrees to his house, which was on my way; and he had about fifty pounds of mine, that he was to keep for my use. I then declared to O'Hara, by letter, that I never would agree to his wishes. His reply was concise: 'You brave me,—take the consequence;—I shall be at home on Monday, when you will prepare to give up your child, to whom you will henceforth be a stranger.—DENNIS O'HARA.' My measures had been so well taken, however, that, long before he could reach home, I had safely arrived in the haven of Milford. I remained in that neighbourhood for some time, and lived as economically as possible; but my money dwindled away, and at last I was obliged to part with some of my clothes. My health began to decline, and I resolved to return to London, give my child to your arms, and *die*. With difficulty and with many privations I accomplished the journey. My sufferings are now forgotten in the

conviction that my child is rescued from the example of vice, and that I am *forgiven*. My landlady has heard from her sister, that O'Hara and his female friend still live together, and that he was dreadfully enraged at my escape. I know not how he manages; but I rather think he has contrived some method of receiving my money. I never enquired about it, being apprehensive that he might take some means to trace me; but I care not now—my time in this world will not be long, and I trust I shall die in peace with all.'

Thus ended this affecting history, to which her auditors listened with many tears. They could not conceal from themselves that her fears were prophetic, as her health gradually declined; and, indeed, in a few weeks after her removal to her uncle's mansion, the once gay and thoughtless Laura sunk into a sleep from which she never awoke. Although her surviving friends felt sincere grief on the occasion, it was greatly alleviated when they considered the change which had taken place in her mind, and when a clergyman, with whom she had had frequent and serious conversations, assured them that the state of mind in which she died was that of a sincere Christian. She had extorted a promise from Harriet, that she would not delay her marriage longer than three months. An account of his wife's death had been transmitted to O'Hara, with an intimation that, 'out of respect to her memory and for the sake of the child, no notice would be taken of his having been guilty of perjury, in having drawn out her annuity some time after she had left him.' No answer was ever received to this, nor could the family ascertain his fate. Rumor said, that he had fallen in one of the skirmishes so frequent in Ireland.

At the appointed time the marriage of Harriet and Charles took place. Toward the little Adelaide they acted like parents; and, though to her and their own children they evinced every proper indulgence, the earliest lessons which they inculcated upon their young minds were these,—self-denial, and a surrender of their own opinions to those who had more wisdom and experience; and, amidst the happiness which both enjoyed, they lost all sense of that disappointment which each had sustained, in not being united to the first object of youthful affection.

ALMACK'S; A NOVEL. 3 VOLS. 1826.

PICTURES of fashionable life supply the idle with amusement, the proud with models of demeanor and conduct, and the satirical with topics of ridicule and animadversion. The present picture is highly colored; and, if it be not the work of a first-rate artist, it is at least the production of a person of considerable talent. It is attributed to a lady of quality, who is apparently well acquainted with the scenes which she describes.

The dedication is quaint and curious:

To that most distinguished and despotic conclave,
composed

of their High Mightinesses

The Ladies Patronesses of the Balls at

ALMACK'S,

The Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste,
The Leaders of Ton, and the Makers of Manners,
Whose sovereign sway over 'the world' of London
has long been established on the firmest basis,
Whose Decrees are Laws, and from whose judgement there is no appeal;

To those important Personages, all and severally,
Who have formed, or who do form, any part
of that

Administration,

usually denominated

The Willis Coalition Cabal,

Whether Members of the Committee of Supply,
or

CABINET COUNSELLORS,

Holding seats at the Board of Control,

The following Pages

are, with all due respect, humbly dedicated by
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

This novel has no regular plot, and the incidents are not well connected; but the characters are sketched with vivacity, and the conversations are in general animated. The deliberations of the patronesses on the mode of filling up the subscription list at Almack's are pleasantly reported: but we will first give an account of the club itself. 'This institution has now existed ten years; and six self-elected female sovereigns have, during all that time, held the keys of the great world, as St. Peter was supposed to do those of the kingdom of Heaven. These ladies decide, in a weekly committee, upon the distribution of the tickets for admission: the whole is a matter of favor, interest, or calculation; for neither rank, distinction, nor merit of any kind, will serve as a plea, unless the candidate has the good

fortune to be already upon the visiting book of one of these all-powerful patronesses. Not to be known to one of the six, must indeed argue yourself quite unknown. But the extraordinary thing is, that all the world of fashion should submit patiently to such a tyranny. What will not *ton* do? Almack's is a system of tyranny which would never be submitted to in any country but one of such complete freedom that people are at liberty to make fools of themselves. No government would ever have had the effrontery to suppose that people would, on their knees, crave permission to pay their money to a junta, self-elected, whose power exists but by courtesy; who make laws, and enforce them too, without any sort of right.'

* * * * *

'And now to business,' said lady Hauton. 'Where is your list, my dear baroness?'

'Here are my papers,' said Madame de Wallestein; 'I have made two lists: the first is, of all those who appear to have been promised by lady Lochaber; and the second, of all the new applicants. *Les billets sont tous dans le panier, vous savez bien que je ne connais personne.*'

'Well! let us see,—Townshend, Walpole, Graham, Clinton, Winyard. Oh! those are all old stagers, and must be entered of course; but where is the new list?'

'There! that is it in your hand, *la voyez!*'

'Young!—oh, I know them well: regular London antiques; like old tapestry, faded; yet everyone appreciates their value; therefore put them down; Mrs. and two Miss Youngs. Lambton, Mrs. and Miss,—what! the card-playing widow with the tall daughter:—but they may do. Ramsays, the Misses—oh! they're cousins of that odious lady Lochaber, so I'll scratch them out.'

'They are handsome girls, I think,' said the duchess.'

'And nearly related to the duke of Clanalpin,' said lady Bellamont, with infinite *sang froid*.

'And excellent harp-players,' observed the musical lady Plinlimmon.

'Well, then, to the point at once,' said lady Hauton. 'Are the accomplished Miss Ramsays to be invited? Madame de Wallestein, you must give your opinion.'

'Oh! then pray let us have these musical misses.'

'Miss Geraldine de Montmorenci comes next. What a sweet pretty novelist name! Who is she?'

'A beautiful Irish girl, who was often with me at Paris,' said the baroness.

'Pray set her name down,' said lady Hauton. 'Then we have next, the lady Margaret Carlton, and two Misses Carlton.'

'So they have left off applying to me,' said lady Plinlimmon, 'which I am rather glad of, for I do not admire any of the race. Such proud, stiff, disagreeable people! Lady Margaret has all the Clanalpin pride about her. Shall we have them?'

'What say you, lady Bellamont?' said the duchess of Stavordale.

'Oh! for one subscription, I think we may admit them.'

'Mr. Adolphus Frederick Carlton is on my list,' said lady Rochefort; 'he is a tall spindle-shanks of a youth, but he is a *protégé* of one of the royal dukes, and an inimitable waltzer.'

'Then he will do,' said the duchess; 'for good dancers, I am sure, are always acceptable.'

'Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Smythe,' said lady Hauton. 'Who on earth can they be, I wonder?'

'They are Lincolnshire people, and applied to me last year, but they were too late,' said lady Rochefort.

'There is no need to have colonel Smythe, at least,' said lady Hauton, 'even if we agree to the wife and daughter, for papas are of no use. What is the girl like?'

'Well-looking, and well-dressed,' said lady Rochefort.

'Has she much *tournure*?'

'Quite Parisian.'

'Dances well?'

'In perfection: I can assure your ladyship she is a *distinguée*.'

'And nothing disgraceful-looking about the mother?'

'Quite the contrary; a very fashionable-looking chaperon, *d'un certain age*, with a Frenchified cap, and a large Indian shawl.'

'Oh, very well! then we will have them.'

'Who comes next? Sir George, lady, and two Miss Cottons. Who and what are they?'

'Oh, I know them,' said lady Rochefort: 'positively I bar them and the Balls. I will not be worsted by them this year, though they did overturn all

my plans last season. They got on your list, lady Bellamont.'

'I think I remember them now,' said her ladyship of Hauton; 'Two vastly odd-looking little girls, in dirty striped red gowns. I will not admit them on my books again, that's poz.'

'But I have promised them,' said lady Bellamont.

'Oh, never mind; break your promise; don't let us have such shabby girls, with their ugly mama, and that gouty old gentleman;—too much of a good thing by half.'

'Shall we have the beautiful Rosa Danvers?' said the duchess; 'she will be an object of great attraction everywhere, from her youth, and the oddity of her marriage with so old a man. We must certainly have her.'

'The ladies Buller,' said lady Bellamont, 'are the next.'

'Oh, refuse them,' said lady Hauton, 'till they get some new turbans; those things they wear look so very strange.'

'I think your ladyship makes a point of refusing every body I propose,' said lady Bellamont, rather tartly.

'Why, you always show up such a list of worthies,' said lady Hauton, 'Almack's would be a mere receptacle for quizzes, if we admitted all your friends.'

Lady Bellamont looked furiously angry, particularly as lady Rochefort joined in the laugh against her and her *protégées*.

'I think,' said the duchess, 'we behave very ill to Madame de Wallestein; for this debate cannot be very amusing to her. Perhaps she may have some friend to propose?'

'Your grace is very kind,' returned the baroness; 'I was just going to name lady and Miss Birmingham, and Miss Mildmay.'

A look of dismay pervaded every face.

'What! the great Pitt man's wife and daughter,' said lady Rochefort.

'I never heard that Sir Benjamin Birmingham was a Pitt man,' replied Madame de Wallestein; 'he was formerly a great West-Indian merchant, and he is now tenant to my brother, Sir Edmund Montague, for Atherford Abbey. I promised to send them vouchers:—my word is engaged.'

'And Miss Mildmay; that is your pretty friend, of course?'

'*Pardonnez moi, c'est sa sœur*,' said the baroness.

'And is she as handsome as the one who is staying with you?'

'Oh, no! certainly not; but she is extremely amiable.'

'Oh! *cela va sans dire*,' said lady Rochefort. 'Ugly girls must be amiable to pass; but, as these Miss Mildmay's are quite unknown to us, I think it will be very liberal if we admit one of them, and, of course, the beauty. What say you, lady Plinlimmon?'

'Why, certainly: but yet, as the baroness de Wallestein's friends—'

'But, you know,' said lady Rochefort, 'Lady Hauton always says that friendship must be entirely done away with in these cases.'

'The Miss Mildways I know nothing about,' said the duchess; 'but I am sure the Birminghams are not desirable. My friend lady Norbury was hoping only yesterday, that they might be excluded; because, if money was once to get people into Almack's, there would be an end directly to all hope of its continuing good company.'

'Lady Birmingham is very vulgar, *assurément*,' said the baroness: 'but her daughter is a charming person, and *du meilleur ton*.'

'Her pedigree must, however, be always a great objection,' said lady Rochefort; 'and to you, Madame de Wallestein, who have always frequented the best society on the continent—'

'Are any of the Birminghams city people?' inquired lady Bellamont.

The viscountess coloured, and looked very angry.

'This is too absurd, really,' said lady Hauton, with her usual air of superiority. 'What useless nicety! with the fortune Miss Birmingham will inherit, there is no rank in the peerage to which she may not aspire; methinks it would be wiser to make up to her.'

'Make up to a Birmingham! good Heavens! what degradation!' exclaimed the incensed matrons, in chorus.

'*Je suis fuchée, on ne peut plus, d'être la cause de cette petite discussion, mais j'ai promis à mes amies, et il faut, ou que j'acquiesce ma parole, ou que je cède ma place.*'

'Impossible, my dear Madame de Wallestein; such a thing must not even be thought of. Lady and Miss Birmingham *shall* be admitted,' said lady Hauton.

'Then, if they are to have vouchers, I must insist on my friends the Tooleys being accepted also,' said lady Bellamont.

'Oh, keep them for the next subscription; don't let us monopolise all the lions for the same set. And really the Tooleys ought not to be named with the Birminghams; they are very commonplace humdrums, while the others are certainly, though secondary stars, yet of great brilliancy. Rich gilding will always attract. We shall all live to see lady Birmingham, and her house, and her parties, decided *ton*; for what will not gold buy in these days?—rank, power, fashion, and even consideration. In this mercantile age, Birmingham is likely to become the chief emporium.

Money gives influence, and wins the prize
Of taste and wit, while all contend
To win her smiles whom all commend.

I shall prove a true prophetess, you will see; *qu'en dites-vous, ma chère amie?*' turning to the baroness.

'Indeed, I think Miss Birmingham will be admired for herself alone. She hardly wants the gilding you talk of.'

'If we are to yield,' said Plinlimmon, 'perhaps the less we say the better.'

'Mercantile influence then, it seems, is to carry all before it,' said the duchess, 'in fashion as well as in politics, and under aristocratic patronage too!'

'*C'est la marche du siècle*,' said lady Hauton. 'So then it is decided, Madame de Wallestein; the Birminghams are to have vouchers.'

'I will not give up,' said Bellamont, angrily, 'I beg to observe, that I do not agree to their admission.'

'Unluckily, your ladyship's *singlé* vote against five will not do much; I fear the ayes have it,' said lady Hauton, with a smile. 'Suppose you enter a dissentient protest in the journal of our proceedings; it would prove to afterwards the incorruptibility of the house of Hare—proof against gold in any shape;—though a little, it is well known, might be very acceptable,' whispered her ladyship to her friend lady Rochefort.

'Well,' said the duchess, 'let us proceed; we have staid long enough at Birmingham to have doubled our capital; yet that is not the case, for my stock of men is very low indeed.'

'My list is quite full,' said lady Rochefort; 'but nothing new.'

'Lady Hauton then presented a number of visiting tickets. Sundry young lordlings were all approved *nem. con.* Indeed, 'the countess,' as her ladyship was usually denominated, was so very

despotic, that no one ventured to disapprove any person she protected. The baroness then read over a list of French and German marquisses, counts, and chevaliers, with here and there one or two Italian princes who had applied to her.

'Lady Hauton was delighted: such a great foreign connexion must prove of infinite advantage to the society: it was opening Almack's to the continent; it was strengthening the coalition by an alliance with foreign powers.'

ON ANECDOTE-TELLING; *from Net-Work, or Thoughts in Idleness.*

THERE are few things more pleasant than the social fire-side conversation of a few intelligent friends on a winter evening, when the dreariness of the storm without, and the blast as it whistles through the key-hole, with the hasty sleet now and then drizzling on the fire, awaken us to a fresh and quicker sense of the comforts which we are enjoying within. Such a situation seems to produce a quiet gentleness of heart, a kind flow of feeling, and a benignity of spirit, which make us more than commonly alive to the pleasures of social intercourse. A winter's night closets us up from the world; and the strong voices and evidences of mighty power and waking Omnipotence, giving us a deeper sense of our natural weakness, bind us nearer to each other, and quicken our sensibilities to the perils and sufferings of the houseless wanderer. Then the tale of other days, the remembrances of by-gone happiness, and the almost forgotten ballad, come with a sweet and secret power upon the heart, because it is then most awake both to its own internal music of treasured thoughts and to the sweet responses of associated sympathies. Then, also, we feel most independent of the trammels of the world, we care least for the outward shows and affectations of life, and can moralise best on the past vanities of our younger days, or the characteristic follies of the age. This disposition to tenderness, and this calm contemplative state of mind, give to the sober circle of a domestic party that deep tone of feeling, and rich vein of sentiment, which beguile, with such a soothing charm, the long nights of winter; while it is the union of moral enjoyment, with the

more intimate gratification of the soothed or gently-excited senses, that endears to our hearts the pleasures of that season. And, though the freshness of green hills in the young summer, the careless beauty of the hedge-rows, the streams just awakened to the light breezes, with the white sails and the joyous oars, catching the early light through the continuous bloom of verdant fields and blossomed orchards, awaken a thousand sweet and tender recollections of friendship that once gave life to the sweetness of inanimate nature; yet these passing emotions are nothing to the deep swell of the heart, when its feelings are undissipated by external objects, and concentrated round a more fixed and determined centre. Hence those who compose the little circle in the nursery, draw round the story-teller on a winter's evening with enquiring interest, and the sage personages in the parlour communicate, or listen to, with more than common zest, the anecdotes of their own struggles through life, or of other's vanity or wisdom; and there is more profit to be gained from these conversational lectures on human affairs, or these illustrations of human character, than is generally supposed.

Every anecdote which is told, if it be worth the telling, involves a long chain of ideas, is the centre of a wide circle of associated sympathies, and an experimental proof of some problem in the philosophy of life. Peculiarities of genius or disposition, the particular character of an age or nation, public feeling, or private and individual sentiment, are never so well described as illustrated, and never so palpably set forth by telling what they are, as by what they effect. The philosopher may discourse on the matter of electricity, and declare its universal diffusion through created nature, and its secret influence on her operations; but it is when the spark has been lighted up, when the cloud hath been rent, and the lightning sent forth, that we understand its nature, or assent to his deductions.

The lively genius of the French is admirably well adapted to excel in this branch of literature; their quick discrimination of character, and their nice observation of all the varying modes of society, enable them to catch the very point of time and circumstance, and all

those nice shades of individual peculiarity which are the very soul of anecdote. They are also enabled, by the delicacy and conversational genius of their language, to hit them off with more liveliness and terseness than our less complaisant idioms will allow. We cannot so well express at once a moment's fullness of thought and circumstance, nor can we so well separate the braided chord of human sympathies, or define the rainbow-like shades of similar and associated characters. It is this talent for anecdote that makes them such irresistibly-pleasing biographers, and enables the more philosophical historian to draw from their works the best materials for his abstract reasonings and reflections; and there is a kind of taste in telling an anecdote, which these people possess in a remarkable degree; they neither moralise upon it, nor choke the spirit of it by adventitious circumstances; they give it you as they would an epigram, the force and beauty of which depend on the point of one idea.

An anecdote is always illustrative of character—naturally, if not intentionally so; and, since every action or expression of sentiment in course proceeds from the peculiar habits or disposition of the subject, the great art, in telling it, is to make it bear entirely upon that point of peculiarity, and to set the circumstances which are really illustrative of it in the strongest light. Hence those who have the best knowledge of the world, and the quickest insight into human nature, are the best anecdote-tellers, because they see beforehand the hidden spring which has been touched, the principles that have been set at work, and the action to which they have given rise in their embryo or pre-existent state: they thus know at once in what their force and interest consist, they see what particular habit of mind they illustrate, what chain of events and consequences they involve, and to what sentiment or feeling they are to be addressed.

Every chord of the heart may be powerfully touched, and every energy and faculty, of the mind roused into action, by well-chosen anecdotes, when thus skilfully related. The human mind is fond of speculating on possibilities, of forming schemes and systems for itself, and of tracing its own secret wishes or dispositions, as yet unacted

upon, through all their consequences in the actions of others. Now these speculations are often curiously realised in the actions of human life; and we are frequently and forcibly reminded, in hearing anecdotes of other men's adventures and fortunes, of particular passages in our own progress through the world; for there is a great similarity, even in the details of men's lives, whatever may be the difference of their stations, than we should at first sight imagine. The passions or affections of the mind are not altered by the sphere in which they act. Avarice is the same, and will produce the same effects, whether in the peasant or the peer. Ambition, whether it aspires to a throne or a seat at the county-sessions, awakes the same restless desires, gives the same determination to the will, and produces, in both cases, like industry of thought and anxiety of mind. Love universally speaks the same language, because the ideas about which it is employed are universally the same; and it is thus with all the other passions: they spring from the same natural constitution of being, in all men; they must always be employed about the same class of objects; and they therefore necessarily propel men to similar exertions, give rise to like consequences, and thus eventually produce like situations. We therefore derive pleasure from anecdotes of those conspicuous men whose lives have been most distinguished by the turbulence of their course, their utility, or their sorrow; not only from the excitation of mind they occasion, but from that principle whereby we are always ready to appropriate, as it were, the hopes, wishes, joys, and sorrows of others to ourselves. Thus, if the stage holds the mirror up to nature, it is because the fable, presented to us, is the archetype of a thousand dramas acted on the theatre of real life. We are always the heroes of the piece in which we are concerned; and, of however slight importance it may appear to others, the little drama of our existence is as highly interesting and important in our own eyes, as the affairs of princes are in theirs. It matters not how narrow may be the sphere in which we move, nor how trivial may be the causes which produce our happiness or misery: while in that sphere are comprehended our hopes and fears, and while from those causes the well-being

of our nature is determined, they are the world and every thing to us. Were it not for this natural vanity of every human being, by which he is able to sympathise with those who are far above him in station, how narrow would be the sphere of our sympathy! how little interest should we take in the world without it, and how seldom should we be agitated with those thousand little emotions of anxiety and interest, which make up so much of the every-day employment and instruction of the mind!

But, as it is, we take a part in every scene of the great drama of life; we diffuse ourselves, as it were, over the wide chart of human existence, and unite ourselves, by the golden chord of sympathy, to every being who has like passions with ourselves. Hence springs our love of anecdotes, and hence may be derived their usefulness. To exercise the heart in the contemplation of those objects which call into play the genial emotions of humanity and good-nature, of generous emulation and worthy pride, is to strengthen and prepare it for the actual exercise of those dispositions, in whatever sphere they may hereafter have to act.

The most sudden and apparently-capricious determinations of the will are very seldom the impulse of the moment; men almost always act upon long predispositions; the mind seldom flies off from that line of reflection into which it has been thrown by the silent operations of circumstance and situation.—The great aim, therefore, of moral cultivation, is not only to strengthen the faculties of the mind, but, what is of far more importance, to give the right bias to its inclinations—to afford it matter of speculation, which may not only employ its capacities of combining or discerning truths, but also strengthen and refine its moral affections, that they may be predetermined to the benevolence of virtue. We all know how powerful example is, and how disposed we are to follow the steps of others in our progress through life; and, therefore, biography has ever been the favorite medium of conveying the principles of virtue and piety; but it is on detached parts of a life only that we can generally fix the attention and interest,—the bright spots that lie up and down the path of human sorrow, the bursts of natural dignity through the gloom of incidental depression, or the

occasional conquests of fortitude over suffering, or perseverance over circumstances. Anecdotes are, to biography and history, what aphorisms are to systems of morality, and, like them, will be retained, and minister matter of reflection, when the distractions of society or business prevent the memory from collecting or combining the ideas which have been less sensibly or less vividly impressed. These observations will, in course, only apply to such anecdotes as are derived from the moral or social constitution of man, or the circumstances of which arise out of the exercise of those natural faculties or powers, which are continually propelled to action by their own restless energy, and develop their peculiarities in the varied scenes of their exertions. By a little attention of the mind, we may derive, from such anecdotes as these, lessons of wisdom, which our own experience may not yet have taught us: by reflecting and speculating upon them, we shall acquire a habit of noting, and deriving instruction from, the characters and events of actual life; and, by considering them, not only as indicative of individual character, but as illustrating the effect of circumstances on character, we shall learn to generalise our observations, and correct our practical experience into a theory of human life. Hence the loungeur may learn philosophy in his idle ramble, and the man of science study the world in his cloistered privacy; the garrulous story-telling spirit of old age may be the wisest schoolmaster, to instruct us in the ways of life, and a well selected volume of anecdotes may become the best book of philosophy in the world.

AN EXPOSURE OF THE HAMILTONIAN
SYSTEM OF TEACHING LANGUAGES,
by J. Jones, LL.D.

IN every populous community we meet with quacks and pretenders, in consequence of the spirit of competition and the desire of notoriety. Many are of opinion that there is no merit in pursuing the ordinary course, and therefore resolve to strike out a new path to fame and distinction. Reflecting on the great length of time usually employed in the acquisition of Greek and Latin lore, we are ready to admit that the same learning may be acquired, by due attention and well-regulated study, in

one half of the time which is generally devoted to it; but we are by no means inclined to go into the other extreme, or to conclude that these or any other languages are to be acquired *per saltum*, or (as the vulgar would say), by a hop, a skip, and a jump. This, however, is Mr. Hamilton's idea; and his system (if his idle scheme can claim that honorable designation) is recommended to general notice and approbation by a writer in a popular review.

His scheme is too vague to be entitled to a distinct reply:—indeed, it is refuted by its own absurdity. ‘As far as it is peculiar, it consists (says Dr. Jones) in three things; first, in excluding the use of the grammar and dictionary; secondly, in affixing to each term one un-deviating signification, however differently applied; and thirdly, in prescribing to the pupils a *Key*, containing a closely-literal version.’—On these propositions our author makes pertinent animadversions; but we need not follow him in his whole course. He thus states the case in a summary way.—‘A child in his fifth year learns the names, figures and powers of the letters, puts them together so as to form syllables, and is thus enabled to read. A person starts up and professes to have invented a system which supersedes all this trouble, and he teaches to read without the necessity of learning the alphabet. He takes a child for his pupil yet not knowing his letters, and he points his attention to some such sentence as the following: ‘The God who made me is great and good.’ The master puts his pencil on the first word, directing him to look at it, and teaching him to utter the sound *the*. This he repeats in connection with the figure, till the child can distinguish and enunciate it, wherever he discovers it in the page. He leads his pupil through the same process in regard to the succeeding words, till he acquires the whole sentence: in the course of a fortnight he extends, by continued attention, the acquisition of his little scholar over several pages. The master then takes the child to his parents; and he fills them with surprise and delight. Unable to contain the important discovery, they tell their neighbours of a wonderful art invented by a certain clever man, of reading without the trouble of learning the alphabet. He resumes his charge; but, as he proceeds, he finds the task increasing in

difficulty, till it become impracticable. He returns therefore to the first elements; and his pupil, after much labour lost, and after being raised in his own conceit far above the letters, has now the mortification to find that he must after all learn them. The cheat is then discovered, and the professor is laughed to scorn.’

Pursuing his object with spirit, Dr. Jones says, ‘I will now suppose the tyro to begin Greek, and have a few chapters in the Gospel of St. John to learn. The Hamiltonian disciple, on reaching the end of the assigned chapters, will not be able to know one word distinctly, or to account for it correctly. I say this for two reasons; because each noun is not traced to its nominative, nor each verb to the present tense, and there associated in his mind with its peculiar signification; and because he views the words under different terminations, amalgamated with the context. Besides, his object is expedition, and, wishing to save time and trouble, he learns his lesson *superficially*; and, if he may be said to know the words, he knows them only so far as he recollects the drift of the whole; and, as the whole cannot be long retained, the meaning of every term is effaced with it. In the mean time every faculty is dormant, except the memory; no rule of syntax, no idiom or peculiarity of construction, no principle explaining the cause of the difference in the arrangement of the two languages, are suggested during his progress, though calculated, and highly necessary, to awaken his understanding, his imagination, and his judgement.

‘Turn next your attention to him who learns Greek by the assistance of a lexicon and an able teacher. On having finished his task, he has ascertained the sense of each word singly, and that at the root. The trouble he has been at in acquiring this meaning makes him *value* it, and he stores it in his mind as a small piece of silver in his purse; and being aware that time, like a thief, may steal it, he will occasionally see if it be still in his possession. Besides, during his progress through these chapters, he has seen illustrated many rules of syntax; has acquired many principles of extensive application; has learned in some instances the laws by which the Greek words are arranged in a sentence; in an especial manner he is made to observe the transition in the meaning of a word,

and to determine the art of fixing the true sense by the context. In this way, his faculties have all been employed as well as his recollection. Thus, at the close of a few chapters, he feels himself a little critic, with powers able to master the noblest of all languages. In the prospect of success his mind shoots forth like the tendrils of the vine in spring, and in the course of a few months it swells and ripens with clusters of delicious fruit, like the same vine in autumn. Finally, with a little assistance from an able teacher, he is made to understand the *cause* of ramification in the import of words; and thus he forms an early acquaintance with the *Association of Ideas*, the great law which regulates the intellectual and moral world. By such means the little urchin is preparing, even at this early stage, to climb up the shoulders of Locke, Hartley, and Priestley, and contemplate the human mind reflected in the structure of language as in a mirror.

Upon the whole, we agree with Dr. Jones in the view which he has taken of this subject. The new scheme tends only to make sciolists, and to produce confusion both in sense and in language. It may give to the pupil, for a time, the appearance of accelerated improvement; but, being founded on superficiality, it soon declines into an exposure of ignorance.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Time's Telescope for the Year 1827.—An annual volume of this kind is an acceptable present to all who unite a taste for literature with a desire of instruction. The present work contains much that will please, and little that is dull or uninteresting. Beside the information usually given in almanacs,

it exhibits the attractions of natural history, antiquarian and biographical sketches, notices respecting the fine arts, varied and striking extracts from recent publications, poetical contributions, &c. When a periodical work is established, its conductors sometimes become negligent and inattentive to their duty; but that is by no means the case with regard to the *Telescope*; for it bears the marks of increasing spirit and renovated zeal.

Poems, the early Productions of William Cowper, now first published from the Originals in the Possession of James Croft. 1826.

The earliest productions of a man of genius are always worthy of notice, even when they have no great degree of intrinsic merit. We wish to see the dawning of poetical talent, and to trace its rise and progress, as a young artist would be glad to meet with the first sketches of a painter or sculptor, or the first designs of an architect. The poems now published would not, if they had been Cowper's only works, have established his fame; but they serve to evince that amiable feeling, that purity of taste, and that piety, which he displayed in his subsequent performances.

Some of the pieces are addressed to the poet's cousin Theodora, for whom he had a strong affection; but the attachment which both felt was checked by the lady's father, who did not approve the union of relatives, and whom she would not disobey. She preserved her maiden name and her attachment, according to Mr. Croft, till her death in 1821. How far this circumstance explains the melancholy history of the poet, we cannot decide; but the editor seems to think that the disappointment had an unfavorable effect on his feelings.

The following lines are extracted from the record of a lover's quarrel:

'Happy! when we but seek to endure
A little pain, then find a cure
By double joy requited;
For friendship, like a sever'd bone,
Improves and joins a stronger tone
When aptly re-united.'

The ensuing passage indicates both sensibility and candor:

'Hard is that heart, and unsubdued by love,
That feels no pain, nor ever heaves a sigh;
Such hearts the fiercest passions only prove,
Or freeze in cold insensibility.'

Oh ! then indulge thy grief, nor fear to tell
 The gentle source from whence thy sorrows flow !
 Nor think it weakness, when we love, to feel ;
 Nor think it weakness what we feel to show.'

The advice to be prepared for death is impressive :

' Mortals ! around your destined heads
 Still fly the shafts of death ;
 And lo ! the savage spoiler spreads
 A thousand toils beneath.

In vain we trifle with our fate,
 Try every art in vain ;
 At best we but prolong the date,
 And lengthen out our pain.

Fondly we think all danger fled,
 For death is ever nigh,
 Outstrips our unavailing speed,
 Or meets us as we fly.

Thus the wreck'd mariner may strive
 Some desert shore to gain,
 Secure of life if he survive
 The fury of the main :

But there to famine doom'd a prey,
 Finds the mistaken wretch,
 He but escaped the troubled sea
 To perish on the beach.

Since then in vain we strive to guard
 Our frailty from the foe ;
 Lord, let me not live unprepared
 To meet the fatal blow !'

Josceline and Julia, and other Poems, by Edward Charles Rich.—This youth is rich in name, but, we fear, not rich in genius. He seems to write with ease ; but his thoughts are trite, and his allusions and images common. The majority of the pieces are devoted to the fair sex and to love. We do not blame him for being attached to the fairest part of the creation ; for love is certainly a great sweetener of life : we merely hint, that too much of it is cloying ; and we are sorry to add, that the amorous bard sometimes sinks into grossness and indelicacy.

The Wanderer of Scandinavia, and other Poems, by Stella Elizabeth Hatfield.—The fair writer has undertaken a task beyond her talents ; for none but first-rate abilities can command praise, or secure attention, in an epic poem of great length. Few, we think, will read the chief poem in this volume to the end, though its subject (the deliverance of Sweden by Gustavus Vasa) is certainly interesting. Yet the reader will find occasional passages of real pathos and beauty,—here and there a fertile spot, like an oasis in a barren waste.

Old Friends in a New Dress.—This is an odd, but not an inapplicable title. There is not a more forcible mode of conveying instruction to children, than through the medium of fable ; and, as Æsop's Fables are friendly to morality and virtue, the new dress in which they appear, and particularly the incorporation of the moral with the subject, instead of giving it in the sequel, will promote the improvement of young persons, by recommending those remains of antiquity more strongly to the public attention.

Worcester-Field, or the Cavalier, by Agnes Strickland.—This poem consists of a love-story, with which is interwoven some of the adventurous history of that most romantic period of our annals, 'the Grand Rebellion,' as the awful struggle for liberty between Charles I and his people is denominated by lord Clarendon. We need not give a sketch of the story, which is slight, though well imagined.

The following extracts are pleasing specimens of the lady's talent :

' The woes of the present are mingling fast
 With the hopes of the future, the light of the past ;
 And the joy-breathing moments, ere yet they are ours,
 Give place to the weary and sorrowful hours.
 But Time, the destroyer, yet kindly shall bring
 A charm for each suff'ring, a balm for each sting ;
 And the tear-drop of anguish, while yet in its flow,
 Is dried by the warmth of Hope's heavenly glow ;
 And our joys and our sorrows still blend as they fade
 In the rainbow of life to one mellowing shade ;
 For the sunshine that glistens on grief's sullen stream,
 Atones for the darkness it gilds with its beam.'

A song by the heroine.

' The sun does not gladden a moment so sweet,
 The moon does not shine on so lovely an hour,
 As the soft one where light and obscurity meet,
 And the world is half veil'd by its shadowy power.

' When the dew-drops are glittering so silent and fair,
 And the waters yet glow with the sun's latest ray,
 Heaven breathes its repose in the calm twilight air,
 Unknown to the brightness and tumult of day.

' 'Tis a moment to bid even wretchedness cease ;
 A charm that can rob gloomy care of its power.
 How balmy and sweet is the season of peace !
 How dear to my soul is the mild twilight hour !'

Miriam, or the Power of Truth.—This tale not only claims favorable notice from the earnest and sincere [spirit in which it appears to have been written, but also from the pleasing sketches of character which it exhibits. It is founded (as the preface states) on an anecdote, said to be a well-attested fact, which the author met with in the *Cottage Magazine*, where the narrative is detailed with great simplicity and elegance, of an American Jew converted to Christianity by the death of his only child, a beautiful girl, whom he had reared with no common care and affection. So far as the narrative part is concerned, the tale has, we presume, lost nothing of its elegance and simplicity in the present version. The death of Miriam, in particular, is related in an interesting manner.

A General Dictionary of the Fine Arts.—The object of this work is to furnish such an explanation of every thing connected with painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, as may be understood by persons desirous of forming an acquaintance with the fine arts, in the progress of a liberal education. Many of the articles are exceedingly valuable in a literary and intellectual point of view, independently of the

scientific information conveyed by them ; for instance, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Portrait-painting, Landscape-gardening, Architecture, Sculpture, the Elgin Marbles, the excavated Temples of Ellora, &c. in which the subjects are treated not only in reference to their technicalities, but with regard to their history, and to their general qualities as objects of interest to the mind of civilised man.

It is affirmed, that ' such a work as this never before appeared in the English language ; and although there are treatises in the French, Italian, and other modern tongues, yet they are inapplicable, in many requisites, to the English student, professor, or patron of the British school of art.' Many of these foreign works, it would appear, have been consulted, and amalgamated in the present, which contains also the substance of the most recent English works bearing on the subject ; and in order to forward the design (truly a national one), the Royal Academy and British Museum have liberally permitted the writers to have access to their libraries.

It is to Mr. Elmes, the architect, that we are indebted for the design, and, in part, for the execution of this dictionary ; the latter half of the work was written and edited by Mr. James Ollier ; and we are happy to join the general tes-

timony, as to the able manner in which both these gentlemen have accomplished their laborious undertaking.

Thoughts on Domestic Education, by a Mother.—The authoress of that pleasing work, entitled *Always Happy*, being of opinion that private instruction is preferable to public education, from which various evils are likely to flow, has now produced a volume still more useful and agreeable, for the guidance of those mothers who have opportunities of keeping a sort of school at home.—She once ‘asked the father of a numerous family, if he had read the admirable publications of Miss Hamilton and Miss Edgeworth on education! He dryly answered, ‘I would read them, were they the compositions of a *Mrs.* Hamilton and a *Mrs.* Edgeworth.’ As he was a man of sound judgement and considerable experience, his remark made a deep impression, and first elicited the idea of a maternal work on the subject. The author immediately commenced her memoranda of all she tried, and all she effected; and this work is the result of twenty-years’ experience in a family of six children—three sons and three daughters.’—We may add, that the execution of the laudable task which she prescribed to herself reflects credit on the writer.

REMARKS ON MUSIC AND DANCING,
considered as Branches of Education.

THE greatest pains should be taken (says the authoress of *Thoughts on Domestic Education*) to inspire a right motive for the acquirement of music as an accomplishment—proper feelings to attend its exhibition. By most human beings it is considered as the most delightful art.—For its own charms let it be cultivated; for its power of pleasing let it be displayed. Impress strongly on the young female mind, that it is for the pleasure her performance bestows, not for the applause she receives, that she ought to be anxious*;—that it is not how well she plays, but how much she gratifies, that is of consequence. It is elsewhere said, that the performer who can be thinking of the applause of listeners, instead of

the harmony of her performance, may fancy herself possessed of science and taste, but can have little of the true musical tact.

Let it be carefully instilled into pupils of either sex, that a moderate knowledge of music, with accuracy and taste, produces more gratification to the listener, as well as to the performer, than the greatest brilliancy of touch, and rapidity of execution, without taste and accuracy. A girl of very moderate musical talent may play and sing to please relatives and friends—the only persons she ought to desire for auditors.

With regard to dancing, it is difficult for rational observers to consider it in any other light than as an amusement; yet great pains seem to be taken to render it a study demanding much close and serious attention. Healthy children, accustomed to enjoy the free use of their limbs in the open air, will want little tuition to become good dancers—will not need collars, stocks, remonstrances, and reproofs, to teach them to hold up their heads and turn out their toes. By running, jumping, skipping in gardens and fields, moving their feet and their hands without restraint, and looking freely about them up to trees and stars, and around to flowers and playfellows, they will too often stretch the sinews of their legs, and bend the joints of their ancles, and draw up their necks and heads, to run the risk of moving heavily and clumsily, and of carrying themselves ungracefully. As, however, in civilised countries, certain movements constitute the grace and elegance of dancing, children had (*would*) better be early taught the most common steps in vogue. A twelvemonth of tuition, say from seven to eight, will suffice to give the prompt little pupils a good notion of time and regulated motion. After that, they may go on dancing to their mother’s piano-forte, whenever she pleases to indulge them with a country-dance or Scotch reel, and be as merry and as graceful as they please. At twelve or fourteen years of age, another year or two of tuition may fit them to join in the dances then in vogue. As the fashion is continually changing, this instruction to the girl just budding into the young woman, may be useful and agreeable. But, if dancing has one pre-eminent charm, it is the charm of artlessness. Can this charm exist, if the dancer’s thoughts are absorbed in the desire of

* The lady seems here to make (as the logicians say) a distinction without a difference. Is not striving to please an endeavour to obtain applause? Is not applause, even in a private circle, the consequence of that pleasure which the auditors derive from the performance?—EDIT.

self-exhibition? No; then let not self-exhibition for one instant creep into the mind of the young dancer. By conversation, by example, by every possible medium, inculcate that we dance to amuse ourselves, not to exhibit ourselves. Do not even let us praise a child, without remembering this aim. Let us not say, 'You dance prettily:' let us say, 'You dance very merrily.' Let not the fond mother exclaim, 'Come, let *me* see you dance;' but, 'Come, will *you* have a dance?'

LOVE AND WAR, THE NEWS OF THE DAY, THE SINS OF THE TIMES, THE SENTIMENTS OF THE SEASON, &c.

WE have so long enjoyed the repose of peace, that some of those sights and sounds to which for many a long year we were painfully accustomed, or by which we were buoyantly animated, are become quite new to us. We gaze in astonishment at any preparations for *war*, and, when we are enumerating the evils of the times, forget to rank that state (of all others the most terrific) in the catalogue of sorrows. Under these impressions the late circumstances have broken upon us rather with those sensations which belong to theatrical representation, than to awful reality: we are rather amused than stimulated on one hand or affrighted on the other: it looks more like 'playing at soldiers,' than entering on the horrors of warfare, and blending in the glorious toils or the dreadful sufferings which characterise the profession of arms.

The journals have told us of *one* tender and afflictive parting between affianced lovers, and such an incident, in its novelty and beauty, gives an interest in the drama, but does not *as yet* bring home the matter to our belief, as if it were one of the sober truths which we know and feel to be facts. We are not thereby taught to consider, how many fond young hearts may be separated for ever from each other, how many widows and orphans may be made, how many family-ties broken, how many hopes crushed, and hearts rent! no! *time* and *battle* can alone awaken us to these horrors, and bring home to our own perceptions the extent of these evils.

As *we* have lived long enough to remember the miseries attendant on this species of convulsion in society, we can-

not avoid praying most sincerely that some kind of accommodation may take place; and, with every good wish for our ancient ally, we desire that her differences may be adjusted, without throwing *us* into a state of distress and confusion which no gain can repay. Spain, indeed, might be amended by changing masters, and going through that progress of fermentation which purifies the general body by throwing off the peccant matter; but who would wish to see chivalrous Spain, the proud, the adventurous, humbled to vassalage? 'All that we love in romance, admire in valor, sympathise with in enterprise, and exult with in victory, we have by turns experienced in reading the history of *these*, the discoverers of America, the conquerors of Mexico, whose empasioned love and unfailing constancy,—whose honor, integrity, and delicacy, have been impressed on our minds ever since we could hear, read, and distinguish. It is true, we know also, that they have, as a nation, sins which can scarcely be washed out except by blood; that they are cruel, bigoted, ignorant, illiberal; that, whilst they inhabit a land like the garden of Eden, it brings to them little beside weeds and thistles; that pride and idleness, profligacy in the high, and superstition in the low, are their grand characteristics. Then, if they have thus fallen, surely it is not worth while to spill more British blood on their plains, since, whether we fight for them or against them, they will remain alike unimproved. Another Luther alone can renovate them; and, till some one arises who can attack the disease in the core, it is useless to afford external assistance.

Let us turn to the more confined theatres or scenes of action, where people may play the fool, and even seem to die in their folly, without doing any injury except to white satin and foil,—where tyrants rage and scene-shifters toil, and soldiers fight through long eventful hours, without leaving any trace of blood or tears to remember them by. The puritans of our day may preach against the stage as long as pen and breath will hold out; but, if 'the proper study of mankind is man,' the theatre is a library in which we may read much, and learn much, in a short time. A good play is a condensed lecture on human folly, suffering and enjoyment,—an *exposé* of the heart and the mind, with their capabilities, inclinations, and circumstances; and that man

must be little better than a clod, who is neither excited to brave and generous conduct, nor warned from that which, while he sees it in another, he knows would be hateful in himself. Talking of conduct (surely we may be allowed to interrupt ourselves), let us ask, what, in the name of all that is honest, respectable, and moral, among us, is the country doing at its highest theatre? But we must repress all that indignation which the common feelings of an unpolluted heart would inspire, lest we should speak *truth* and be prosecuted for a *libel*. Among all the audacious acts of effrontery practised by profligate aliens in this country (and the annals of the opera could produce a list that would almost reach from Berwick to Penzance), we are persuaded that the cases in which a certain foreigner is concerned stand unparalleled in impudence and wickedness. If the *great* of our country can suffer such a man to preside over the administration of their amusements, to insult and persecute their fellow-subjects, rendering by sophistry the laws of the land inimical to justice and friendly to transgression, we may be said to have fallen below the calculation even of those who hate us, and *never more* must we talk of 'the immoralities of the Palais Royal,' the laxity of manners in Italy, the rogueries of one nation, or the immoral *liaisons* of another; no! no! 'the receiver is as bad as the thief,' and truly did the wise man say, 'he that *toucheth pitch* shall be defiled.'

Before we stumbled on this villainous subject, we were about to speak of Foscari:—this was indeed leaving 'a bank of violets to look on carrion;' but who can pass through life without gazing equally on that which he scorns and that which he admires? there is a sort of fascination in all extremes.

*Let us now turn to Foscari. The elegant and the refined, the 'Corinthian pillars of polished society,' (to use Burke's splendid phrase), go to see that attractive tragedy; and once more the dress circles are seen filled with flowers from the garden of aristocracy. Once more fashionable costume may be studied in the scene of its ancient exhibition; and, in witnessing the nodding plume or the glittering tiara, with scarlet and ermine drapery, we cannot help remembering Addison's description of the belles of his time, whose 'various-colored heads rendered the

side-boxes like a parterre of tulips. This return of splendid company to a legitimate drama, which offers interest to the heroic and tender impulses of our nature, and trusts for its effect to pure pathos, exquisite poetry, and the enthusiasm of noble and lofty spirits in the hour of trial, is truly gratifying. It bespeaks, even in that class of society which is considered as most subject to apathy, the existence of feelings favorable to virtue and the exercise of intellect; and, in spite of the author of Almack's, we will hope that the lovely are the amiable, and the great are the good, in many instances, though frivolity, conceit, and stupidity, may be traced in the walks of fashion:

We are acquainted with women of high rank, both young and old, whose virtues and talents would give lustre to the humblest walks of life, and who, without affecting peculiarity or arrogating distinction, move on as tranquil and benignant planets, diffusing blessings through a wide hemisphere; always busy in doing good, yet quiet in its performance; promoting by playful fancy the pleasures of their equals, and leading even the insipid and the selfish to pursuits which benefit the poor and reward the industrious. Yes! such women there are—the young, the lovely, the graceful, and the witty: but I must not give their *names* to the light—*n'importe!* they dwell in hearts, they are breathed in prayers; they are registered in heaven by better titles than we give them on earth; but surely even here they should be allowed to redeem the characters of many, in their own high grade, from the charges adduced against them. We *know* actions done by the ladies designated as *white-haired*, that would show their hearts to be still whiter, if kindness and generosity are bleachers; and, although they are termed *gawky* and *lisp*ing, we question whether the author himself has either one half of their knowledge, or one third of their accomplishments.

But at this season let us only remember that the distinctions of *high* and *low* are apparently forgotten: for Christmas at once *levels* and *exalts*. It is not the Saturnalia of the heathen world, in which the servant became his master's equal in the hour of excess and misrule; but it is that day of universal promise to a world of sinful and suffering creatures, which, flowing

alike on the rich and the poor, on the ruler and the ruled; on those who weep and those who rejoice; shews them their alliance with each other, as brethren of one great family. Who are so wise, so wealthy, or so great, as safely to renounce the offered blessing? Who are so poor, ignorant, or lowly, that they may not partake of it? The golden chain has descended from heaven to bind all ranks together, and present them to the eternal Father, *distinct* in wealth, character, and circumstance, but *one* in obligation, gratitude, and joy.

We are persuaded that we have no fair reader whose mind is so incapable of elevation, as to deem these observations unnecessary, or stigmatise them as frivolous or impertinent. No! we have a better opinion of the ladies, and believe that, although they have enjoyed the festive dance and song, partaken of the merry cheer, and contributed to the general hilarity of the scene, they have not forgotten to gladden the hearts of the children of poverty, by taking an interest in their concerns. We dare appeal to their own hearts, whether they experienced one sweeter moment in the whole season, than that in which the smile of gratitude welcomed their approach, or blessed their departure. No! not even that when the beloved of their souls whispered the hope that another Christmas might behold them united.

We cannot close this desultory paper without offering one more remark on the occurrences of the departing year. Flaxman is dead—the greatest sculptor unquestionably which this country has produced, and most probably the one whom Europe will hereafter acknowledge as the first of his age. This at least is certain, that, when Canova had long gazed on one of his fine classical works, in which the severe beauty of the antique was blended with the nature and feeling of the modern style, the great Italian exclaimed, ‘Had I done this, I should have been content to die when it was finished!’

The president of the Royal Academy, in addressing the students of that institution, adverted to this event, in terms of eulogy that can never be forgotten. His address was indeed a fine burst of eloquence, for it combined the splendor of diction with the force of truth, and the pathetic tenderness of manly and heart-felt sorrow. It was alike honorable to him who merited, and to him

who gave it; and we have no doubt that, in every country where this noble art is treasured, this friendly and affectionate panegyric will be recorded, as reflecting high credit on both.

Farewell, gentle reader! time passes, and we are passing with it, as the man of genius, and the woman of virtue and merit, have gone before us. Should we meet again, you shall read a tale of times that are now gone by, but which carry with them that impress which gives currency in all ages; for it is the stamp of human characters and circumstances, and, although not touched by the magic wand of the great northern wizard, may yet commend itself to the eye which loves to read mankind, and to the heart that can sympathise in the affections and trials of its brethren.

B.

A SPECIMEN OF DESCRIPTIVE BEAUTY,
BOTH PICTURESQUE AND PERSONAL;
*from Mr. Cunningham's Romance of
Paul Jones.*

THE sun had not yet risen; but his ascent was announced by innumerable quivering lines of golden light, which, gathering strength with every moment of time, began to illuminate the sea and land with that refreshing and dewy lustre, visible only to those who rise from sleep, and see the hares retreating to the cover, and the wild birds stretching their wings and pluming their bosoms, rejoicing in the returning day. A grey-haired shepherd might be seen gazing from his dwelling toward the glowing east; the glance of a half-dressed girl might be detected at the opening door, or the half-shut casement, while the sedate matron, emerging wholly on the little green before her cottage, blessed the fresh sweetness of the summer morn. A most inquisitive eye might have detected the lover gliding homeward by some unfrequented path, from visiting his mistress; or observed the solitary bird of the lake, the long-necked heron, alighting on his accustomed stone, and, with a sluggish wing, but an active eye, watching the dartings of the trout, or the windings of the eel. At another glance the bird might take the eye, as he snatched his victim with a dart and a plunge, and soared into the air to feed his twin young ones, in some old and inaccessible tree.

There was one little solitary spot on

which the morning light seemed always willing to break, where a small cottage stood, the thrifty smoke of which rose into the morning air before the smoke of other houses. A small window, too, facing the eastern sun, wreathed about with honeysuckle, white round the border as winter snow, and shining like polished silver, might meet the eye at the same moment that it met the sun. For those who looked through it on this morning with the sun, there was a sight so fair, so composed, so entirely innocent, and so inexpressibly lovely, as might justify the lingering love of the uninary. This was the home of Maud Paul; and the window gave light to a little chamber where that maiden lay.

Those who see beauty attired in all the attractions of dress, her person adorned according to the fashionable humour of the day, with her patches, paint, and jewels, only see half of her loveliness. Those who had seen Maud on this summer morning, would have felt in a moment how surpassingly lovely simple beauty is. She was in her chamber slumbering on a bed, with curtains of brown, and sheets like unsunned snow. Pressing the downy undulation lay the maiden herself, a smile dawning on her parted lips, her dark tresses gushing in clustering masses over her heaving bosom and naked shoulder, and lying in an armful around, while one of her feet, small and plump and white, and formed at once for beauty and activity, escaped from the sheets, and revealed an ankle such as visits Chantrey in one of his happy moments. The disarray of the bed, the disorder of her head-gear, and the glowing agitation of her face, shewed that her sleep had been broken and restless. The sun at first glimmered faintly on the wall, and she covered her eyes with her arm; but, when he came broader and brighter, and filled all the little room with light, she arose and opened the window; while the sunny air, smelling of flowers, ran round the room. She sat down on the bed-side, and thus communed with herself: — ‘Was it a dream, or was it a vision, or was it the voice of man, which came crying in the dark and dead hour of the night, saying, ‘Beware, Maud Paul, beware!’ I saw, or rather thought I saw, a strange light in my chamber, my window seemed to open, and an aged man looked in and said, ‘Beware, Maud Paul, beware!’ She sat for a minute’s

space; then, falling on her knees and holding her hands over her face, she said, ‘God of my fathers, I thank thee for this warning voice; thou hast sent one of thy blessed spirits to say that evil awaits me. I humble myself in thy presence, and I ask thy aid. A courage which comes but from thee has hitherto sustained me in sore trials; nature was strengthened and never quailed for a moment. Save me from vanity of heart, from pride of understanding, from self-sufficiency, which deceives the more, the greater our trust is. If it be thy will that danger shall overtake me, let it not overcome me. Take, O take not from me, in the moment of peril, that presence of mind and firmness of purpose which preserve the body from abasement and keep the mind free.’ Arising and binding up her locks, and attiring herself, she sought her mother, and found her busied in her in-door arrangements; and, assisting her with a ready and a dexterous hand, the house was soon set all in morning order.

A MEMOIR OF MISS PATON.

THE young lady whose portrait embellishes our present number, is one of the very few instances existing of the union of the most extraordinary precocious abilities as a child, with that judgment and solidity of real talent which alone can mature the most brilliant natural qualifications, and secure the attainment of excellence in riper years. The number of ‘infantine prodigies’ who appear and astonish the world from time to time, and in a few months go hence and are no more seen, fully demonstrates the difficulty of securing a child against the pernicious effects of the flattery of its unthinking admirers, and teaching it to concentrate and mature its talents by that course of quiet and steady application which is the only road to permanent perfection. The subject of our memoir has, happily for herself and the public, proved a brilliant exception from the general rule.

Miss MARY ANNE PATON was born at Edinburgh in October, 1802, and was distinguished from her earliest infancy by such an extraordinary ear for musical sounds, that, when only two years old, she could name with accuracy any tone or semi-tone sounded in her hearing. When four years of age she played on

the piano-forte and a small harp, and sang with some execution; and, before her sixth year, her powers of extemporising on the former instrument, and the publication of some fantasias and rondos of her own composition, attracted the attention of the public so much, that she was induced to give six public concerts in Edinburgh in one season, all of which were crowded by fashionable audiences, eager to hear the child's varied talents of singing, playing, and recitation. At ten years of age she removed to London, where she was much patronised at the concerts of the nobility, and had an annual benefit. This was the period of danger to our heroine; and, had she then continued to exhaust her natural powers in gratifying the taste of the public for youthful prodigies, and imbibed the popular doctrine of the all-sufficiency of genius, we never should have seen her in the station she now fills in the musical world; but, when she was about twelve years old, being fortunately withdrawn from public life, and having devoted five years, under the best masters, to the study of music as a science, she made her *debut* at the Haymarket Theatre on the 3d of August, 1822, as Susannah, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Her success was most complete in every respect, and at the close of that season she entered into an engagement for three years with the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, where she appeared for the first time on the 19th of October, 1822, as Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and from that time she continued to rise gradually in the public estimation until she reached her present unrivaled pre-eminence.

Before the commencement of the present season, Miss Paton received a highly-advantageous offer from the manager of the King's Theatre, who wished her to undertake the *prima donna* parts; but she was not at liberty to conclude an agreement with him, as she had already renewed her engagement at Covent-Garden. During the summer months, she has usually given her support to the English Opera-house, where she was instrumental in the production of *Der Freischutz*, *Tarrare*, and the *Oracle*.

Her success is highly honorable to her, as it has resulted solely from individual exertion; she did not, like most of our popular singers, come out under the patronage of some popular master; but, unfettered by any of those agreements by which the profits of the best years of a singer's life are frequently sacrificed to the rapacity of a master, she came boldly forward, trusting to her own abilities and perseverance, and succeeded by the force of merit alone in making a stand against all the attractions of rival talent, until she finally attained the height of popularity she now enjoys. Her voice is a *soprano* of peculiar sweetness and power, and extends through a compass of nearly three octaves; her execution is characterised by scientific precision, and her shake is the most perfect on the stage. Her greatest peculiarity, however, is the power of subdued expression which she gives to *piano* passages, in which the softest note is distinctly audible through the whole extent of the theatre. But, though this quality enables her to give great effect to pathetic ballads and compositions of that description, her *forte* is unquestionably the performance of the Italian and German schools of music; in the former she has long been pre-eminent, and her recent finished personations of Myra in the *Oracle*, and Reiza in *Oberon*, prove her equally conversant with the latter. Indeed, she possesses the best criterion of musical excellence in the circumstance that she invariably succeeds the best in music of the highest character; this (popular as she is) makes her even more highly appreciated by the musical world, than by the mass of the public. As an actress, she has of late improved with wonderful rapidity; and, in characters uniting pathos and dignity, there are few with whom, even as *actresses* only, she can be supposed to fear competition. It will be observed, that we have carefully confined our remarks to her *public* life; on some future occasion, should an opportunity occur, we may perhaps be induced to recur to the subject, with reference to the events of her private life.

Fine Arts.

Ancient Sculpture.—At a time when the Roman state was in its infancy, Sicily abounded with magnificent buildings, particularly those of a religious kind. Some of these were ruined by the effects of time and of war, and some, after a course of ages, were so far buried, that they could only be discovered by excavation. Those ruins which appeared above the earth at Selinus made so striking an appearance, as to induce some English architects to dig round the foundations in the hope of farther discovery; and they found the broken remains of curious figures which had adorned the front of an ancient temple. Two appeared to be a male and female fighting, sufficiently distinguished by the variations of dress. Other remains found at the same place were in a better state of preservation, though they were apparently of an earlier date. One of these metopes (it is said) must have presented one of the boldest designs in sculpture that ever were attempted; namely, a car drawn by four horses seen in front, with the charioteer supported by two other human figures, each standing behind one of the two exterior horses, or paræori: whether these are the car and horses of the Sun, or of the founder of the Olympic games, or whatever else the artist intended to represent, cannot yet be decided; but the reader will find, in Mr. Angell's description of it, an ingenious conjecture in favor of its being the car of *Ænomaus*, a well-known subject, and described by Pausanias as having been sculptured in front of the temple of Jupiter at Olympia: the fragment is in the highest degree interesting; and the manner in which it is engraven does equal honor to the draughtsman and the engraver. Another metope represented Perseus in the act of cutting off the head of Medusa, and Pegasus bursting into life from her blood: this is the best preserved, the subject the least doubtful, and altogether one of the most useful monuments of antiquity for the purpose of illustrating the progress of the art. In this plate the antiquary will observe the helmet, belt, and talaria of Perseus; the monstrous head, eyes, and mouth of Medusa; the spirited form of Pegasus, whose wing is slightly indicated; and the figure representing the statue of Mi-

nerva, with the ægis and peplum, assisting at the performance of the hero's exploit. It is supposed that the temple, where these pieces of sculpture were found, was erected about 650 years before the Christian æra.

Lithography.—We have for some time witnessed, with great pleasure, the increasing excellence of our countrymen in the execution of lithographic drawings; and we are firmly of opinion, that the boasted superiority of the French will soon yield to the talents of our artists, since the latter only require delicacy and precision to render them more than equal to their competitors. Mr. Lane has certainly added this power to the higher qualities of his art—those qualities which are neither attained by study nor acquired by practice, but belong to native genius, strengthened and aided by both.

Adverting to Mr. Lane's print of the *Rivals*, from Leslie's well-known picture, we feel no hesitation in saying, that it is full of vigor in execution, and evinces that humor in the engraver, which enabled him to enter into the painter's conceptions. Of this young artist's power to express the ludicrous we have also proof in two lithographic prints, designed as well as drawn by him, representing Madame Vestris and Mr. Liston in the dress and attitudes of the Flemish broom-girls. For fidelity of likeness, tact of character, and pictorial beauty, these little works are positively unrivaled, and we were not surprised to learn that one thousand impressions of each were sold within one week, even at a time when London was far from being full.

Since that time, a *Girl at her Studies* has been published by the same engraver from Newton's picture, and manifests his usual excellence. He has given to the face a beauty beyond the original, which is that of a respectable woman of at least twenty-eight years of age, with not one trait of girlishness left save in her hair; the largeness of her person, and the fullness of the drapery, destroying all our ideas of the sylph-like graces of youth, and substituting those mature charms in which the Dutch painters luxuriated, and they alone.

Far different are the emotions with which we view a representation of two

lovely girls entitled the Orphans, drawn on stone from one of Gainsborough's sketches. In this, the engraver has given a finished drawing from a very slight outline by his *great* uncle (who is so in more than one sense of the word), and proved how thoroughly he understood him, and how faithfully he could convey his intentions. Notwithstanding the title of the piece, the subjects were evidently afforded by the painter's lovely daughters. More simple and heart-touching pathos never spoke from the canvas, nor could a finer specimen be adduced of pure taste than is given in the attitude, costume, and background of the whole design. It is the triumph of art, and certainly not less that of nature; for who that has a heart can avoid feeling its touching influence?

With the power of charming us by such works as these (many of which, in the form of sketches, remain in Mr. Lane's family), we cannot but hope that he will pursue them, rather than devote his pencil or his burin to such ephemeral though lucrative subjects as broom-girls. It is true, we cannot see the fascinating Vestris too often, and we should be glad to see his talents employed on some other of our fair vocalists; but we do not like to see him occupied in caricature subjects like that of Liston. That he is not exactly at home in such 'small game,' is evident from the admirable landscape background, which is in itself exquisitely beautiful, but certainly incongruous and out of keeping with that which was intended to excite laughter, and to exhibit a comic performer in a situation of broad farce.

We learn that Mr. George Hayter is employed in bringing out another number of his much-admired delineations of Madame Pasta in her principal character, and have lately seen an excellent lithographic drawing by Harding from the above-named artist's picture of the Robin. It represents a boy looking through a window for the familiar bird that he wishes to feed as usual. In this print all has been done which can be effected in the absence of color, to give a lively and delicate portraiture, and in the vine and other accompaniments great taste is displayed: it is in fact only less beautiful than the picture from which it is taken.*

Picturesque Views of the English Cities.—Mr. Robson has furnished accurate designs for an elegant work which bears this title; and the first number is as creditable to that artist, as it is to the engravers who have been employed in preparing it. In each print the cathedral is a prominent feature; but the accessories, including the sky and the atmosphere, are equally well represented. Of the eight cities which have already appeared, Norwich, Worcester, and Chichester, seem to be the most striking.

* While we thus notice the progress of lithography, of which we have given a pleasing specimen in our present number, we must not neglect what is termed 'line engraving,' the finest branch of the graphic art. In this branch the Keepsake is announced as being in a course of preparation. The embellishments will be selected by Mr. Charles Heath, who has engaged the best designers, and will be aided in his own department by such artists as are men of undoubted talent, though they may not be equal to him in taste and skill. We ought to add, that the literary part of the work will be executed with corresponding ability.

Music.

As no musical performances, except those which take place at the theatres, seem at present to demand our notice, we shall merely mention some recent publications in that department of art and science.

The 'Composer or Contrapuntist,' by T. D. Worgman, bears the marks of skill. Some of the compositions introduced are very pretty; and explanatory notes are given for the benefit of youthful students. Mr. Worgman is also a

poet, and has reinforced his musical tones with the harmony of his verse.

Lanza's 'Abridgement of the Elements of Singing' is exceedingly well adapted to the purpose of teaching. By his well-constructed and gradually-ascending lessons, the attentive student may be brought to a great proficiency in the management of the voice and the formation of taste.

A 'Sonata for the Piano-forte and Violoncello,' composed by Hummel for

a Russian princess, is a spirit-nified composition, and as correct in particular points as it is grand in its general effect. The *Beauties* of this composer are now in a course of publication, and some of the selected pieces are brilliant and energetic, particularly a fantasia for the piano-forte.

Two 'Rondeaux à la Masquerade' afford strong evidence of the musical taste of Mr. Joseph de Pinna. They are descriptive of the characters and diversions of a masked ball, and the music consists of popular airs, well selected and arranged for the piano-forte. The same gentleman has lately published six songs, in which he has adapted his own music to the words of Thomson and other poets. They are chiefly intended for juvenile students. The *Morning Lark* pleases us more than the rest; yet, perhaps, some parts of it are not sufficiently animated.

In the 'Little Harmonist, or a Mother's Introduction to the Piano-Forte, explaining the Rudiments of Music, with juvenile Exercises and six progressive Lessons, selected, arranged, and composed by Joseph Major,' the author has ingeniously contrived to convey useful information to young minds. The formation of words from the seven letters employed in the musical alphabet, does credit to his *acumen* in the encouragement of puerile sagacity. Children are naturally delighted with the solution of riddles, and the present series of them will greatly assist them in the recollection of the letters used for the lines and spaces. Upon the whole, it is strict justice to affirm that Mr. Major has produced in seven pages an elementary synopsis, condensing such knowledge as will greatly facilitate the study of more extended works on a similar subject.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE early meeting of the new parliament having filled the town before the usual time, the Opera-house, when it was re-opened on the 2d instant, was thronged with rank, fashion, and respectability. The chief performance of the evening was Spontini's opera of *La Vestale*. Of this piece the music is in general fine, but more particularly in the concerted pieces. Madame Biagioli exercised her vocal talents (for the first time at this house) with considerable though not striking effect. Her voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, capable of much sweetness; but her personal requisites are by no means flattering. Madame Caradori, as the lovely and innocent Vestal, was every thing that even a fastidious observer could desire. We were particularly delighted with the scene in the first act, where the Vestal crowns the victorious general, by the desire of her superior: the emotions of subdued love rising in her breast, as she placed the laurel on his brow, were natural and effective. Signor Curioni, as the general, was in excellent voice and spirits. The good acting and singing were on this occasion aided by splendid pageants and beautiful scenery; but the horses which appeared in a procession did not seem to

please so much as the human performers; for the manager, on the next representation, dispensed with their attendance.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE spirit of the *White Lady* still stalks occasionally at this house, not having been yet sent to the *Red Sea*. Her Covent-Garden counterpart threatens to overpower her; but the appearance of the rival spirit has been delayed by various circumstances.

Three new pieces, beside the introduction of a celebrated French performer, have evinced the zeal of the new manager for the gratification of the public. One was called *A Trip to Wales*; but, though it was recommended by a very pretty overture, by a tasteful selection of Cambrian melodies, and by the good acting of Dowton, as a silly knight—of Harley, as a puritanical servant—and of Edwin, as a cunning Yorkshire lad—it was sent by the audience, without pity or remorse, to the 'Tomb of the Capulets.'

The condemnation of the *Trip* was followed by the approval of *White Lies*—(what will Mrs. Opie say of the licentious dramatist who ridicules this serious subject?) This is a pleasant and lively piece, and the plot is of that simple kind

which best suits an after-piece, where neither the time nor the humor of the audience will admit lengthened expectation. It turns on the improvident marriage of a young officer with the daughter of an artist: one is anxious to conceal his poverty, and the other to relieve her husband's distress; an object which they endeavour to attain by a number of those good-natured departures from truth which give name to the piece. The dialogue is smart, and some of the situations in which the shifts of the hero and heroine place them, afford great amusement, and excite loud laughter. Mrs. Yates personated the bride with spirit, and played off her charms and her tricks upon the *Major*, brother of her husband, the *Minor*; for the piece, we ought to have before observed, has those designations for its second title. Harley, a broken-down, half-starved, and half-tipsy jeweller, supposed to have recently lost his wife, cried with one eye, and laughed with the other; and, when his friends inquired about his beloved spouse, pointed to the black crape that surrounded his white hat, with rueful grimaces, and great drollery of gesticulation. A critic says, that, from the construction of the piece, and the little connexion between the early and the latter part of it, the author (Mr. Lunn) may be suspected of having taken two of the vaudevilles of the French stage, which, like the two gentlemen in the ballad, he has rolled into one. There is, indeed, an appearance of inconsistency in some parts of the piece; but it sufficiently pleased the audience, and has been repeated with increased effect.

The other novelty is styled the *Lottery Ticket and the Lawyer's Clerk*; but, before we give an account of it, we must take notice of the *debut* of M. La-Porte. The manager revived the play of *Amphitryon* or the two *Sosias* for the purpose of introducing that performer to the British public. He has been compared with Harley, and there is indeed a considerable resemblance between them in manners and in pleasantry. M. La-Porte has a manly figure, and an open cheerful countenance. His first scene—that in which he rehearsed his message to Alcmena, displayed genuine humor. The way also, in which he catechised Mercury with regard to his behaviour during the battle, was exceedingly good, while his manner of walking

round the impostor, and, after examining him from head to foot with his lantern, exclaiming, 'he is damnably like me, that's certain,' drew down loud applause. His scene with *Amphitryon* was likewise well played; and, in his argument respecting the dinner and the beating, he was no less comical and entertaining. His exertions throughout the evening were justly appreciated by the audience; and we have no doubt, if characters should be written for him, that he would become as popular as any of our most favored actors.

The French humorist was also brought forward in the *Lawyer's Clerk* above-mentioned. He represented Wormwood, the hero of this little piece, in a very humorous manner. He is unhappy if he observes two persons on friendly terms; and his genius, fertile in expedients, is never suffered to rest, till he has set them by the ears. From the beginning of the farce to its end, he constantly has one or other of the *dramatis personæ* in a state of ludicrous distress. The exultation of the ingenious actor, when all around him are, through his machinations, bursting with rage and vexation, was boldly and comically expressed. The other characters were pleasantly represented. Mr. W. Bennet performed the part of Capias with no inconsiderable degree of ability. This is a scheming attorney, who makes love alternately to Mrs. Corset, a stay-maker, and Susan, his maid of all work, because both assert fair pretensions to a lottery-prize. Mrs. Orger was a servant of such capabilities, that we regretted she had not much more to do. This is one of the sprightliest *bagatelles* that we have seen for some years.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WE ought to apologise to a fair dramatist for not having taken notice of her tragedy of *Foscari* when it was first offered to the public. The delay did not arise from disrespect, but from the press of matter and the want of room, when we were on the point of closing our last number.

The subject of the piece may thus be stated.—Count Erizzo, a senator of Venice, thirsts for the dignity of the doge, and endeavours to excite sedition among his brethren, by representing the extreme age, imbecility, and haughtiness of their present ruler. At this time the younger *Foscari* returns victorious from

a campaign, and is informed by his father of the discontent shown, when the son indignantly upbraids Erizzo for his aspersions, who resolves to revenge the affront, and effect the extermination of both. To accomplish this end, he instigates a villain to murder Donato, the senior senator, whose daughter Camilla is betrothed to the younger Foscari, and whose son Cosmo is the most attached friend of the youthful warrior; and this is done in a manner calculated to excite suspicion against the lover, and is moreover perpetrated with his sword; and Donato is induced to believe that the young Foscari was his murderer;—a charge which he proclaims just before his death. The son is then arraigned before the senate; Camilla, who attended the dying senator, is called to support the charge, and the supposed delinquent is sentenced by his father and the other judges to banishment. Camilla declares her intention to share his fate, which Erizzo endeavours to prevent, by representing to Cosmo the stain such a circumstance must bring upon the honor of the family. Cosmo then seeks young Foscari, finds him and Camilla about to quit their country for exile, and commands her to follow him, which she refusing, he vilifies her lover, and calls him coward, who demands a sword to chastise his traducer, which is instantly given him by Erizzo; they fight, the young Foscari falls, and dies; at this instant, Erizzo's treachery is discovered, and the piece ends.

Kemble did ample justice to the character of the hero: it was a manly, energetic, and excellent performance. Young played the elder Foscari with great truth and feeling, but there is no scope in the character for particular excellence.—Erizzo is a cold-hearted plotting villain, without a redeeming quality, and this portrait was effectively given by Mr. Warde. Mrs. Sloman, as the heroine, was all that was lovely, faithful, and affectionate. The other characters were well represented. Of the literary merit of this tragedy we shall take notice on a future occasion.

A farce, under the quaint denomination of *Returned Killed*, has been brought forward at this house with success. A Prussian major attacks the enemy with

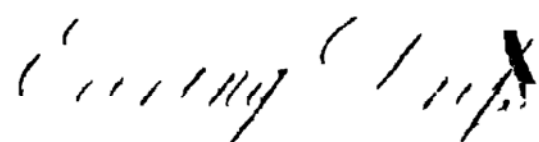
out orders, and thus renders himself liable to a sentence of death. He is wounded, and, by mistake, is "returned killed." Judging that it was better to be killed in the Gazette than shot on a neat terrace on the ramparts of Glatz or Spandau, he remains in concealment until he recovers from his wounds, and thus encourages the error. He has just arrived secretly at his own chateau, when his nephew, Ernest von Lindorf, comes to take possession of the property. This is a step which induces the major to disclose himself; to which he is farther urged by finding his heir not merely succeeding to his castle, but to the heart of a young lady he had intended for himself. With some difficulty the nephew at length allows that his uncle is not the impostor he took him for, and matters are on the point of being arranged, when a captain and his troop take up their quarters at the castle. The major now would be glad to lay down his identity, and is put to several ridiculous shifts. He is harassed by an Irish sergeant, who locks him up in a summer-house, but is at length induced to think he has mistaken his man, and in his stead arrests an attorney. The man of the law is not, however, to be caught thus, and puts the sergeant on the trick of feigning an escape, with his men, from the castle; an alarm being given that the enemy is at the gates. The cry of *run* makes the old major throw off his disguise in a fit of indignation. He is instantly seized, with a view of being subjected to martial law, but is soon soon indulged with the royal pardon.

Before we dismiss the drama of the expiring year, we are bound to state, that his majesty honored each of the major theatres with a visit. He fixed upon *Oberon*, and the '*Scapè-Goat*, for the Covent-garden performances; and those at Drury-lane were the *Devil's Bridge*, and the farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*. By these selections he manifested both his taste for music, and his inclination for mirth and pleasantry. To act the part of Lubin Log in the last piece, Mr. Liston was summoned from the country at a short notice, and his humor and comicality highly diverted his majesty.



W. H. P. 1871

the first of the year 1871 in N. Y. 1871



Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

WALKING DRESS.

A tea-colored high dress of *gros de Naples*; the border trimmed with two *ruches*, surmounted by three narrow tucks. The body made quite high, with a *fichu-pelérine*, of the same material as the dress, and trimmed round with a quilling, pinked; this is finished at the throat by a narrow, triple ruff of Urling's lace. The thick wadding of the pelerine renders this dress sufficiently warm for the morning promenade. The sleeves are moderately full, and not in the gigot shape. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with scarlet riband, with a stripe of black near the edge, over a cornette of Urling's lace. The reticule is of scarlet velvet.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-colored satin, with two broad festoon flounces of blond; the upper one finished at each point formed by the festoon, by a *bouquet* of blue fancy-flowers of the rose kind. The body made plain, with a broad falling tucker of blond, caught up at each shoulder by a *bouquet* of blue roses. The sleeves short, and trimmed across with a festoon of narrow blond, and terminating round the arm by a frill of broader blond. The hair elegantly arranged in curls of a moderate size, with a pearl *bandeau* placed obliquely across the forehead. A heret-turban, formed of puffs of blue and rose-colored gauze, with a bird-of-paradise plume.—Pearl ear-rings and necklace, with a cross of the same.

N. B.—We are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square, for the above dresses.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

A new year is often a new æra of fashions: several novelties have been prepared for 1827, which, by their taste and grace, or, perhaps, possessing neither, yet having on them the stamp of fashion, have been highly pleasing to many individuals: on the other hand, those whom they will not in any way become, cry out against them. As they are the last variations, however, they will be adopted by all who wish to be thought genteel, even if they should be as unsuitable to the fortune of some as to the features of others. Thus do fashions, often grotesque and whimsical in themselves, become general.

A most elegant carriage pelisse has been seen on a lady of distinction, of blue *gros de Naples*, lined with white satin, and trimmed round the border with broad unspotted ermine; a collar of the same valuable fur encircles the throat. The walking pelisses of *gros de Naples* are sometimes trimmed down the front with *rouleaux* in wavings; from these issue points, which are carried down the front of the skirt; and that is fastened

by bows of satin riband. A triple cape, trimmed with plaited riband, completes the pelisse. Velvet and satin mantles have made their appearance in carriages; and these comfortable envelopes, in silk and of fine cloth, are as much in favor as ever.

We were much gratified at seeing a bonnet of a new and most becoming shape, that was finished a few days ago for a young lady of fashion. It is of satin, the color bird-of-Paradise yellow; is trimmed with variegated ribands of black and yellow, with long fluted puffs; and has under it a bunch of auricula flowers, to adorn the hair over the right temple.—This tasteful bonnet is fastened under the chin. Broad ribands in puffs round the crowns of velvet bonnets, form a favorite trimming in walking costume.—They are generally of winter colors: purple with black is not unusual; but ponceau, and bright yellow variegated with scarlet, are most prevalent in these ribands. The feathers worn in black velvet hats are short, and either of the *esprit* or the puff kind, they are generally one on each side of puffs of velvet or of satin; a black blond

finishes these hats at the edge of the brim.

A favorite gown for half-dress, is of tea-colored tabinet, with two scaloped flounces: the body made partially high, *en gerbe*, but fastening in front; the sleeves of a moderate fullness, with cleft mancherons, *à la Psyché*, trimmed with a quilling of riband, which is carried down each side of the bust, forming a stomacher, as the *gerbe* is discovered between. A falling collar of fine India muslin, trimmed with two rows of narrow lace, finishes this chaste and pleasing costume. Ball-dresses, and those for the opera and evening parties, are often of colored crape; they are trimmed in various ways, but chiefly with flounces, two falling over each other; and when the dress is of *gros de Naples*, they are generally pinked at the edges in scalops; for satin dresses in *grande parure*, they are often of white blond, very broad, and of rich and splendid patterns. Crimson velvet dresses, trimmed with ermine, with white satin bodice, tastefully ornamented with narrow stripes of crimson velvet, still continue in favor with married ladies; they partially appeared at evening parties about the end of November, but have now increased in general estimation. Poplins, trimmed with bias folds of satin, are much worn in half-dress.

The hair continues to be dressed in a style which we cannot but pronounce rather labored; and, though many young and beautiful ladies have endeavoured to introduce a more lovely and easy way of arranging their charming tresses, very large curls, and highly elevated formal bows of hair, are more prevalent. The flowers worn on the head at balls, are generally full-blown, and in detached *bouquets*, very tastefully disposed. Turbans of white tulle with gold ornaments, and white marabout feathers, are much in request at evening parties; they have a peak on the forehead, surrounded with a bandeau of gold: the feathers on the right side are elevated, while those on the left fall over the shoulder. Dress opera hats are sometimes of colored crape, with an elegant white plumage, generally of the marabout kind. A toque which adds to the height of the figure, has lately appeared: it is of white crape, with a very high diadem in front; over this towers a white plume, while another falls over the left shoulder. Morning caps, the-

ther of lace or blond, are ornamented with broad striped ribands: they are of a very simple and becoming shape; a bow of riband is placed on the hair, over each temple.

The favorite colors for turbans, bonnets and hats, are violet, crimson, blue, pink, and yellow; but black is also very prevalent, and the most fashionable trimming, on all colored bonnets, or turbans, is almost invariably black velvet. For dresses, pelisses, and mantles, brown, of almost every shade, crimson, holly-green, etherial-blue, and tea-color.

MODES PARISIENNES.

High dresses of crimson velvet are often seen at the Tuileries, forming the out-door costume of the fashionable promenaders, and answering the purpose of a pelisse. They are trimmed round the border with broad fur of the dark sable, with a muff and tippet of the same costly skin. For morning visits of ceremony, especially to a bride, pelisses of white levantine or satin are worn; they are fastened down the front with bows of white satin riband. Mantles of royal Scotch plaid, with a standing-up collar of marten's fur, are generally worn at quitting the theatre; the capes of these clokes are edged round with marten. Tea-green pelisses of *gros de Naples* are much in favor for the promenade; also those called *à la Dauphine*, of pearl-grey, trimmed with chinchilla, both faced and bordered. Some ladies have their mantles made with velvet-collars, and have velvet capes, cut in festoons.

Bonnets of plain black velvet, or of blue, or violet, made very large, are bordered with a binding of yellow and rose-color. Hats of violet-colored satin are lined with lemon-color, and trimmed with ribands of three hues; they are ornamented with three little plumes, representing heath, of the same color as the riband. Crimson velvet hats are ornamented with two bird-of-paradise plumes, one descending over the shoulder, the other on the summit of the crown. Several deshabelle hats have the crowns surrounded by a kind of half-brim rather narrower than that which forms the hat; it stands up toward the summit of the crown, and has puffs of riband.

Rose-colored satin dresses, bordered with a puckering of crape, are worn in

evening dresses; the sleeves are of crape, short and full. Tulle and silver lama are seen at grand balls, and full-dress parties. The favorite corsage is *à la Sevigné*, with a brooch of pearls or diamonds. Tulle dresses over white satin are very general at balls; and many have colored crape over white satin; the latter are trimmed with a puckered border, on which are placed bows of riband. Velvet dresses for the evening are made low, and the corsage is finished by a stomacher of blond, and long sleeves of tulle are also worn with these dresses, and are fastened by bracelets of rubies. With dresses of *gros de Naples*, for *demi-parure*, many ladies wear a white canezou. Italian toques have two crescents, and are bordered with gold lace; they are ornamented with several white feathers, and are placed very much over the left side; on the other is a very full cluster of curls. Bows of

riband and pearls in the hair form the head-dress of the young. Berets of an amaranthine color, in velvet, have two blue feathers on the left side.— Berets, for half-dress, instead of feathers, have a bow on one side with two acorn tassels depending. Several dress hats are of rose-colored satin with white feathers, and with imitations of the narcissus in velvet. Many young ladies wear their hair elegantly arranged, with no other ornament than a tortoise-shell comb. Small dress-caps of blond, the front adorned with roses and bows of riband, still continue in vogue; some of these are decorated with eglantine, heart's-ease, and Indian pinks, in velvet.

The favorite colors for berets, hats, bonnets, and toques, are blue, amaranth, tea-green, and rose-color: for pelisses, dresses, and mantles, crimson, scarlet, pearl-grey, violet, Indian-red, and royal-blue.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to lady Mary Willis and lady Shaw Stewart, and to the wives of the lieutenant-colonels Ross and Bouchier, Mr. T. Beckwith, Mr. J. Teesdale, Mr. N. Kemp, lieutenant T. Sewell of the navy, and Mr. H. Wylie.

Daughters to lady Byron and the marchioness Sforza, and to the wives of Mr. J. Townshend of Ball's Park, Mr. J. A. Hankey, counsellor Hindersley, Mr. J. A. Lethbridge, Mr. T. d'Oyly, and Mr. Ravenhill the younger.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta, captain Gillespie, to Miss Casement.

At Cudalour, lieutenant-colonel Fraser, to Miss Stevenson.

The eldest son of Mr. John Vane, M.P., to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse.

Colonel Mac-Creagh, to the daughter of the late captain C. Wilson.

Dr. Arnold, of Camberwell, to Miss Hardcastle.

Mr. T. W. Dornford, to Miss Fosket of Reigate.

The rev. W. Start, to the third daughter of counsellor Gurney.

Mr. Charles T. Pearce, of Peckham-Rye, to the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Chadwick, of Ashton.

Mr. W. M. Tracey, of Jermyn-street, to Miss Stiles, of the isle of Wight.

Mr. C. Whyte, a surgeon in the army, to the third daughter of Mr. Luscombe, of Combe-Royal, Devon.

DEATHS.

At Naples, Francis, marquis of Hastings.

Lord Kinnaird.

Sir John Green.

Captain Cosby, secretary to the commander-in-chief at Madras.

At the age of 81 years, Mr. John Nichols, who succeeded Mr. Bowyer, not only in his business, but in the honorable appellation of the 'learned Printer;' who was, for almost one half of a century, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and distinguished himself by one of the best of our provincial histories.

The rev. Dr. Robertson, professor of astronomy at Oxford.

The rev. Dr. Dobie.

At Saxmundham, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the rev. W. Brown.

At Sittingbourne, at the age of 82 years, Mr. Jacquim, a French emigrant.

Lieutenant-general Kyd.

At Edinburgh, in his 71st year, the rev. Dr. James Hall, father of the presbytery.

At Broad-Stairs, Bridget lady Teynham.

In her 76th year, the widow of that comedian who was styled the Gentleman Lewis.

The hon. Miss Henrietta Fraser, daughter of the late lord Saltoun.

In his 85th year, Mr. Joseph Cradock, whose entertaining Memoirs are noticed in our present number.

At Dumfries, Mr. Robert Hope, the greatest cattle-dealer in Scotland.

The only son of Mr. Clementi, of Cheapside.

In Piccadilly, Mrs. Mary Hunt, in her 70th year.

In his 72d year, Mr. John Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor,

Found dead on his chair, after being left undisturbed in his chamber for a

day and a half, Mr. Archibald Campbell, conductor of a Sunday news-paper.

Mr. W. Ward, associate of the Royal Academy,—an able artist.

In his 33d year, Mr. John Crane Caruthers, whose long confinement in the Fleet prison brought on that distress of mind which terminated in apoplexy.

At Penton-ville, the wife of Mr. d'Aranda, the surgeon.

Mr. Moule, steward to the duke of Montrose.

Mr. Harrington Hudson, a member of the late parliament.

Mr. Joseph Graham, of St. Alban's.

The lady of Sir Rose Price.

At Walthamstow, Mr. John Rigg.

At Finchley, Sarah, the fourth daughter of the late Mr. Wardell.

Mr. G. Dyson, of Hackney.

Mr. G. F. Angelo.

Mr. T. Pierce, land-steward to earl Stanhope.

Mr. Trialon, formerly a distinguished dancer at the Opera-House.

At Boulogne, Mr. James Chalmers, in his 74th year.

At Berlin, the astronomer Bode, who was born at Hamburg in 1747.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In a short novel sent to us by Lauretta, almost all the incidents are borrowed. We do not affirm that she was "conscious of the theft;" but we are not pleased with the offer of such aid.

With regard to the tale which M. has sent to us from Scotland, we cannot properly decide on its admissibility before we have seen the whole; but, judging only from the first part of it, we would not advise her to take the trouble of finishing it.

The Pleasures of Christmas are not so faithfully or poetically described by L. A., as to justify our insertion of his verses.

The account of the ordinary observance of that festival sent by a correspondent, is transcribed from Hone's *Every-Day Book*.

The Story of the Redesdale Witch is reserved to grace our next number.

The verses on Friendship are lost: we hope the writer, who is so anxious about them, will not sue us for damages.

The Speculations on a future War, as far as we can pretend to judge, are not the inspirations of a prophet; and, even if they were more plausible than they are, they would not suit our miscellany.

B. N. has sent a few stanzas which call for animadversion. 'Crystal Clouds' are mentioned; but can any accurate observer of the face of nature compare even light summer clouds with crystal? Rhyme is not essential to poetry; but, when a writer professes to adopt the practice, better rhyme than *corn* and *arm*, *truth* and *north*, ought to be chosen. A more serious ground of censure is the repetition of the same idea in other words.

'Thy friendship firm, sincere, throughout,
And which I never held in doubt,
In memory will exist for ever,
And be forgotten, never, never.'

This may be very fine in the opinion of B. N.; but we would ask, 'Is not the sense of the second line included in the first, and that of the fourth in the third?'

INDEX

TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

New Series.

- Aben-Hamet, a romance, 370**
Academy, exhibition of the Royal, 288, 343
Adams, the American ex president, life of, 558
Adventurers, a German story, 321
Africa, Northern and Central, Denham's travels in, 249; account of African females, 305; scenes in the interior, 365
African Love, a dramatic sketch, 54
Aladdin, an opera, 290
Alexander the Great, an allegory, 240
 ———, the Russian emperor, memoir of, 63, 130
Almack's, a novel, 666
Alphonsus, a tragedy, 69
Alpine picture, 419
America, South, wanderings in, 257
Anecdotes, ——— of the margrave of Anspach, 51; of the great king of Prussia, *ibid.* and 107; of Neapolitan singers, 52; of Chinese princes and ministers, 75; of lord Mansfield, 91; of lord Thurlow, 92; of Foote, *ibid.*; of Garrick, 93; of Voltaire, 106; of Dr. Johnson, 107; of Mr. Sheridan, 100, 451; of Gray, 150; of Fuseli, the artist, 166; of Mrs. Clive, 311; of Mr. Curran, 315; of Napoleon, 340; of Mrs. Jordan, 452
Anecdote-telling, 669
Anspach, memoirs of the margravine of, 48
Ant-catcher, a remarkable American bird, 78
Armenian manners and customs, 592
Artists, Society of British, 231
Arts, state of the fine, 58, 111, 168, 231, 288, 343, 400, 457, 513, 568, 625, 682
Asam, account of the principality of, 75
Asiatic community, the Burati, 420
Avenel, Spirit of, an opera, 569
Ball-room, a scene in one, 525
Bankok, the capital of Siam, described, 137
Barbadoes, matrimonial reform in, 424
Battas, the savages of Sumatra, 187, 432
Beauty, influence and power of, 100
Bello, the Felatah sultan, 253
Benyowski, an opera, 170
Beowulf, the Dane, an Anglo-Saxon poem, 498
Bet, philosophically settled, 22
Biographical Sketches, 65, 226, 394, 509, 558
Blenheim-house, visit to, 389
Blondeville, Gaston de, 325
Blue-stockings lady, 105
Bohemian law, 299
Boleyn, Anne, a dramatic poem, 244; a vindication of that injured lady, 634
Bonini, a *prima donna*, 58
Bornou, notices respecting the empire of, 349
Brambletye-House, a novel, 121
Breakfast, before, a farce, 614
Bridegroom, the disappointed, 216
Bridge-town, in Barbadoes, described, 63
Brown, John, a farce, 169
Burke's inconsistency, 280
Burmese, account of by an American lady, 17
Byron's opinion of English orators, 166; remarks on his character, 167
Cadet, return of one, 376
Calcutta, life of the bishop of, 568
Cambridge, notices respecting the university of, 53
Campbell, the poet, characterized, 624
Capote, the black-silk, 268.
Captive, the Moorish, 99
Carne's Letters from the East, 144.
Caroline of Naples, vindication of, 230
Cavalier, or Woodstock, 274, 329; the Cavalier's retreat, 567
Cayman, contest with one, 147
Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, 453
Century, manners of the fourteenth, 413
Cepede, count de la, the naturalist, 68
Characteristic sketches by Joseph II., 303
Characters, English and foreign, 183, 227, 390; sketches of the English character, 287, 397
Charity, verses on, 596
Charlotte, monument of the princess, 509
Chase, or the Fate of the Stag, 597
Chieftain's ruin, 19
Chilè, travels in, 487
China, mission to, 188; the penal law of that country, 189
Chinese novel, 581
Chiverton, Sir John, a romance, 475; verses prefixed to it, 496
Christianity, conversations on the evidences of, 201
Clairon, Madame, the actress, 165
Classic authors, remarks on, 501
Clifford, a poetical romance, 339
Cochin China, mission to, 139
Comedy, a new—the Green-Room, 571
Confessions and Transmigrations, 352, 437
Conjugal affection, contrivance of, 203
Conscience, power of, 8
Constancy in love, 539
Content, verses on, 538; the contented man, 621
Counterparts, an Italian story, 576
Cradock's miscellaneous memoirs, 91, 646

- Cromwell**, character of, 277 ; his search for Charles II., 500
Cyprus, state of the isle of, 145
Dancing in the West Indies, 453
Danish national air, 373
Death-Fetch, an opera, 402
Death's Doings, 527
Decameron, the Oxford, 42, 155
Denham's discoveries in Africa, 249
December's eve, 654
Despair chased by Mercy, 264
Dialogue in the fashionable style, 224
Diana, the old maid's prayer to, 599
Diet, treatise on, 471
Diorama, a new, 168
Distress, alarming, 397
Dover, scenes at, 483
Dramatic intelligence, 58, 112, 169, 232, 289, 345, 401, 457, 513, 569, 626, 684.
Drink, advice respecting, 473
Election, the general, a dialogue, 336
Ellen, the fate of, 196
Eloquence, effect of, 455
Entertainment, a classical one, 298
Exercise, hints respecting, 474
Exhibitions, various, 111, 168, 231, 288, 344, 400, 625
Fair, the departed, 541
Fairy, a poem, 316
Family, the curious, 631
Farces, new, 59, 169, 291, 346, 457, 504
Farquhar, character of Mr. John, 511
Fashions in dress, 60, 114, 171, 235, 291, 347, 403, 459, 515, 571, 627, 687
 —, remarks on, 575
Female society, delight of, 318 ; essay on the female character, 431
Figaro, original success of, 648
Flora, choice of, 315
Foix, de, a romance, 413
Forest sanctuary, a poem, 465
France, aquatic excursion in the south of, 361
Frank, the artful, an Arabian tale, 163
Friends, the summer, 543
Friendship, address to, 88
Garrick's acting, impression of, 451
Genius, rural, 42
German popular stories, 126
German student, trick of one, 544 ; romantic spirit of the Germans, 590
Germany, political state of, 70 ; new travels in, 587
Gibbon, a letter from, 151 ; his account of his courtship, 563
Gifford, life of lord, 511
Glornata, alla, or to the day, 447
Greek sailor's song, 20
Green-room, a comedy, 570
Grenada, two Houses of, a comic opera, 626
Grey, lady Jane, literary remains of, 102
Gudrun, grief of, 427
Guerrilla, the last, 402
Guests, the mysterious, 417
Gum, Daniel, a singular character, 151
Gymnastics, 450
Gypsy king, a song, 22
Hamiltonian scheme of teaching languages examined, 671
Hampton Court, description of, 64
Henry the Eighth, court of, 241
Hindoo, memoirs of one, 10
History, use of, 152
Honey, nature of, 80
Hope, stanzas on, 22 ; its delusive visions, 497
Husband, complaint of one, 95 ; husbands and heiresses, 547
Hypochondriac, a sketch, 527
Illumination, modern, 175
Impressions, strong, 645
Indies, visit to the West, 82, 649
Indulgence, fatal effects of early, 616, 660
Insects, introduction to the history of, 79
Institution, the British, 111, 168, 345, 400
January and May, 523
Jefferson, the American ex-president, life of, 560
Jews, state of the Polish, 533
Journals, remarks on, by Madame de Genlis, 267
Journey, an adventurous, 583
Judgement, essay on, 519
Karamsin, the Russian poet, 521
Kemble, theatrical abilities of Charles, 59
Kett, memoir of the rev. Henry, 65
Kingston, in Jamaica, visit to, 650
Knight, the comedian, memoir of, 284
Knights of the Cross, a musical romance, 346
Krudener, madame de, characterised, 229
Lady of fashion, portrait of one, 27 ; the proud lady, 319 ; letter from a fashionable fair one, 334 ; adventurous courage of a British female, 398 ; an eccentric one, *ibid.* ; lamentation of a Venetian lady, 428 ; costume of American ladies, 453
Lady, the White, a musical piece, 570
Land, return to our native, 540
Lawyer's Clerk, a farce, 685
Leg, the broken, 481
Libertine, the French, 113
Lies, White, a farce, 684
Liesli, a love tale, 541
Literature, Brady's varieties of, 176
Lithography, progress of, 457, 569, 682
Love, pedantry of, 25 ; love's treachery, 141 ; love deserted, 375
Luxury, convivial, in the time of Henry VIII. 391
Lying made easy, an operetta, 458
Madeira, mode of travelling in, 399
Madrid, scene in, 444 ; panorama of that city, 568
Maid, duties of a lady's, 2
Maintenon, Madame de, dialogue between her and Helen, 385
Malvern hills described, 482
Malvina, a ballad opera, 113
Man, seven ages of, 37 ; the last man, 656
Managers, a family of, 223
Mankind, a strange classification of, 266
Maps, curious, 513
Marriage, the imprudent, 70 ; seven marriages

INDEX.

- and not a husband, 408 ; a summary of matrimonial law, 546
Martyr, a drama, 246 ; the martyr student, 541
Matthews, comic performances of, 234
Mattocks, Mrs. theatrical character of, 395
Maxims and sentiments, 265
Mechanics' appeal in behalf of the fair sex, 279
Melo-dramatic pieces, 232, 569
Memory, nature of, 239
Mexican Gull, account of, 651
Millhouse, a weaver, poems of, 608
Milner, life of Dr. 510
Milton, characterised by an American divine, 521
Mines, a ramble in a land of, 535
Minstrelsy, decline of, 20 ; the minstrel, 194 ; the minstrel's monitor, 652
Miranda's song, 142
Missionary hymn, 543
Mohican, the last, 210
Months, mirror of, 84
Moon-light, a scene, 540
Moore, the poet, memoir of, 396
Mothers, advice to, 452
Murray, Lindley, auto-biography of, 600
Musical performances and publications, 112, 169, 401, 569, 683 ; remarks on music and drawing, 676
Mysteries of the hundred days, in France, 443
Napoleon, authentic anecdotes of, 340
Nokes, the Liston of his time, 556
Norah, or the Girl of Erin, 114
Norway, Wilson's travels in, 301
Novels reviewed ; a religious one, 123 ; Matilda, &c. 165 ; an essay on novel-writing, 363
Nursing Compauny proposed, 1
Oberon, or the charmed Horn, 132
——, or the Elf-King's oath, the music by C. M. von Weber, 233
Ocean, a poem, 495
O'Hara, Honor, a novel, 580
O'Keeffe, auto-biography of, 217, 378
Olivia, a romance of real life, 358
Operas, new, 112, 114, 169, 170, 290, 402, 459
Opie, rise of, 149
Ornithology, American, 78
Owhyhee, a volcano in, 191 ; minstrelsy of the island, 260
Panacea, the Arabian, 399
Paris, scenes at, 647
Parr, opinions of the rev. Dr. 553
Parry's third voyage, 485
Pasta, madame, great merit of, 345
Pastor, the village, 192
Paton, a memoir of Miss, 680
Pekin, notices respecting, 189
Peveril of the Peak, dramatised, 627
Pictures, the two, an Italian story, 177
Pinkerton, the historian and geographer, 394
Plata, territory of La, described, 493
Pleasantry, effusions of, 166, 167, 231, 314, 468
Pleasure's rose and misery's thorn, 193
Poet, a visit to one, 213
Polwhele's recollections, 148
Pong-wong, a Chinese extravaganza, 627
Portuguese amusements, 303
Potemkin, prince, character of, 390
Prejudice, essay on, 119
Presentiment, force of, 564
Prince, the disguised, 449
Prodigal, the fortunate, 96
Profession, the histrionic, 450
Prussia, tomb of the late queen of, 591
Raffles, Sir Thomas, biographical sketch of, 512
Relations, the poor, a comic piece, 457
Religion, rise and progress of, 529
Reminiscences. amusing, 497
Reviews, short, of new publications, 111, 164, 337, 673
Reynolds, the dramatist, auto-biography of, 310
Rhodes, description of the isle of, 146
Richmond-hill, sketch of, 104
Richter, biographical sketch of, 228
Rogers, the poet, memoir of, 283
Roguary and honesty, 103
Romantic scenery, sketches of, 482
Rose, the emblem, 374
Rutland, Elizabeth, duchess of, 66
Sackatoo, description of, 255
Sacrifice, the interrupted, an opera, 469
Scandal, verses on, 140
Schools, animadversions on public, 106 ; schools for females recommended, 338
Scotland, rustic drama of, 129
Scott, poetical character of Sir Walter, 106 ; a letter from him, 150
Serres, memoir of John Thomas, 342
Shakspeare, life of, by Dr. Symmons. 296
Shetland fishermen, a fanciful tale, 639
Shipwreck, a poem, 23
Siam, mission to, 134
Sisters, the two, 155
Sloth, the American, 257
Smiles, by Mrs. Radcliffe, 430
Society and conversation, 407
Song of a Greek sailor, 20 ; one to a lady, by Mr. Wolfe ; on a looking-glass, 89 ; in the character of Ancient Pistol, 90 ; an Arabic song versified, 194 ; one in the character of Malvina, 262 ; songs in the Covent-garden Oberon, *ibid* ; on female society, 318 ; song of the cavalier, *ibid* ; of a jovial party, 319 ; to Maria, 655
Southey, character of, 506
Souvenir, the literary, for 1827, 621
Speculation, female, 561
Splendor, imperial, 562
Spring, an invocation to, 199
Stark, Lorenz, 387
Steam-boat, ode to one, 195
Student, danger of one, 177
Sumatra, mission to, 185 ; zoology of the island, 423
Summer, last rose of, 143
Supernatural agency, use of, 403
Sweden, travels in, 302
Sweet-hearts, list of, 142

- Tales of the wild and the wonderful**, 31; of the Hebrew sages, 35
Talma, memoir of, 605
Tavern anecdotes, 470
Theatres;—the King's, 58, 112, 169, 232, 289, 345; Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, 59, 113, 170, 233, 290, 346, 513, 570, 626, 684; the Haymarket, 346, 401, 457, 514, 627;—the English Opera-House, 402, 458, 514
Thirteen to the Dozen, a farce, 457
Three-Deep, a farce, 291
Time's changes, 429; view of the times, 677
Tor-Hill, a novel, 610, 636
Travels, subterraneous, 534
Trickery, contest of, 451
Tudor, Ruth, tale of, 31
Twelfth-Night, pastimes of, 39
University, the London, 433
Valentine's day, 41
Varieties, miscellaneous, 229, 397, 450, 561.
Verses on friendship, 88; on scandal, 141; valedictory verses, 261; to a political friend, 373; consolatory ones, 376; on the death of a young lady, 430; on content, 538; to Caroline, weeping, 539; to a Spanish lady, 595; on a lady's birth-day, 653; on the recovery of health, *ibid.*
Vestale, La, an opera, 684
Villa-Viciosa, a proverbial tale, 285
Villany, Russian, 398
Voss, the German poet, 396
Voyage, Parry's third, 485
Walpole, Horace, defence of, 554
Waltzing in Germany, 58
Wandering, passion of the English for, 562
Warrior, the dead, 321
Watch-word, (*forward*), 565
Water, the Boyne, 280
Watts, Mrs., character of, 509
Weavers, case of the silk, 101
Weber, Carl Maria von, tribute to the memory of, 497
Weddings described by a parish-clerk, 4
Well, discovery of St. Leonard's, 494
Widow, a poem, 263; the widow's nuptials, a German tale, 477.
Wife, trick of one, 36; complaint of one, 154
Wight, scenes in the isle of, 484
Wit, Jewish, 38
Women, three generations of, 28; dancing and fighting women, 444; a religious and virtuous one, 452
Wonderfultales, 31
Woodpeckers and goat-suckers, vindication of, 257
Woodstock, a novel, 274; a play, 290
Wool-Gathering, a farce, 59
Worcester Field, a poem, 675
Wren, a legend, 108
Yates' Reminiscences, 235

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

No.	Page	No.	Page
I.	Trinity College Library, Cambridge 53		Woman — Second Illustration of Woodstock 330
	Hampton Court 54		Walking and Evening Dresses 347
	Morning and Carriage Dresses 60	VII.	Portrait of Mr. Thomas Moore 396
II.	View from Richmond Hill 105		Charles II. disclosing his rank to Alice—Third Illustration of Woodstock 400
	Portrait of Sir Walter Scott 106		Summer-Recess Costume, and Evening Dress 403
	Walking and Evening-Party Dresses 114	VIII.	The Disguised Prince—Fourth Illustration of Woodstock 449
III.	Distress of the Lady Eveline—Fifth Illustration of the Tales of the Crusaders 162		Sea-side and Evening Dresses 459
	Portrait of Lord Byron 167	IX.	Cromwell's Search for Charles II.—Fifth Illustration of Woodstock 500
	Evening Dress and Home Costume 171		Carriage Dress, and Afternoon Costume 515
IV.	The Wounded Knight—Sixth Illustration of the Tales of the Crusaders 200	X.	Portrait of Dr. Southey 566
	Promenade and Evening-Party Dresses 236		The Retreat of the Cavalier—Sixth Illustration of Woodstock 567
V.	Sir Henry Lee and the Soldier—First Illustration of Woodstock 274		Morning and Walking Dresses 571
	Portrait of Mr. Samuel Rogers 283	XI.	Portrait of Mr. Thos. Campbell 624
	Carriage Costume, and Dinner-Party Dress 291		Walking and Evening Dresses 627
VI.	Alice and the supposed Old	XII.	Portrait of Miss Paton 680
			Monthly Fashions 687

END OF VOL. VII.

London :

PRINTED BY JOHN MERRIMAN, 119, FLEET-STREET.

